

THE MUNSEY



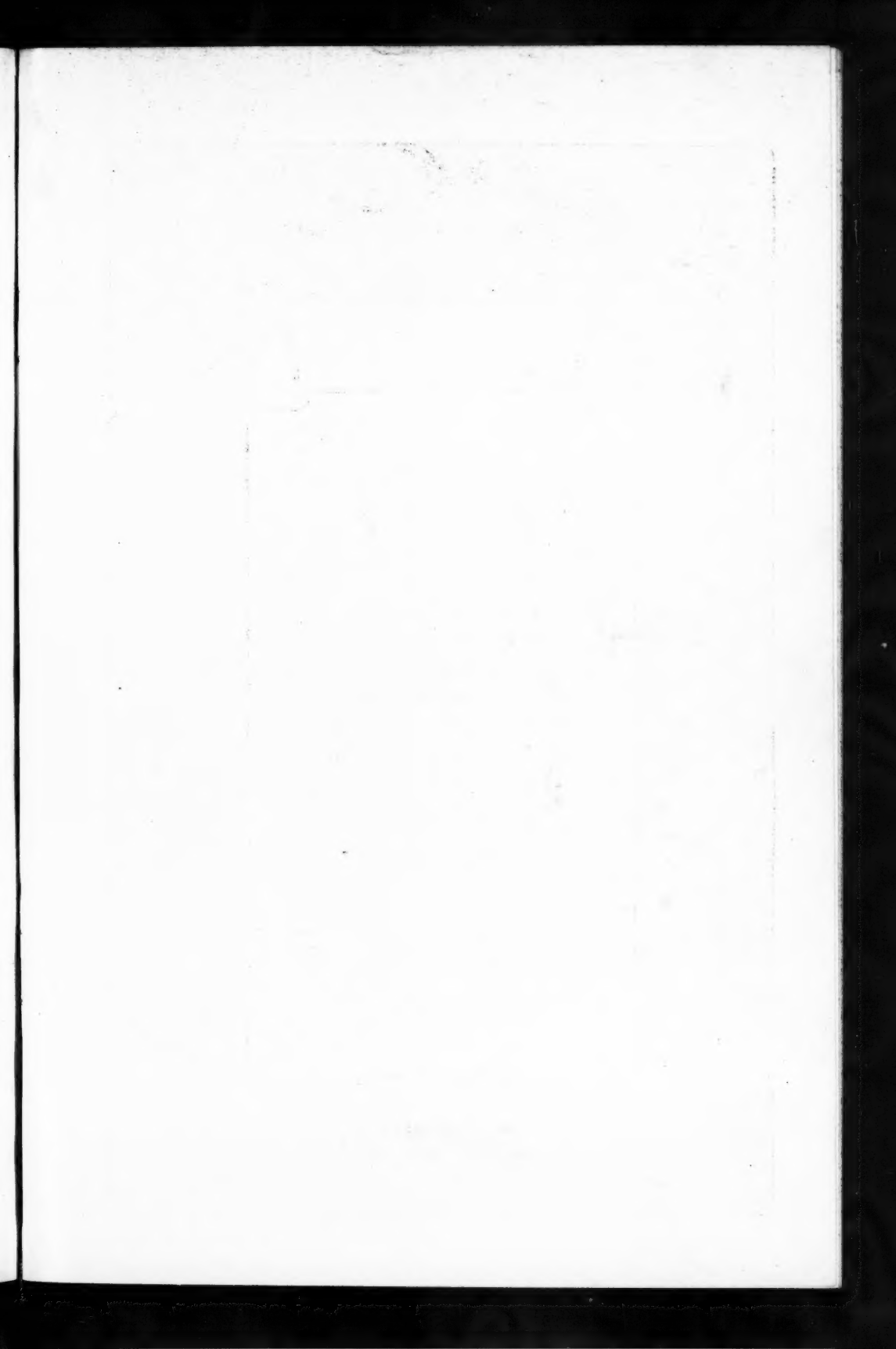
Pears' soap.

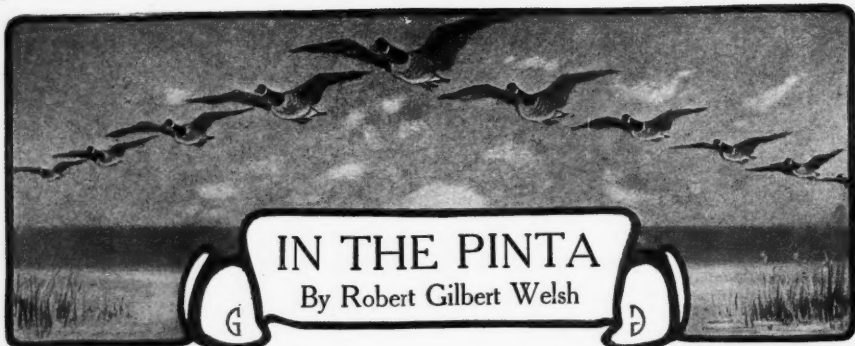


By Permission of the
Proprietors of "Punch."

*Two years ago I used your soap.
Since when I have used no other!*

"All rights secured."





IN THE PINTA

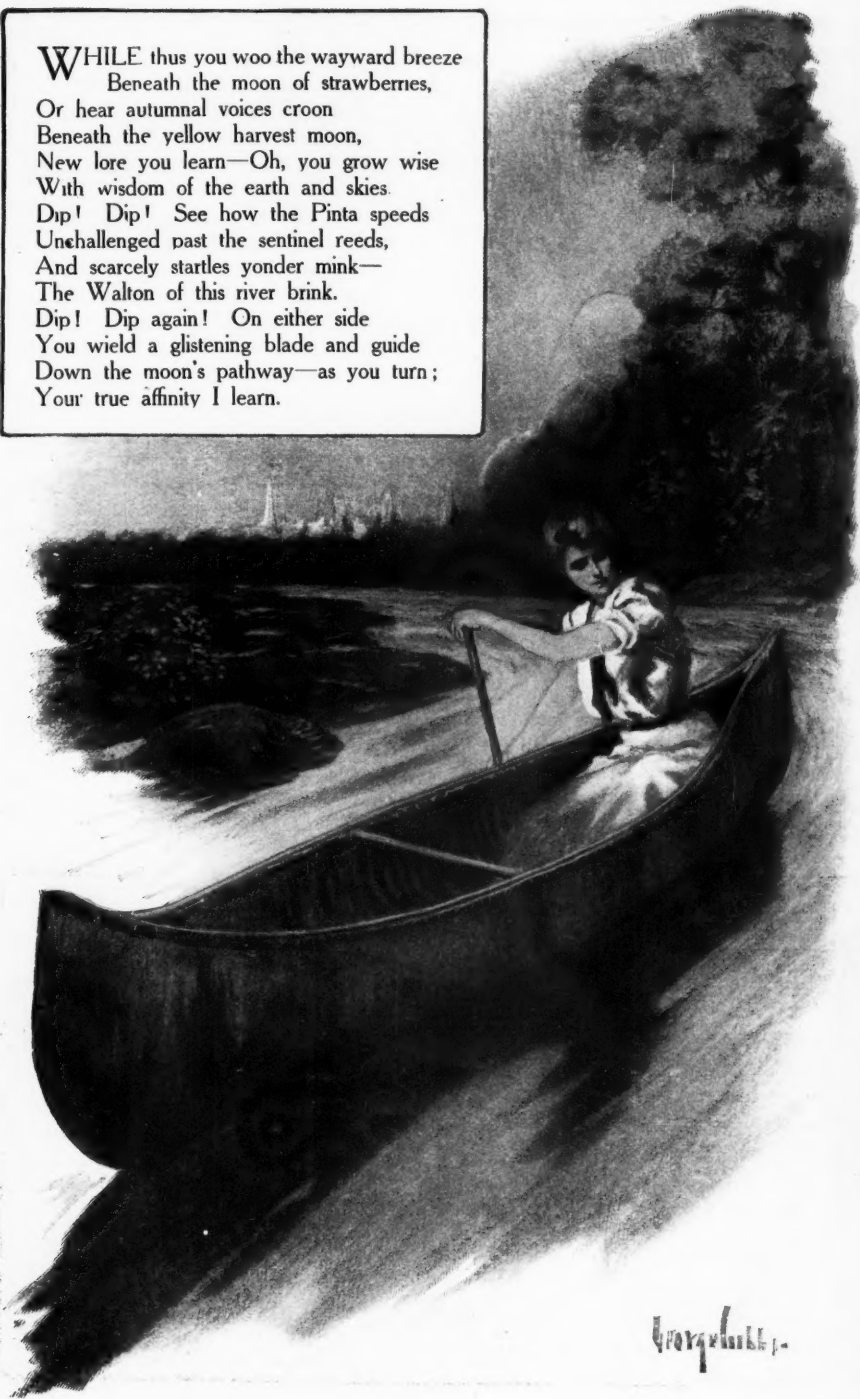
By Robert Gilbert Welsh

NO carvel this, with outspread wing,
From Andalusia venturing,
But such a craft as bore, I know,
A dark-haired princess long ago,
In springtime lights and summer flames,
Adown the stream we call the James.
Your questing paddle finds a way
Through runnel, creek, and hidden bay;
You leave the world behind your path
As did the princess in her wrath,
When she, with wonder on her cheek,
Sped onward up the Chesapeake
From alien faces strangely wan—
Ma-ta-oka of Pow-ha-tan!

LIKE her, you love the open sky,
The river's song, the happy cry
Of woodland birds in mating time
When life itself slips into rhyme.
Then to the riverside you flee,
And guide the Pinta silently,
By rocky bank and marshy edge,
Where alders lean, where spiky sedge
Betrays the blue-flag's tiring-room,
With regal flowers but half in bloom,
Where on your paddle poised in air
The dragon-fly alights to share
The confidential thoughts that pass
Between you and the gossiping grass.



WHILE thus you woo the wayward breeze
Beneath the moon of strawberries,
Or hear autumnal voices croon
Beneath the yellow harvest moon,
New lore you learn—Oh, you grow wise
With wisdom of the earth and skies.
Dip! Dip! See how the Pinta speeds
Unchallenged past the sentinel reeds,
And scarcely startles yonder mink—
The Walton of this river brink.
Dip! Dip again! On either side
You wield a glistening blade and guide
Down the moon's pathway—as you turn;
Your true affinity I learn.



W. H. P. H.



But such a craft
as' bore I know

A dark-haired
princess long ago

I SHOULD have known you at first blush,
The cousin-german of the thrush,
Kinswoman of the oriole—yet
Consanguined with the violet,
And for a confidante bespoke
By all unfettered wildwood folk.
Like them, what time the Pinta flies,
Your nostrils tremble and your eyes
Dilate—so might some hunted doe
Elude her human hunters, so,
Scarce ruffling fern or branch or brake,
Steal to the margin of the lake,
Breast the dark waters noiselessly
And boldly strike out homeward—free!

When life itself
slips into rhyme

Then to the river-
side you flee



George Lusk

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THE CHARM OF THE HOUSE-BOAT

BY SAMUEL CROWTHER, JR.

AN ENJOYABLE PHASE OF OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE WHICH, THOUGH STILL TO BE SEEN AT ITS BEST ON THE ENGLISH RIVERS, IS MAKING ITS APPEAL TO AMERICANS

WE are just learning about house-boats on this side of the Atlantic, and have not quite rid ourselves of the idea—which the Englishman, with his genius for contradictions, long ago discovered—that a boat may be not a boat but a house. Our notions of a house-boat have been too commonly derived from the slatternly “floats” found moored in quiet places and used for convivial meet-



AN AMERICAN HOUSE-BOAT IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

ings on Sundays. They resemble the modern house-boat about as much as the coal barge resembles the ocean liner.

SPORT WITHOUT HARDSHIP

Gradually, however, the comfort and health of the roomy residence afloat are being made known to the out-of-door class that is growing in America, and at

In short we are leaning, with increasing leisure, to that sport-loving disposition of the Englishman which has come in for so many hard words in recent years. The discovery has been made that the average Briton would rather play than work; it is odd that this surprising fact was not made known some years before. Eliminating, as far as possible,



THE GOLDEN GRASSHOPPER, ONE OF THE OLDER AND SIMPLER HOUSE-BOATS, AT LALEHAM, ON THE THAMES

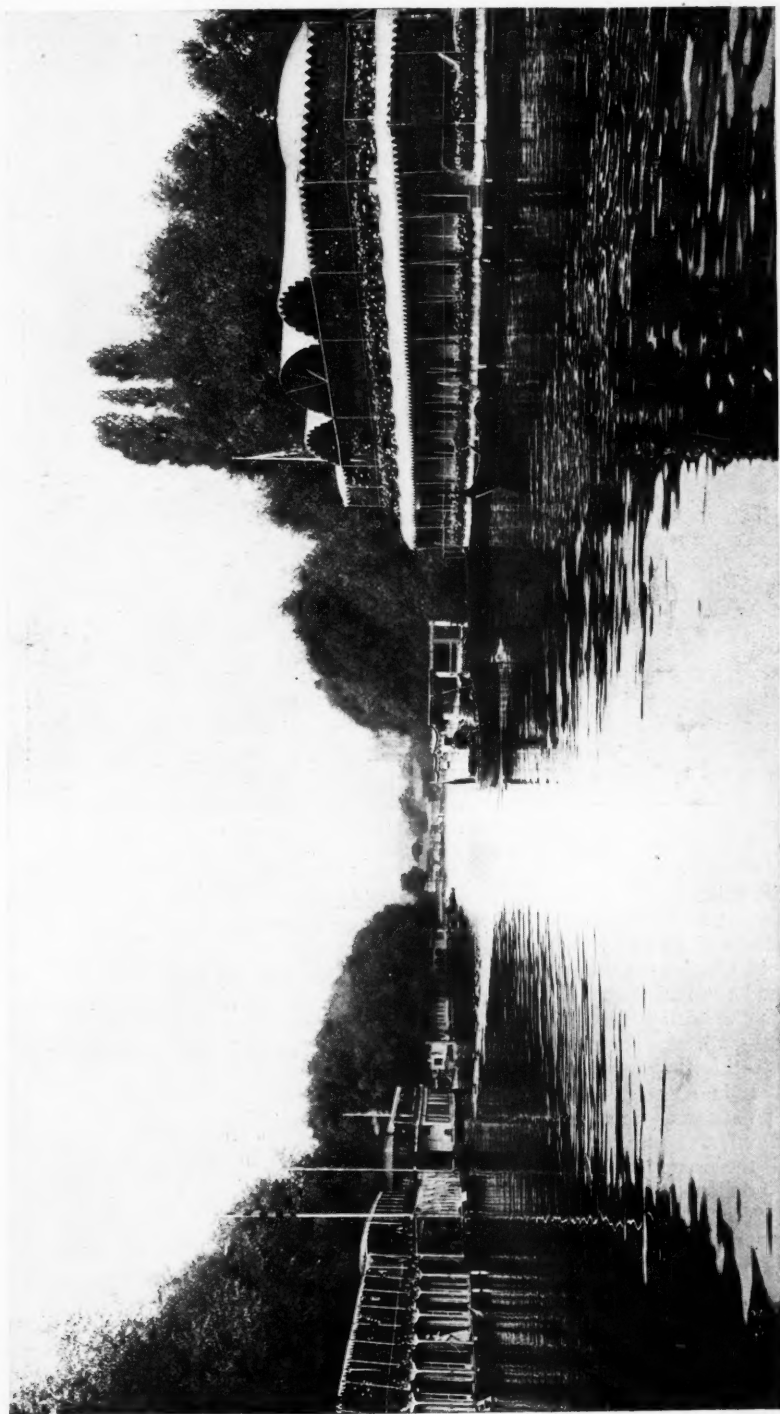
the present moment a goodly number of craft may be found in Florida, California, on the St. Lawrence, and on several lakes and rivers. But our house-boats are not on the same lines as the English and are used more as roomy cruising craft than as stationary homes, because of the American love of motion and the rarity of really desirable anchorages near summer colonies. The English house-boat is almost a house; the American is almost a yacht. Each fulfils its function admirably.

The average man wants to spend his vacation time near to nature, but if he does not happen to be a sportsman of the wilds, he wants comfort. Unless he is mentally deficient he will not put in the summer changing clothes at a summer resort. The house-boat is the half-way life; sport without the hardship that the strong man craves.

the question of labor, he has naturally devoted himself rather thoroughly to playing, and the result is that for a real sporting existence one cannot do better than turn to the British Isles and then to the River Thames and then to a house-boat thereon. He may there live moderately close to nature "with all modern conveniences." It is the English exemplification of the "simple life." And it is not a bad compromise.

England lives out of doors from May until November. The life which has been variously described as that of the "muddled oaf" or the "flanneled fool" is the only one which really appeals to a healthy, cold-water Briton. And nowhere is this life so completely realized as in the valley of the little Thames, where one may boat or cricket, or, in fact, do anything in the way of sport.

The Thames is not much of a river;



HOUSE-BOAT-ROW AT HENLEY, ON THE THAMES. THE SCENE OF THE GREAT REGATTAS—THE LONG LINES OF FLOWER-BEDECKED AND PENNANTED CRAFT STRETCH FROM PHYLIS COURT DOWN TO FAWLEY COURT OR BEYOND

dwellers on the banks of the Hudson or the Mississippi delight in terming it a ditch, and they are not entirely wrong. But there are ditches and ditches.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE THAMES

The Thames is a man-made river; a series of dams holds it back almost from the source and transforms what would be little larger than a creek into a stream of some pretension in its backwaters,

yond, between ever grassy slopes or through quiet backwaters, with here and there a bungalow peeping out or a more massive country seat standing forth boldly, and never once encounter any of those sights which offend the eye on every mile of most of our rivers. The people live on the river, their houses are but a step from the shore, and many choose to dwell on the very bosom in house-boats. Naturally, if a river is a



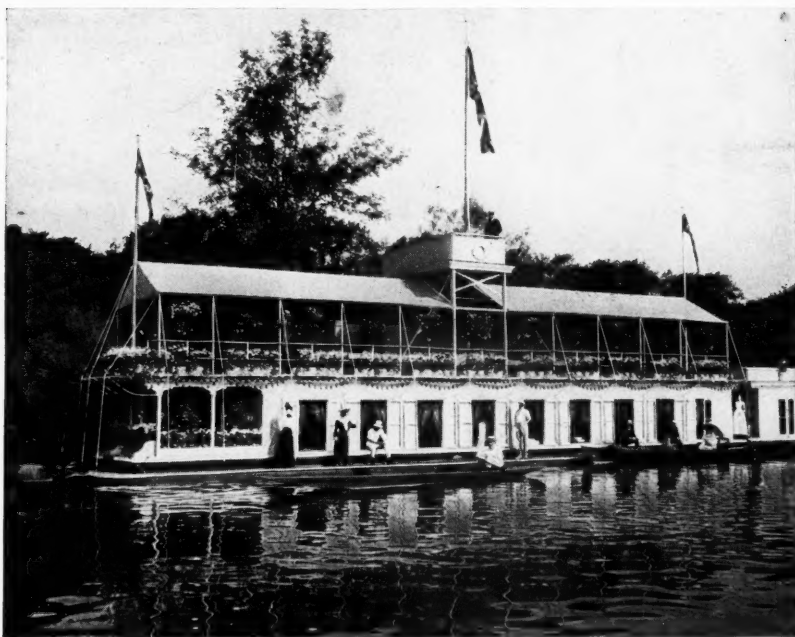
THE HOUSE-BOAT IBIS—A DELIGHTFUL INTERIOR, QUITE BEYOND THE ORDINARY IDEA OF WHAT IS PRACTICABLE ON A BOAT

and abounding in shady nooks and quiet reaches. It is something between a long pond and a little river. And in the fact that this Thames is all but artificial will be found the real reason why it is a so much more delightful place for lazy boating—and, as we well know, for fast boating—than any water-way which we have here in America. The Englishman uses the Thames—he uses every inch of it, and only for pleasure. Once leaving behind the more business-like portions about London, the whole stream is entirely given over to enjoyment. It is a fairy river in a made-to-order land. The banks are most carefully preserved by the Thames Conservancy, with watchful officers and patrols to see that they are not marred and that the stream does not become quite utilitarian. So one may journey from Molesley to Oxford or be-

residence, it must needs be a truly English and tidy one.

There are many interesting phases of river life, but the house-boat is perhaps the most interesting. The English house-boat is a summer home—a house on a boat; and it is as well fitted and as comfortable as the average small country residence, with the additional advantage that it may be moved about from time to time. The "wet bobs" take house-boats for the season as they would take a seaside cottage, and, choosing a favored mooring, tie up, with perhaps an excursion or so to a regatta or river fête, until cold weather drives them into winter quarters.

The time and place to see the house-boats at their best used to be the Henley Regatta, where they assembled in great numbers and put on their very finest



THE IBIS AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER—SHOWING THE ELABORATE FLORAL DECORATION OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE-BOATS

clothes. The long lines of flower-bedecked and pennanted craft, stretching from Phyllis Court down to Fawley Court or beyond, made a sight to be seen nowhere else in the world. The effect was as though the "Bucks" shore had been transformed into a great flowery bower. Unfortunately, the expenses of this outing at Henley are now so great that few men care to meet the necessary cost, and the number of house-boats at the regatta is yearly decreasing, though the line is still long enough to make a charming frame for a part of the course. It is this phase of the house-boat that is familiar to the average traveler—on parade in full dress, looking as imposing and nearly as uncomfortable as the Horse Guards.

REAL HOMES ON THE RIVER

A house-boat is always more or less on show, for the Thames is filled from one week's end to the other with pleasure craft of every kind; but the real time to see the house-boat is rather when it is tied up in some quiet spot and the inhabitants are living their natural, open-

air life in all its simplicity. The formal show is waning, but the house-boat as a summer residence is as popular as it well could be. In every lovely spot on the Thames, and also on several other rivers of England, one will find quartered a snug boat with its cargo of white flannels.

Every craft on the Thames must be registered with the Thames Conservancy, and the last circular issued by them shows that there were one hundred and forty-five house-boats in service on the river last summer. Of these, thirty-eight are listed as stationary vessels which are not moved from place to place and include the college barges at Oxford and the various barges of boat clubs or water-men along the river, together with a few real house-boats. The other one hundred and seven are actually residences of their owners or lessees, and vary in length from the one hundred and twenty foot Cigarette down to tiny twenty-five and thirty footers.

Only at certain places along the river may the house-boats lie, and they gather in the favorite stretches in numbers form-



THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE HOUSE-BOAT RHYLVA—EVERYTHING IS ROOMIER AND MORE COMFORTABLE THAN IS POSSIBLE IN THE MORE CRAMPED QUARTERS OF A YACHT

ing little colonies and giving the river a street-like appearance. The principal anchorages are at Henley, above the bridge, and at Shiplake, a hamlet a mile above the old rowing town. Many may also be found at Bourne End, at Maidenhead above Boulter's lock, at Staines, Laleham, Tagg's Island above Moulsey lock, and at Hampton Court. The largest and most attractive villages of boats are situated above the bridge at Henley, where there are usually some twenty-five lined up in the sheltered reach down to Marsh lock, and at Shiplake, where the gathering is almost as charming.

ENGLISH CRAFT AND THEIR DECORATIONS

These house-boats are no mere shacks on floats, but are designed and built with as much care for beauty and comfort as are the cottages along the waterside. They have always a single story with a deck above, sheltered by an awning and provided with all those chairs and appliances for lounging which many generations of Englishmen have evolved. The people spend most of their time on the deck. In fine weather all the meals are served there.

The space below is divided into cabins and saloons in much the same manner as a yacht, except that everything is roomier and more comfortable than is possible in the cramped quarters of a yacht. The decorations, both inside and out, come in for a great deal of attention, and every owner spends as much on appearance as his income will allow. Although all the boats are built on similar lines, there are many little divergences in detail, and each vies with its neighbor in floral decorations. Flowers are the main feature of embellishment.

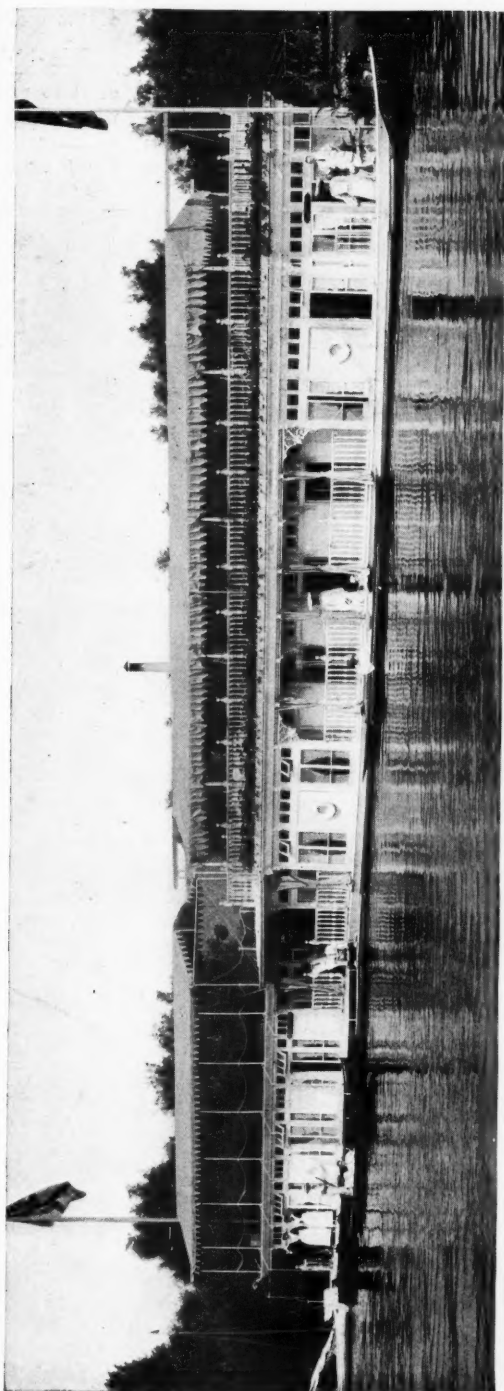
The house-boat is usually painted in some quiet color; white prevails, but a few owners delight in more or less bizarre combinations in more or less bad taste. The finest boats are in a light color, and depend for their beauty largely on the floral scheme. Every boat is surrounded on the upper deck, and sometimes on the lower also, by a solid bank of bright-hued plants with long streamers dangling down over the sides and transforming the craft into a kind of hanging garden. Over the deck is stretched a gay awning, and all about are hammocks and chairs and more flowers.

Inside the fittings are designed first

for comfort, but always with an eye for effect, and the living-rooms are sometimes quite beyond the ordinary idea of what is practicable on a boat. The interiors are often in hard-wood, but the lighter colors in paint are the more popular, and white and green or white and gold seem to give the most pleasing effects.

The owner of a house-boat expects to have many guests during the season. He usually comes provided with his butler and a full line of servants, for often there will be ten people or more aboard for a week-end, besides the many dinner parties and dances that occur during the river season. All the better boats have tenders where the servants lodge and where the cooking is done. It is, therefore, possible to enjoy the same service and the same cooking as if one were in a country home.

Naturally the development of house-boats has greatly increased the cost of building and of maintenance, and it is not uncommon to find ten thousand dollars or fifteen thousand dollars laid out as the original cost, while the rental—for many are rented—will go anywhere from three hundred dollars to fifteen hundred dollars or beyond for the summer season. Of course, there are plenty of boats that are not so well kept up, but the average man, when he decides to spend the summer on the river, knows he will go through with a tidy sum. If he takes the boat to Henley, that will mean at least five hundred dollars, for often as much as two hundred and fifty dollars is subscribed by

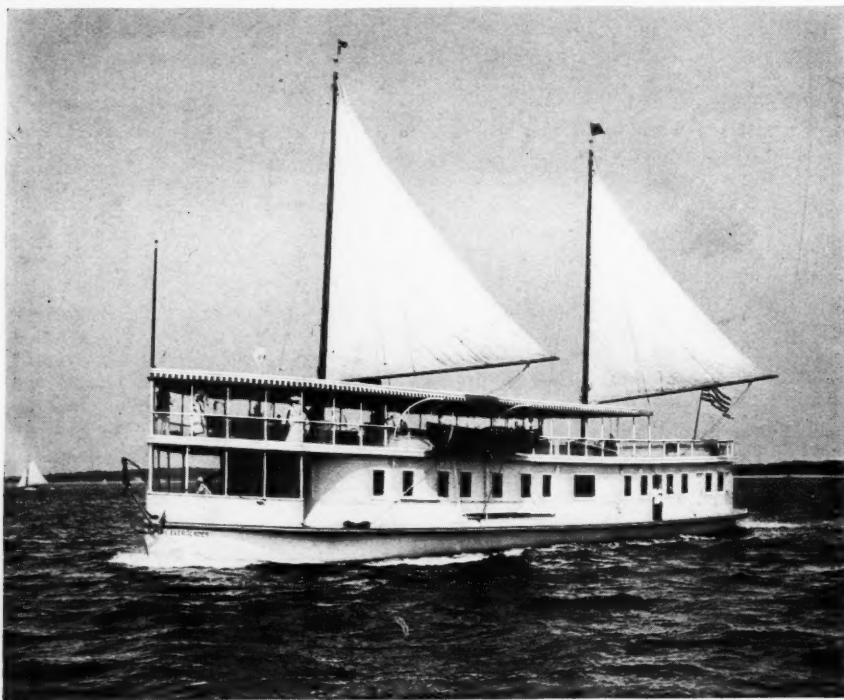


THE RIVLVA, AT SHIPLEAKE—ONE OF THE FINEST HOUSE-BOATS ON THE THAMES—DESIGNED AND BUILT WITH AS MUCH CARE FOR BEAUTY AND COMFORT AS ARE THE COTTAGES ALONG THE RIVER BANKS

the owner in order to secure a good position on the course.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the life; it is lazy and it is not lazy. There are always excursions on the river, for every boat has a punt or two, besides a canoe and a skiff, and a few have also

of the craft from one anchorage to another. In America varying conditions are producing varying models. The trend of the American house-boat, as has been noted, is toward cruising craft, some of which carry sails while others have engines or motors. Nevertheless, many



AN AMERICAN CRUISING HOUSE-BOAT—THE EVERGLADES, OWNED BY COLONEL ROBERT M. THOMPSON, OF NEW YORK

From a photograph by Burton, New York

sizable launches. These trips for the day are one of the most enjoyable features of the river. Then, golf may be had almost anywhere, and some owners have bought the land near their boats and have tennis courts. In short, the existence is a simple life in the open air, with plenty of exercise, if it is desired, and most of the material good things of life thrown in.

WATER LIFE IN AMERICA

In England the use of the house-boat has been almost exclusively confined to one tideless, canal-like river. Cruising is out of the question there, and the tow-paths of the Thames simplify the moving

American boats closely follow English models. They are usually more commodious and are fitted for longer periods of residence than their English prototypes.

The inlets of San Francisco Bay are abiding-places for many floating homes. Belvedere Cove, in particular, has a colony of about thirty, including the Wellington Ark, which looks like a flower-embowered cottage. Sixty-two feet long and forty feet wide, it affords a luxurious amount of space. These dimensions are increased by a roomy veranda, which extends around all four sides. Other well-known house-boats in San Franciscan waters are La Bohème, Atlantis, and the Caspian.

On the Platte and Missouri rivers the Idler and her consort, the Wanderer, owned by Mr. Lafayette Lamb, of Clinton, Iowa, carry many a party. Mr. Andrew Jackson, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, owns the Manitee, which every summer is towed by its launch through Lake Winnebago and the Fox and Wolf rivers. The Griselda, towed by horse or mule, traverses the Potomac and its flanking canal as far as Cumberland.

In the waters about New York there are not so many house-boats as the English visitor might expect to see. On Great South Bay and other Long Island waterways the yawl-rigged Sommerheim and her mates make life a pastime. Inside the islets of the Jersey coast, from Toms River to Barnegat, a number of the craft may be found, including the Dragon, owned by Mr. H. V. Snead, and Outing, owned by Mr. Hardy Bush. The craft are increasingly popular on the inland waters of Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina.

LUXURY AFLOAT

Florida, as a resort of the American "wet bob," stands in a class by herself. Her native population is housed beside her waterways, and her visitors are wealthy. It is not surprising that in Florida we should find the highest type of house-boat. Such was the late Pierre Lorillard's Caiman, a magnificent craft, which was fitted with every convenience and luxury and was even attended by a stable-boat which carried horses and carriages for the use of Mr. Lorillard and his guests. With a jolly company on board, the owner of a Florida house-boat snaps his fingers at the crowded

hotels and pursues his even way through the beautiful backwaters. Though there is nothing of English coziness in the Florida idea, it is delightful in its way; "river society" is undeveloped as yet, but there are the moorings in the quiet of the richly colored Southern garden.

The new class of cruising house-boat owes its origin largely to the Wetherills, of Philadelphia, who, some years ago, had built for use in Florida waters a very fine floating home. It is called a house-boat, because the owners decided that it was not a yacht. With equal exactness it might have been termed a yacht, had not the contrary idea first been conceived. Simply a big, roomy vessel, it approaches a house-boat in comfort. A similar boat is much used by Mr. Hugh Willoughby in Florida.

The St. Lawrence offers many advantages for a real house-boat, and recently Mr. George Boldt has brought out a fine boat as an auxiliary to his extensive establishment. The house-boat idea is spreading among the wealthy men who spend their summers on the water between the United States and Canada, and it is reported that before long a considerable fleet will be established there, where now the fast yacht has reached its highest development.

Much money is spent by rich American owners, and, as in England, the fashionable house-boat will not appeal to the slender purse. But there are all grades of house-boats, from such floating palaces as the Caiman to a humble shanty on a raft, and house-boat life is open to thousands of Americans who have yet to learn the unforgettable charm of a home on the surface of the water.

ON THE RIVER

WHERE the river lies asleep,
Limpid under drooping boughs,
In our drifting boat we keep
Tryst with love, and whisper vows.

Life of river, life of lake,
Close to earth, and yet so strange,
Who shall vow and who shall take,
'Mid thy never-ending change?

Who shall promise? Who shall give?
Life is change; but, hold—we know
We must love and we must live,
Drifting in the river's flow.

John Alwin

LIKE COALS OF FIRE

THE STORY OF A GENTLEMAN

BY GERTRUDE BARNUM

A FRENCH gentleman in a shiny Prince Albert coat stood in the hallway of the Social Settlement, and the "Head Resident" greeted him cordially.

"You need not use the special man-nair for me," said the man. "I am not the guest—but the beggar."

"Come in," said the Resident, smiling. "I have no special manner. This is all the manner I have. What did you wish to ask?"

Lucien d'Avignon made a depreca-tory gesture.

"I ask only—in fact I do not ask, I demand—work."

The frail figure was elegant. The imposing head with its abundant white hair was carried high. The spirit of the man showed unconquerable, despite old age, broken strength, poverty, and mortification, which were touchingly apparent under his bravado.

"What sort of work do you wish?" asked the Resident.

"I am cabinet-maker—wood-carver—the beautiful handwork! You shall see the little desk I shall mek, or the hall seat. I have use to receive, as cabinet-maker, six, seven, eight dollars a day, in those days when the machine has not yet killed good taste."

Shaking the machine-made hat-rack scornfully, he cried: "Now these tek the plais of my art! In consequence of American bad taste I—I—I lack food, clothing, and shelter, *enfin*."

Mrs. Florence Marlowe met Lucien d'Avignon on his own terms, those of a French gentleman and highly accomplished artist.

"Perhaps M. d'Avignon," she said hesitatingly, "you would consent—

under the circumstances you might consent to do a little shellacking, or rather—er—furniture polishing?"

The artist shrugged his shoulders. "Under the circumstances—I must consent to do these mechanical task. You do not perhaps need a letter-box? I should mek you a monogram; or a jewel-box—I shall mek you a trick in the drawer. No?"

For a day or two Mrs. Marlowe humiliated both herself and her protégé by offering him only "these mechanical task"; but little by little she fell completely under the spell of his personality, and brought herself and her friends to the verge of bankruptcy with orders for wood-carving and furniture-making. Her troubles were enhanced by a certain artist's license with which the craftsman would neglect his orders to fashion odd gifts for her. Almost daily he brought her presents, ranging from concoctions of medicinal herbs all the way to that most cherished of his treasures, a carved ivory crucifix, which had come down for generations in the family d'Avignon; and this habit grew more embarrassing when there developed in the devotion of the susceptible Frenchman a new quality.

One day she decided to take a stand. "The glove-box is beautiful, exquisite, M. d'Avignon," she said; "but you must not spend so much time and thought for me. There is Mrs. Dixon's tea-table; you have left it in a dreadful state. She is growing impatient."

In spite of protest, d'Avignon continued to shower his patron with tributes of devotion. His gloom when "sent from the presence" sank to melancholia and seemed to threaten tragedy. A

climax was reached on the occasion of the presentation of a marvelous miniature pear-wood locket in the shape of a heart.

"A petite heart of wood, like yours, madame," said the lover bitterly, "but look—unlike yours it will open!"

"M. d'Avignon," said the Resident severely, "I have told you often and often that I cannot accept presents from you, and now you are presuming very far."

"Are you displeased? See! Here, inside, is the inscription! The printing—old French manuscript. Are not the colors parfait!" He stood off dramatically. "Such color you give to my life—and the inscription—read; it is quite true, *n'est-ce pas?* 'From the little spark will grow a mighty flame.'"

Mrs. Marlowe shook her head as she read. "I have told you not to say such things to me," she said. "And I refuse to hear them."

"Is it not true for what I feel? Yes, it is true! You have filled my fainting heart with a great flame."

The young widow drew back, shocked, startled.

The artist raised his hand in protest. "Have no fear, my patroness," he said. "I have satisfaction only to be near. Love it is like true art—an aspiration, never to be possessed."

"Stop! Do not speak so personally to me," Mrs. Marlowe commanded. "I have given you orders for art-work—the last order was for a tea-table. I have not given you even my friendship, much less—much less—" she broke off indignantly, with flames in her cheeks and eyes.

D'Avignon took up the offending locket. "I understand," he said quivering, shrinking back. "I shall know my place. I am hired—hired for money. I have forgot myself because of your courtesy." He laid his hand on his heart dramatically, bowed low, and turned to leave, pale with emotion.

"Wait, M. d'Avignon," Mrs. Marlowe said softly. "You have misunderstood. I did not mean to speak cruelly—I—"

"I will complete the tea-table, madame; and offend no more." The elegant figure again bowed and was gone.

The Resident started to follow, then stopped. "Perhaps it is better so," she thought.

The Settlement saw nothing of d'Avignon the next day nor the next. On the third day the tea-table was delivered with a line in a fine, elaborate hand, on pearl monogram note-paper:

Since M. d'Avignon is sent from the presence he must at least say adieu. Will Madame Marlowe honor him to accept for her charities the small hire due for the French tea-table?

Hurriedly Mrs. Marlowe despatched a messenger to find the artist, but the boy returned with word that M. d'Avignon was gone from the city.

Weeks crept by, and the heart of the Resident was heavy with self-reproach and anxiety, since no word came from her protégé. Four, six, eight months passed, and all efforts to trace the unfortunate artist proved vain. At last, on Christmas Eve, came the much longed for word. She broke the seal of the well-known monogram envelope and read:

Since I feel your tender heart remains sad with imagination of misfortunes to myself, I take pleasure to inform you the reward my talents and many months' long starving now receive. The poor cabinet-maker has come to his heart's desire, to be permitted hand-work in a piano factory in this village. Here, you shall be informed, are fine cases for the pianos!

So rich I have become from my work that I am changed in fortune. Do you perceive d'Avignon, the proletarian, residing in an opera building? Does not that make you jealous! My building, which is now apartments, was formerly as opera-house. It is not everywhere one finds so fine architecture! I have in this apartment, boudoir, reception, buffet, studio. Is it not that I have earned so commodious living, by devote myself always to art?

My walls have decorations unique. Also there is plenty fresh air. From my windows is a view all your imagination shall paint. Now it is fringed in white and brown. In the trees in the springtime the birds will build nests and generate. The peach trees in flora will bloom—and then the fields—finish the picture for yourself. The madame has no longer to make herself anxious for me. I have great heart now to convey balm to her soft feelings.

Mrs. Marlowe drew a long breath of relief as she read. Here at least was one protégé come to good fortune. Her hope

was that in the new work and surroundings, the lover would forget her. Not so. Now would come a little verse; now a pressed flower or a bit of hand-work for her dressing-table. In response to her friendly notes of thanks he wrote reams, in his fine French hand, and the letters were always cheerful—quaint sketches of village characters, good news of his work, descriptions of the beauty of the landscape in changing seasons, as seen from his window—"almost like a dream," he wrote.

Through one long year his missives went astray, following Mrs. Marlowe about from place to place in Europe. On her return she found a small satin-wood box inlaid with charming designs in bits of mahogany. Slipping the sliding lid, she saw inside, first, a pressed rose, next, the chrysalis of a butterfly; beneath that was tucked away a fragrant note, and from the shaky little scrawl she read:

This morning before the aurora has formed, yes, long before—I realize that I am waiting on my bed now for death. I wish adieu from you, *ma chère*! I long for a word. Do I hope too bold? This enclosed, I have kept it in my sanctuary since two days, and have now decided to send it, as the very spirit of one dearly remembering you. I pray you efface forever the trouble I have made. The butterfly, like my soul, awaits liberation, but cannot escape without the sunlight, as I without madame's adieu. The little flower will say to you, "I expire"; and on this final moment I desire to be caressed by a true and gentle heart. A speedy adieu may reach from you.

LUCIEN D'AVIGNON.

Deeply moved, and terrified lest she should be too late, the Resident hurried at once to the village named in the note. She was driven through the monotonous streets of a typical factory town. The driver drew up in front of a large brick building, leaning over the tracks of sooty freight yards. This, he said, was the only opera-house in town. It was a huge, tottering pile, with staring, paneless windows, and yawning, unhinged doors.

"Surely, there must be some mistake!"

No, this was quite right. The landlady said: "This was where Mr. Davignon usta live, but he died. The county buried him the day before yistady."

The Resident leaned against the rail-

ing, trembling. Was it here—in this miserable tenement, he had waited vainly for her message till the end?

"What work did he do in the factory?" she asked faintly.

"He wuz a piano polisher by trade," said the woman, "but he wa'n't strong and didn't make much."

They stumbled up the dark stairway his heavy feet had climbed so often, and groped their way to the vacant room. This was "For Rent."

"He was kinda crazy," said the landlady. "He owed us money, but he kep' on buyin' wood an' tools an' colorin' stuff. He usta hev fancy match-boxes an' brackets an' clock-cases an' things all 'roun' the room. It's kinda bare now. He give the truck ta us fer the rent."

In the center of the cell a battered stove was propped up with bricks. The rusty stove-pipe wobbled across and around to the smoky chimney hole. A cheap, yellow, machine-made table and chair affronted the very memory of the cabinet-maker. Looking at the mildewed plastering of the ceiling over the camp cot, Mrs. Marlowe saw the "decorations unique" of which M. d'Avignon had written her, and through huge zigzag cracks came in, truly enough, "plenty fresh air." There was one window, its broken pane patched with brown paper. It faced close against a prison-like factory wall, and the view—yes, she understood now—"all that your imagination shall paint." This cell, then, was the "boudoir, reception, buffet, studio," all in one. Here on this cot the spirit of the artist had finally broken.

"Ev'ry one says he wuz crazy," said the slattern; "but he *were* a good polisher. I got a piece o' wood o' hisn. You kin see yoursel' in it jist the same's in a lookin' glass." Florence Marlowe did not hear. Through her grief and self-reproach ran an old saying of d'Avignon's:

"Yes, yes—you kill men and beauty with your machines; but you are punished by the ugliness and heartlessness around you—you Americans."

She turned to the wondering janitress. "He has left beautiful things to the world," she said—and she added to herself with a sob—"like coals of fire on our heads."

THE STORY OF THE SHORT-STORY

FROM ESOP TO KIPLING

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

AN INTERESTING LITERARY FORM WHICH HAD ITS BEGINNINGS IN ANCIENT TIMES, BUT REACHED ITS FULL DEVELOPMENT ONLY WITHIN THE LAST HALF CENTURY—SOME OF THE MODERN MASTERS OF SHORT FICTION IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES

ONLY within the past few years have we come to see that there is an essential difference between the true short-story and the more carelessly composed tale which merely happens to be brief. Even now we have no distinctive name for the new form; and perhaps for the present, at least, we cannot do better than to make an arbitrary compound word and to write it "short-story," thereby distinguishing it, as far as may be, from the story which merely chances to be short, although it might very well have been long.

Brief tales there have been since the world began, since the art of the storyteller was first attempted, since the cave-men filled the long evenings around the smoking fire with narratives of the mysterious deeds of the strange creatures of their own primitive fancy, since the earliest travelers who ventured abroad brought back episodic accounts of one or another of their misadventures, commingled of fact and of fiction. Strange stories were told about animals who talked and who had many of the characteristics of mankind; and by word of mouth these marvelous tales were passed down from generation to generation, growing in detail and gaining in precision, until there came to be the immense mass of beast-fable, surviving in oral tradition chiefly, but getting itself lifted up into literature now and again. It was from this fund of accumulated and transmitted lore of legend that Bidpai

and Esop made their selections, to be followed, after many a century, by that more accomplished artist in narrative, La Fontaine, the great master of the fable, which instructs and yet satirizes our common humanity.

Every fable has its moral, even though this is not always tagged to the tail of it; and the ethical intent of the storyteller who sets down what the animals say is as obvious in the record of the doings of *Reynard the Fox* as it is in the sayings of *Br'er Rabbit* preserved for us by Uncle Remus. A moral there is also—and the sturdiest and wisest of morals—in the "Jungle-Book" of Mr. Kipling, wherein we learn how *Mowgli* grew to manhood among the wild creatures of the field and of the forest. But the beast-fable, delightful as it may be when it is dealt with artistically, by writers who have genuine sympathy with the lowly and clear insight into the conditions of life—the beast-fable is only one of the many forms of the brief tale; and it has only a doubtful likeness to the true short-story.

EARLY ORIENTAL INFLUENCES

Brief tales of another kind were known to the ancients, oriental in their origin, for the most part, and abounding in that liking for the supernatural which characterizes the majority of the stories that have come to us from the East. There are the rambling Egyptian narratives—the tale, for example, of "The

"Two Brothers," which scholars have only recently replevined from a buried papyrus. There are the cleverly narrated anecdotes which we find here and there in the pages of Herodotus, who was a historian with a full share of the gift of story-telling, and who was also a traveler with a natural desire ever to hear and to tell something new and something striking. There are the so-called "Lost Tales of Miletus," widely popular in the days of Greek decadence, when the enervating Orient had corrupted the sterner artistic sense of Athens and of its rival cities. But whether Grecian or Egyptian, the best of these straggling narratives—to quote the opinion of a competent critic, Professor Peck, of Columbia—is likely to reveal three characteristic defects: "a lack of variety in its themes, a lack of interest in its treatment, and a lack of originality in its form."

So far as the Greeks are concerned, this need not surprise us, since it was only in their decline that they took to prose. In the splendid period of their richest accomplishment they had found fit expression for their imaginings only in poetry; and there is significance in the fact that no one of the nine Muses was assigned to foster prose fiction. The demoralizing and disintegrating influence of the Orient is visible also in Latin literature; and in prose fiction, as in other fields of artistic endeavor, the Romans followed faithfully in the paths first trodden by the Athenians. The writers of their rambling narratives were also tempted to introduce the abnormal and the supernatural; and apparitions, especially, are frequent in the literature of the Latins. For example, there can be found in one of the younger Pliny's letters a ghost story, skilfully yet simply told, which is not without a certain likeness to one of the earliest of American tales—Irving's "Dolph Heyliger."

"THE MATRON OF EPHEBUS"

Much the most famous of all the brief stories that survive in Latin is the tale of "The Matron of Ephesus," with its satiric ingenuity, which has tempted the poets of every modern language to tell it anew, each in his own fashion. It is

first to be found as an anecdote related by one of the characters in that early masterpiece of humorous realism, the "Satira" of Petronius.

And here occasion serves to note that it is only since the novel has succeeded in establishing itself as an artistic rival of the drama, and only since the scope of the true short-story has come to be recognized, that writers of fiction have given up the practise of padding their longer stories by the insertion of briefer tales, wholly unrelated to the main theme. Cervantes put into "Don Quixote" at least one minor narrative that merely distended his novel without benefiting it; and his example was followed by Scarron in the "Roman Comique," by Fielding in "Tom Jones," and by Dickens in the "Pickwick Papers." And it is in "Redgauntlet" that we find "Wandering Willy's Tale," a delightful example of Scott's commingled humor and fancy; it is properly in place in the longer romance in which it is embedded, and it is also one of the most interesting of those accidental anticipations of the true short-story, of which there are not a few to be discovered at irregular intervals in the history of fiction.

"The Matron of Ephesus" itself might also be accepted as one of these accidental anticipations, if it was not a little lacking in simplicity and in concision. But it is the sole specimen of the brief tale to be selected out of all Latin literature as prefiguring our latter-day type. From all Greek literature the one example to be chosen would be the lovely vignette of "Daphnis and Chloe," if this miniature idyl did not happen also to be a little too complicated in its episodes.

But even if the more careless prose fictions of the Greeks and the Latins are far inferior artistically to the larger Attic poems and to the lighter Roman lyrics, still they are immensely superior to the chaotic narratives which are all we can discover in the dark ages that followed the downfall of imperial rule. Medieval fiction is not unfairly represented by the "Gesta Romanorum," that storehouse of tales of all sorts and of all lengths, gathered from the ends of the earth and heaped up at haphazard.

There are a few good stories to be found in this bric-à-brac collection of anecdotes, repartees, narratives of one kind and another—stories deserving of a better treatment than could be imparted by the monkish scribe who set them down in casual confusion; and more than one later poet or playwright has been able to pick a pearl of price out of this medieval medley.

STORY FORMS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

The "*Gesta Romanorum*" represents the story-telling of the Middle Ages as it was in the hands of the half educated, who had only confused memories of the past. The story-telling of those who were frankly uneducated is represented by the beast-fable, which had then a renewed popularity throughout Europe, and also by a more engaging form, the *fabliau*. The word is French; and the thing itself was French also, with a full savor of Gallic salt. A *fabliau* is a brief tale, often little more than an anecdote with a sharp sting at the end of it; frequently it was in rime; generally satiric in intent, it was full of frank gaiety and of playful humor. It may be defined as a realistic folk-tale, not bookish in its flavor, but with the simple shrewdness of the plain people. On occasion, it is free to the extreme of coarseness; but on occasion also it can be brisk and bright, fresh and felicitous, with a verve and a vivacity all its own.

From the *fabliau*, and from the "*Gesta Romanorum*" also, the story-tellers of the Renaissance borrowed many a hint; what they contributed themselves was a finer art of narrative. Their brief tales in prose or in verse were not only richer in substance; they were, above all, more shapely and more seemly, better proportioned and better balanced, more cleverly thought out and more skilfully wrought out. Chaucer, writing in rime in England, and Boccaccio, writing in prose in Italy, might now and again pick out a plot from the "*Gesta*"; but they took over from the *fabliau* more than the bare suggestion of a situation—they caught from it not a little of the grace, the lightness, and the ease which often characterize the unpretending work of the unknown French narrators.

Boccaccio himself, and the host of

other Italians who trod the trail first blazed by the author of the "*Decameron*," dealt not only with the traditional material heaped up for the hand of the story-teller, but also with the somber and bloody incidents of contemporary life. Their swift tales, limned in outline only, with scarcely a hint of the background, with the most summary indications of individual characteristics, were comic or tragic as it might chance. Sometimes they present us with the amusing complexities of amorous intrigue; and sometimes they give us glimpses of sudden and deadly revenge.

In this commingling of the grave and the gay they were imitated by the French and by the English. In the "*Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*," and in the collections of other authors using the same language, we observe that the French very naturally felt the influence of the *fabliau*, and that they seem to prefer the comic. In Painter's "*Palace of Pleasure*," and in its rival adaptations into our own tongue, we perceive that the English liking was rather for the tragic. The Italian tales, translated or in the original, served as a treasury of grisly plots open before the Elizabethan playwrights, wherein they might make their choice of strange situations to set before their unlettered audiences, reveling in dark deeds and relishing Machiavellian motives.

BOCCACCIO AND HIS FOLLOWERS

Boccaccio was a born story-teller; and born story-tellers were also not a few of his followers. The *novella* of the Italian Renaissance has often a unity of its own, and sometimes it even achieves what must be termed a fairly well-balanced construction, presenting us with the beginning, the middle, and the end of its action. And yet these fertile and accomplished narrators failed to see the manifold advantages of the compact simplicity which is the controlling characteristic of the modern short-story. More often than not, they proffer to us mere anecdotes deftly sketched; although not infrequently, also, they present us with longer plots in outline only, lacking compression, lacking color, and lacking adequate solution of the central situation. Only on rare occasions, and,

as it were, by chance, do they happen upon a form anticipating the real short-story as we know it now, with its direct unity and with its deliberate centerings of interest in a single point.

Professor Baldwin, of Yale, has recently analyzed the century of tales contained in the "Decameron"; and the result of his investigation is that more than a half of the hundred are little better than anecdotes, sometimes baldly narrated and sometimes more artistically elaborated, while nearly all of the remaining two-score are but naked plots for stories, ingeniously set forth, but existing only in scenario, so to speak. He is able to indicate three which show an approximation to the true type of short-story as we recognize it to-day, and only two which actually attain to it. This cautious classification seems to show that Boccaccio had no definite standard in mind, and that if he twice achieved the modern form it was all unwittingly and quite casually. And Bandello, the foremost of Boccaccio's followers was—as the same critic declares—even looser in his structure, and even more reckless in his disregard for the restraints of time and space.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM SPAIN

The influence of the Italian *novella* was widespread throughout Europe; and it was more powerful than that of the Spaniards, who were next to blossom forth as luxuriant inventors of adventure. There needs to be pointed out the fact that the fertility of the Spaniards was revealed rather in their multitudinous drama than in their prose fiction; and also that even in their prose fiction their grandiloquence led them to display their fancy rather in long-drawn romances than in tales cut short. To Spain we seem to owe the interminable romances of chivalry, series within series; and to Spain also are we indebted for the humorous narrative of knavery which are known as the picaresque romances.

It was Spain also which bestowed on us the earliest indisputable masterpiece of prose fiction, "Don Quixote." But Cervantes did not take himself too seriously; and even in his great work there are undeniable evidences of his artistic

carelessness. Expressing himself freely in the fashion of his time and in the manner of his race, he could not be expected to have any prevision of the rigid limitations and of the compensating advantages of the short-story. In the minor narratives arbitrarily intercalated into "Don Quixote," and in the separate collection of his "Exemplary Novels," he has written neither true short-stories nor true novelettes, but specimens of the tale which chances to be fairly brief, although there is no intrinsic reason why it might not have been long.

SCARRON, LE SAGE, AND VOLTAIRE

This same disregard of formal beauty, this same sprawling looseness of structure, is what we observe also in the two novelists of France who reflect most openly the influence of Spain. Both Scarron and Le Sage borrowed abundantly from the plays and from the prose fiction of their predecessors and their contemporaries south of the Pyrenees. They took over more than episodes and plots—they took over all the Spanish laxity of texture. The shorter narratives injected into the "Roman Comique" and the autobiographic digressions discoverable in "Gil Blas" do not differ in any way from the larger stories in which they are included.

In fact, the more closely we consider the prose fiction of France as it was when Scarron and Le Sage were writing, the more clearly can we perceive that it had not yet become conscious of its latent possibilities, realized only of late years. All we can discover is a certain skill in narration and in character drawing. No anticipation can be detected either of the short-story or of the artfully built novel as we were to receive it later from the hands of Hawthorne and of Turgenev. Neither form had then begun to differentiate itself from the more confused narrative which might be of any length. A carefully proportioned tale like "The Princess of Clèves," by Mme. de la Fayette, remains a rare exception amid the mass of French fiction of two centuries ago, most of which is invertebrate and conglomerate.

Nor is there a marked advance in the art of fiction to be observed in the eighteenth century, so far, at least, as

mere form is concerned. In France, Voltaire was the author of a series of *contes*, of philosophic tales, delightful in their wit and disintegrating in their irony. But "Candide" and its fellows were not called into being for their own sake, but to serve an ulterior purpose. They were missiles of assault, and not stories told for the sheer pleasure of telling. They were weapons in the warfare which Voltaire was waging against the conditions he detested and against the beliefs he wished to destroy. They were allegories or apologues, rather than sketches of life and character; and however interesting they may be in themselves, they are the intense expression of Voltaire himself, and therefore they bring us no farther on the way to the modern short-story.

BEGINNING OF ENGLISH ROMANTICISM

In England there is the eighteenth-century essay, as Steele devised it and as Addison enlarged it; and in the *Tatler* and in the *Spectator* we have what we may salute as the first suggestion of the monthly magazine of our own time, with the same hospitality to many different literary forms—to the obituary article, for example, to the book review, and to the theatrical criticism. There is the succession of papers devoted to *Sir Roger de Coverley*, which we can accept, if we choose, as a first attempt at the serial story. There are the occasional oriental tales and the more frequent sketches of character, which we may hail, if we will, as the remote ancestors of the short-story. Half a century later this oriental tale, as Addison has outlined it simply, was expanded by Johnson in his "Rasselas"; and in like manner the character sketch, as Steele had attempted it, was enriched and elaborated by Goldsmith in "The Vicar of Wakefield."

At the very end of the eighteenth century we can catch the echo in English of a new note—the note of German romanticism. There was a reaction against the realities of life as Fielding and Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen represented them. The ballads and the brief tales in prose which the English imported from Germany, or which they made for themselves on the German

model, had a flavor of mysticism as well as an aroma of mystery. Scott translated Bürger; and "Monk" Lewis compiled his "Tales of Horror." Specters became fashionable again, and ghosts walked the earth once more. The eerie imaginings and morbid hallucinations of Zschokke and of Hoffmann found a warm welcome in the native land of the authors of "The Castle of Otranto" and of "The Mysteries of Udolpho." Although these German tales tended to be vague and formless, and although there was much that was freakish in this exuberance of fantasy, there was much also which was to prove profitable to the future masters of the short-story—Hawthorne and Poe in the United States, Gautier and Mérimée in France.

It was in France and in the United States, rather than in Great Britain, that we find first the true short-story; and we do not find it until the second quarter of the nineteenth century. In France, Gautier and Mérimée were preceded by Nodier, who had a feeling for the future form, but who failed finally to achieve it. In the United States, Hawthorne and Poe had a predecessor in Irving, whose delightful tales lack only a more vigorous restraint to be accepted as the earliest models of the short-story. In fact, it is only when we draw up a narrowly rigid definition of the form that we are forced to exclude Irving from the list of its originators. What Irving failed to bestow in his charming fantasies was the essential compression, the swift and straightforward movement, the unwillingness to linger by the way.

THE WORK OF WASHINGTON IRVING

To linger by the way was exactly what Irving proposed to himself as a principle. He wrote to a friend:

For my part, I consider a story merely as a frame on which to stretch the materials. It is the play of thought, and sentiment, and language, the weaving in of characters, lightly, yet expressively delineated; the familiar and faithful exhibition of scenes in common life; and the half-concealed vein of humor that is often playing through the whole—these are among what I aim at, and upon which I felicitate myself in proportion as I think I succeed.

In this declaration Irving reveals the reason why he is to be considered as a

true heir of the eighteenth-century essayists. The "Sketch Book" is the direct descendant of the *Spectator*; and in "Rip Van Winkle," "The Specter Bridegroom," and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," we must see the connecting links between the brief tale as it had been in the eighteenth century and the short-story as it was perfected in the nineteenth. While Irving's manner is the discursive manner of the essayist, his material is very much what the later writers of the short-story were glad to deal with.

Beyond all question, Irving had freshness, inventiveness, fantasy—all invaluable gifts for the short-story. But he liked to linger by the way, and he did not seek the implacable unity and the swift compactness which we now demand, and which we find frequently in Hawthorne and always in Poe. And these are the essential qualities which we perceive also in the "Morte Amoureuse" of Gautier and in the "Venus d'Ille" of Mérimée, which were published in France only a year or two after Poe had put forth "Berenice." If we may judge by their other efforts in fiction, Mérimée and Gautier, like Hawthorne, were led to attain the true short-story rather by artistic impulse than by deliberate effort acting in accord with a theory firmly held. But Poe was conscious; he knew what he was doing; he had a theory firmly held; and his principles were widely different from those laid down by Irving. His artistic aim, his conception of what a short-story ought to be, was clear before him, as it was not clear before Hawthorne, who was far less of a theorizer about his art, even if he was ethically a more richly endowed artist.

POE'S THEORY OF THE SHORT-STORY

And it was in a review of Hawthorne's tales that Poe first laid down the principles which governed his own construction, and which have been quoted very often of late, because they have been accepted by the masters of the short-story in every modern language. In his paper on "The Philosophy of Composition" Poe had asserted that a poem ought not to exceed a hundred lines in length, since this is as much as can be read with interest at a single sitting; and

in this review of Hawthorne he applied the same principle to prose fiction:

The ordinary story is objectionable from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality*. Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal modify, annul, or contract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the book. Simply cessation in reading would, of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fulness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences—resulting from weariness or interruption.

A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be brought out, he then invents such incidents, combines such events, as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. As by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

THE ESSENTIAL UNITIES

This is definite and precise beyond all misunderstanding. The short-story must do one thing only, and it must do this completely and perfectly; it must not loiter or digress; it must have unity of action, unity of temper, unity of tone, unity of color, unity of effect; and it must vigilantly exclude everything which might interfere with its singleness of intention.

The same essential principles were laid down again, more than half a century later, by another accomplished artist in fiction, who also took an intelligent interest in the code of his craft. In one of his "Vailima Letters," Stevenson wrote to a friend, who had rashly ventured to suggest a different termination for one of his stories, that any

alteration of that kind was absolutely impossible, since it would violate the law of the short-story:

Make another end to it? Ah, yes, but that's not the way I write; the whole tale is implied; I never use an effect when I can help it, unless it prepares the effects that are to follow; that's what a story consists in. To make another end, that is to make the beginning all wrong. The dénouement of a long story is nothing, it is just "a full close," which you may approach and accompany as you please—it is a *coda*, not an essential member in the rhythm; but the body and end of a short-story is bone of the bone and blood of the blood of the beginning.

THE RISE OF THE NEW SCHOOL

After Poe, by his precept and by his practise, had revealed the possibilities of the short-story and had shown what it ought to be, it became conscious of itself. It felt itself to be differentiated as sharply from the novel as the lyric is differentiated from the epic. It was no longer to be accomplished by a lucky accident only; it could be achieved solely by deliberate and resolute effort. The restrictions were rigid, like those of the sonnet, and success was not easy; but the very difficulty of the undertaking was tempting to the true artist, ever eager for a grapple with technic. Of course, the easier brief tale, with its careless digressions, was still satisfactory to writers who lacked muscle and nerve to wrestle with the severe form—just as the weaklings among the rimesters still content themselves with one of the looser arrangements of the sonnet.

In every modern literature, there arose in time writers who mastered the short-story, made it supple, gave it scope, bent it to their own purpose, and dowered the readers of their own language with little masterpieces of narration, wholly free from the three defects which had characterized the brief tales of the Greeks—"a lack of variety in its themes, a lack of interest in its treatment, and a lack of originality in its form." So we find Verga in Italy, Kjelland in Norway, Turgenev in Russia, taking ever the perfected form, profiting by its enforced obligations of unity, simplicity, and harmony, and handling it with interest, with variety, and with originality. They dealt, each of them, with the life im-

mediately around them, with the life of their own people, with the life they knew best; and they gave to the short-story a richness of human flavor that Poe had never sought, since his ultimate aim was rather construction than character-drawing.

Yet it was not in Italy, in Norway, or in Russia that the short-story flourished first or most luxuriantly; it was in France and in the United States, the two countries in which it had been earliest achieved, almost simultaneously and quite independently. In Great Britain it was slow to establish itself; and not for many years did any one of the British masters of narrative art put forth his utmost endeavor in this minor form. They long preferred the leisurely amplitude of the full-grown novel, with its larger liberty and its looser facility; and in this they found a more certain reward. In London neither the monthly magazines nor the weekly were eager to extend an encouraging hospitality to the short-story, relying rather on a single serial tale which might assure their circulation for a year. Charles Reade once boasted that a certain novel of his "floated the *Argosy*."

Brief tales there were, and in profusion, in these British magazines; but they were, for the most part, the careless "pot-boilers" of the less gifted writers. Indeed, the British were the last of the great peoples to appreciate the finer possibilities of the short-story as a definite species of fiction; and therefore they were the slowest to take advantage of the new form. And as a result of this conservatism, they lagged far behind France and the United States, in this department of literature, until its possibilities were suddenly made manifest to them by Stevenson and by Kipling, both of whom had come directly under the influence of Poe and of other American masters of the short-story.

STEVENSON AND KIPLING

Stevenson also had a certain spiritual kinship with Hawthorne, disclosed most clearly in "Markheim"—which could not be excluded from any list of the world's most powerful short-stories. And to any list of the world's most beautiful short-stories Kipling could

contribute "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Brushwood Boy," and "They," even if no larger selection from his incomparably varied store did not impose itself. The British were sluggish in adventuring themselves in the new form; but when at last two of their most striking writers did undertake it, they won immediate acclaim as masters of this minor art.

Perhaps the reason why the short-story established itself earlier in France was twofold—first of all, the finer artistic appreciation of a gifted race which had inherited the Latin liking for logic and harmony, and which had long accepted the classicist code of unity and proportion; and, secondly, the inviting hospitality of Parisian journalism, which had always prided itself on a close connection with literature.

The French are not rich in magazines, partly, perhaps, because their newspapers are ready to give them much that we who speak English expect to find only in our weeklies and our monthlies. It was in the daily journal of the city on the Seine that there were first published the most of the short-stories of Richépin, of Coppée, of Halévy, of Daudet, and of Maupassant. Whenever the list of the world's most admirable short-stories is drawn up, it cannot fail to contain the title of more than one of Daudet's deliciously humorous fantasies, full of the flavor of the south; and it will be enriched also with the name of more than one of Maupassant's sturdily veracious portrayals of character, executed with a northern fidelity to fact.

ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES

For the extraordinary expansion of the short-story here in the United States, in the American branch of English literature in the mid-century when it was being neglected by the chief authors of the British branch of our literature, three reasons may be suggested. First of all, there is the important fact that the perfected form had been exemplified and proclaimed here by Poe, earlier than by any other writer elsewhere. Secondly, we need to note that our struggling magazines from the beginning had been forced to rely for their attractiveness largely on the short-story, if only be-

cause of the dearth of native novelists capable of carrying the burden of the lengthened serial. And thirdly, we must recall certain of the special conditions of our civilization—a vast country, a heterogeneous population, a wide variety of interests, all of which combined to make it almost an impossibility that we should ever bring forth a work of fiction which might be recognized as the "great American novel."

RECENT AMERICAN WRITERS

What was possible for our writers of fiction, and what was most immediately profitable for them, was to forego the long novel and to avail themselves of the short-story, in which they might begin modestly to deal directly with that special part of an immense country with which any one of them chanced to be most familiar, to limn its characters with absolute honesty, and to fix its characteristics before they were modified. In the middle of the nineteenth century the time was not yet ripe for the broader studies of American life, like "The Rise of Silas Lapham" and "Huckleberry Finn," which could not arrive until later; but there was a tempting opening for those of us who might choose to cultivate what may be called the short-story of local color. In one sense Irving had set the example, and in "Rip Van Winkle" and its fellows he had peopled the banks of the Hudson with legendary figures. But more potent yet was the influence of Hawthorne, with his searching analysis of the very soul of New England.

After Irving and Hawthorne there came forward a host of American writers of the short-story of local color, men and women, humorists and sentimentalists, fantasists and realists, Northerners and Southerners, differing in sincerity and differing in skill. For more than three-score years they have been exploring these United States; and they have been explaining the people of one State to the populations of the others, increasing our acquaintance with our fellow-citizens and broadening our sympathy. In no other country has anything like this probing inquisition of contemporary humanity ever been attempted—perhaps because there is no other country in

which it would be as useful and as necessary.

Bret Harte cast the cloak of romance over the shoulders of the Argonauts of '49; and what he sought to do for the early Californians, other writers have striven to do for the later inhabitants of other States. There is romance in abundance in Mr. Cable's delineation of "Old Creole Days," in which there is also a wiser regard for the actual facts of life and of human character. What Mr. Cable did for Louisiana Mr. Page has done for Virginia and Mr. Harris for Georgia. With a franker realism, Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins have depicted the sterner folks of Massachusetts, and Mr. Garland has etched the plain people of Wisconsin. And only recently the same searching method has been applied to the several quarters of the single city of New York, with its confused medley of inhabitants drawn from every part of the Old World, and now in process of making over into citizens of the New.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the drama was the dominating literary form. In the eighteenth cen-

tury, the essay in its turn attracted the attention of almost every man of letters. In the nineteenth century, the essay lost its popularity, just as the drama had lost its supremacy a hundred years earlier; and prose fiction, borrowing much from both of these predecessors, attained a universal vogue and insisted on recognition as the equal of the drama, which had formerly claimed an indisputable precedence. At the end of the nineteenth century no competent critic could deny that this had been the era of the novel; but even more indisputably has it been the era of the short-story.

Now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, there are signs that the drama is again alive in our literature, and that it is winning back adherents from the ranks of the novelists. But this rivalry of the drama, whatever effect it may have upon the novel, is not likely to interfere with the short-story, which, as we have seen, stands apart by itself. Probably there is no rashness in a prophecy that the short-story will flourish even more luxuriantly in the immediate future than it has flourished in the immediate past.

THEY ARE LIGHTING THE LAMPS IN THE FISHING-PORT

THEY are lighting the lamps in the fishing-port
Where the dories anchored lie,
And over the steeple a little moon
Hangs thin and sweet in the sky.
The calm lights come as I pace the sand,
And I would they were calm for me;
But the cry of the past comes out of the vast
Like a signal from the sea.

The blue smoke curls from the fisher's hut,
Faint comes the children's shout;
Over the breast of the rosy bay
The yellow lamps stream out.
Oh, the lamps are lit by the fishers' wives,
And sweet with content they be;
But a light burns dim on the sea's far rim
That was lamp and star to me.

Oh, all is safe in the fishing-port,
And kind are the fisher-folk,
And sweet is the light of the sturdy lamps
And friendly the curling smoke.
Aye, hearty and kind are the fisher-folk!
But how should they know of me
How my thoughts beat back o'er the buried track
Of a ship long lost at sea?

Charlotte Wilson

THE HIGHER ABDICATION

BY O. HENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

CURLY, the tramp, sidled toward the free-lunch counter. He caught a fleeting glance from the bartender's eye, and stood still, trying to look like a business man who had just dined at the Menger and was waiting for a friend who had promised to pick him up in his motor car. Curly's histrionic powers were equal to the impersonation; but his make-up was wanting.

The bartender rounded the bar in a casual way, looking up at the ceiling as though he was pondering some intricate problem of kalsomining, and then fell upon Curly so suddenly that the roadster had no excuses ready. Irresistibly, but so composedly that it seemed almost absent-mindedness on his part, the dispenser of drinks pushed Curly to the swinging doors and kicked him out, with a nonchalance that almost amounted to sadness. That was the way of the Southwest.

Curly arose from the gutter leisurely. He felt no anger or resentment toward his ejector. Fifteen years of tramping spent out of the twenty-two years of his life had hardened the fibers of his spirit. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune fell blunted from the buckler of his armored pride. With especial resignation did he suffer contumely and injury at the hands of bartenders. Naturally, they were his enemies; and unnaturally, they were often his friends. He had to take his chances with them. But he had not yet learned to estimate these cool, languid, Southwestern knights of the bungstarter, who had the manners of an Earl of Pawtucket, and who, when they disapproved of your presence, moved you with the silence and despatch of a chess automaton advancing a pawn.

Curly stood for a few moments in the

narrow, mesquit-paved street. San Antonio puzzled and disturbed him. Three days he had been an non-paying guest of the town, having dropped off there from a box car of an I. & G. N. freight, because Greaser Johnny had told him in Des Moines that the Alamo City was manna fallen, gathered, cooked, and served free with cream and sugar. Curly had found the tip partly a good one. There was hospitality in plenty of a careless, liberal, irregular sort. But the town itself was a weight upon his spirits after his experience with the rushing, business-like, systematized cities of the North and East. Here he was often flung a dollar, but too frequently a good-natured kick would follow it. Once a band of hilarious cowboys had roped him on Military Plaza and dragged him across the black soil until no respectable ragbag would have stood sponsor for his clothes. The winding, doubling streets, leading nowhere, bewildered him. And then there was a little river, crooked as a pot-hook, that crawled through the middle of the town, crossed by a hundred little bridges so nearly alike that they got on Curly's nerves. And the last bartender wore a number nine shoe.

The saloon stood on a corner. The hour was eight o'clock. Homefarers and outgoers jostled Curly on the narrow stone sidewalk. Between the buildings to his left he looked down a cleft that proclaimed itself another thoroughfare. The alley was dark except for one patch of light. Where there was light there were sure to be human beings. Where there were human beings after nightfall in San Antonio there might be food, and there was sure to be drink. So Curly headed for the light.

The illumination came from Schwe-

gel's café. On the sidewalk in front of it Curly picked up an old envelope. It might have contained a check for a million. It was empty; but the wanderer read the address: "Mr. Otto Schwegel," and the name of the town and State. The postmark was Detroit.

Curly entered the saloon. And now in the light it could be perceived that he bore the stamp of many years of vagabondage. He had none of the tidiness of the calculating and shrewd professional tramp. His wardrobe represented the cast-off specimens of half a dozen fashions and eras. Two factories had combined their efforts in providing shoes for his feet. As you gazed at him there passed through your mind vague impressions of mummies, wax figures, Russian exiles, and men lost on desert islands. His face was covered almost to his eyes with a curly brown beard that he kept trimmed short with a pocket-knife, and that had furnished him with his *nom de route*. Light-blue eyes, full of sullenness, fear, cunning, impudence, and fawning, witnessed the stress that had been laid upon his soul.

The saloon was small, and in its atmosphere the odors of meat and drink struggled for the ascendancy. The pig and the cabbage wrestled with hydrogen and oxygen. Behind the bar Schwegel labored with an assistant whose epidermal pores showed no signs of being obstructed. Hot wienerwurst and sauerkraut was being served to purchasers of beer. Curly shuffled to the end of the bar, coughed hollowly, and told Schwegel that he was a Detroit cabinet-maker out of a job. It followed as the night the day that he got his schooner and lunch.

"Was you acquainted maybe mit Heinrich Strauss in Detroit?" asked Schwegel.

"Did I know Heinrich Strauss?" repeated Curly, affectionately. "Why, say, Bo, I wish I had a dollar for every game of pinocle me and Heine has played on Sunday afternoons."

More beer and a second plate of steaming food was set before the diplomat. And then Curly, knowing to a fluid-drachm how far a "con" game would go, shuffled out into the unpromising street.

And now he began to perceive the in-

conveniences of this stony Southern town. There was none of the outdoor gaiety and brilliancy and music that provided distraction even to the poorest in the cities of the North. Here, even so early, the gloomy, rock-walled houses were closed and barred against the murky dampness of the night. The streets were mere fissures through which flowed gray wreaths of river mist. As he walked he heard laughter and the chink of coin and chips behind darkened windows, and music coming from every chink of wood and stone. But the diversions were selfish; the day of popular pastimes had not yet come to San Antonio.

But at length Curly, as he strayed, turned the sharp angle of another lost street and came upon a rollicking band of stockmen from the outlying ranches celebrating in the open in front of an ancient wooden hotel. One great roisterer from the sheep country who had just instigated a movement toward the bar, swept Curly in like a stray goat with the rest of his flock. The princes of kine and wool hailed him as a new zoological discovery, and uproariously strove to preserve him in the diluted alcohol of their compliments and regards.

An hour afterward Curly staggered from the hotel barroom dismissed by his fickle friends, whose interest in him had subsided as quickly as it had risen. Full-stoked with alcoholic fuel and cargoed with food, the only question remaining to disturb him was that of shelter and bed.

A drizzling, cold Texas rain had begun to fall—an endless, lazy, unintermittent downfall that lowered the spirits of men and raised a reluctant steam from the hot stones of the streets and houses. Thus comes the "norther," dousing gentle spring and amiable autumn with the chilling salutes and adieus of coming and departing winter.

Curly followed his nose down the first tortuous street into which his irresponsible feet conducted him. At the lower end of it, on the bank of the serpentine stream, he perceived an open gate in a cemented rock wall. Inside he saw camp fires and a row of low wooden sheds built against three sides of the enclosing wall. He entered the enclosure. Under

the sheds many horses were champing at their oats and corn. Many wagons and buckboards stood about with their teams' harness thrown carelessly upon the shafts and doubletrees. Curly recognized the place as a wagon-yard, such as is provided by merchants for their out-of-town friends and customers. No one was in sight. No doubt the drivers of those wagons were scattered about the town "seeing the elephant and hearing the owl." In their haste to become patrons of the town's dispensaries of mirth and good cheer the last ones to depart must have left the great wooden gate swinging open.

Curly had satisfied the hunger of an anaconda and the thirst of a camel, so he was neither in the mood nor the condition of an explorer. He zigzagged his way to the first wagon that his eyesight distinguished in the semi-darkness under the shed. It was a two-horse wagon with a top of white canvas. The wagon was half filled with loose piles of wool sacks, two or three great bundles of gray blankets, and a number of bales, bundles, and boxes. A reasoning eye would have estimated the load at once as ranch supplies, bound on the morrow for some outlying hacienda. But to the drowsy intelligence of Curly they represented only warmth and softness and protection against the cold humidity of the night. After several unlucky efforts, at last he conquered gravity so far as to climb over a wheel and pitch forward upon the best and warmest bed he had fallen upon in many a day. Then he became instinctively a burrowing animal, and dug his way like a prairie-dog down among the sacks and blankets, hiding himself from the cold air as snug and safe as a bear in his den. For three nights sleep had visited Curly only in broken and shivering doses. So now, when Morpheus condescended to pay him a call, Curly got such a strangle hold on the mythological old gentleman that it was a wonder that any one else in the whole world got a wink of sleep that night.

II

Six cowpunchers of the Cibolo Ranch were waiting around the door of the ranch store. Their ponies cropped grass

near-by, tied in the Texas fashion—which is not tied at all. Their bridle reins had been dropped to the earth, which is a more effectual way of securing them (such is the power of habit and imagination) than you could devise out of a half-inch rope and a live-oak tree.

These guardians of the cow lounged about, each with a brown cigarette paper in his hand, and gently but unceasingly cursed Sam Revell, the storekeeper. Sam stood in the door, snapping the red elastic bands on his pink madras shirt-sleeves and looking down affectionately at the only pair of tan shoes within a forty-mile radius. His offense had been serious, and he was divided between humble apology and admiration for the beauty of his raiment. He had allowed the ranch stock of "smoking" to become exhausted.

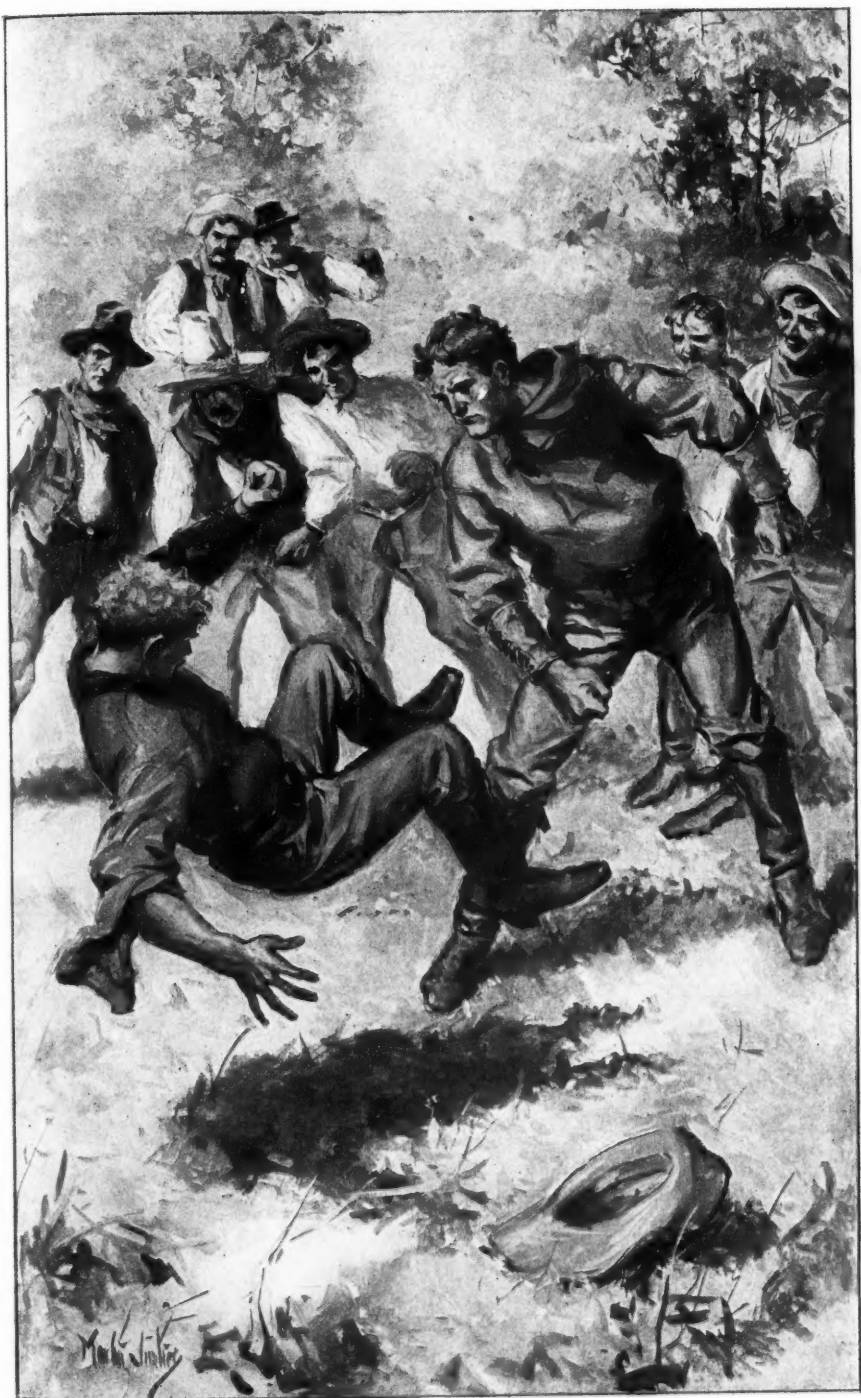
"I thought sure there was another case of it under the counter, boys," he explained. "But it happened to be cat-terdges."

"You've sure got a case of happenedicitis," said Poky Rodgers, fence rider of the Largo Verde *potrero*. "Somebody ought to happen to give you a knock on the head with the butt end of a quirt. I've rode in nine miles for some tobacco; and it don't appear natural and seemly that you ought to be allowed to live."

"The boys was smokin' cut plug and dried mesquit leaves mixed when I left," sighed Mustang Taylor, horse wrangler of the Three Elm camp. "They'll be lookin' for me back by nine. They'll be settin' up, with their papers ready to roll a whiff of the real thing before bedtime. And I've got to tell 'em that this pink-eyed, sheep-headed, sulphur-hoofed, shirtwaisted son of a calico bronco, Sam Revell, hasn't got no tobacco on hand."

Gregorio Falcon, Mexican vaquero and best thrower of the rope on the Cibolo, pushed his heavy, silver-embroidered straw sombrero back upon his thicket of jet black curls, and scraped the bottoms of his pockets for a few crumbs of the precious weed.

"Ah, Don Samuel," he said reproachfully, but with his touch of Castilian manners, "excuse me. Dthey say dthe jackrabbeet and dthe sheep have dthe



THE COWPUNCHERS TALK TO THIS DAY OF THE BATTLE THAT FOLLOWED

most leetle *sesos*—how you call dthem—brain-es? Ah don' believe dthat, Don Samuel—escuse me. Ah dthink people w'at don' keep esmokin' tobacco, dthey—bot you weel escuse me, Don Samuel."

"Now, what's the use of chewin' the rag, boys," said the untroubled Sam, stooping over to rub the toes of his shoes with a red-and-yellow handkerchief. "Ranse took the order for some more smokin' to San Antone with him Tuesday. Pancho rode Ranse's hoss back yesterday; and Ranse is goin' to drive the wagon back himself. There wa'n't much of a load—just some woolsacks and blankets and nails and canned peaches and a few things we was out of. I look for Ranse to roll in to-day sure. He's an early starter and a hell-to-split driver, and he ought to be here not far from sundown."

"What plugs is he drivin'?" asked Mustang Taylor, with a smack of hope in his tones.

"The buckboard grays," said Sam.

"I'll wait a spell, then," said the wrangler. "Them plugs eat up a trail like a roadrunner swallowin' a whip snake. And you may bust me open a can of green-gage plums, Sam, while I'm waitin' for somethin' better."

"Open me some yellow clings," ordered Poky Rodgers. "I'll wait, too."

The tobaccoless punchers arranged themselves comfortably on the steps of the store. Inside Sam chopped open with a hatchet the tops of the cans of fruit. The cowpunchers never failed to treat themselves to a change from the beans and bacon of camp whenever they rode in to the store.

The store, a big, white wooden building like a barn, stood fifty yards from the ranch-house. Beyond it were the horse corrals; and still farther the wool sheds and the brush-topped shearing pens—for the Rancho Cibolo raised both cattle and sheep. Behind the store, at a little distance, were the grass-thatched *jacals* of the Mexicans who bestowed their allegiance upon the Cibolo.

The ranch-house was composed of four large rooms with plastered adobe walls, and a two-room wooden ell. A twenty-foot-wide "gallery" circumvented the structure. It was set in a grove of immense live-oaks and water-elms near

a lake—a long, not very wide and tremendously deep lake in which, at nightfall, great gars leaped to the surface and plunged with the noise of hippopotamuses frolicking at their bath. From the trees hung garlands and massive pendants of the melancholy gray moss of the South. Indeed, the Cibolo ranch-house seemed more of the South than of the West. It looked as if old "Kiowa" Truesdell might have brought it with him from the lowlands of Mississippi when he came to Texas with his rifle in the hollow of his arm in '55.

But, though he did not bring the family mansion, Truesdell did bring something in the way of a family inheritance that was more lasting than brick or stone. He brought one end of the Truesdell-Curtis family feud. And when a Curtis bought the Rancho de los Olmos, sixteen miles from the Cibolo, there were lively times on the pear flats and in the chaparral thickets of the Southwest. In those days Truesdell cleaned the brush of many a wolf and tiger cat and Mexican lion; and one or two Curtises fell heirs to notches on his rifle stock. Also he buried a brother with a Curtis bullet in him on the bank of the lake at Cibolo. And then the Kiowa Indians made their last raid upon the ranches between the Frio and the Rio Grande, and Truesdell at the head of his rangers rid the earth of them to the last brave, earning his sobriquet. Then came prosperity in the form of waxing herds and broadening lands. And then old age and bitterness, when he sat, with his great mane of hair as white as the Spanish-dagger blossoms and his fierce, pale-blue eyes, on the shaded gallery at Cibolo, growling like the pumas that he had slain. He snapped his fingers at old age; the bitter taste to life did not come from that. The cup that stuck at his lips was that his only son Ransom wanted to marry a Curtis, the last youthful survivor of the other end of the feud.

III

For a while the only sounds to be heard at the store were the rattling of the tin spoons and the gurgling intake of the juicy fruits by the cowpunchers, the stamping of the grazing ponies, and

the singing of a doleful song by Sam as he contentedly brushed his stiff auburn hair for the twentieth time that day before a crinkly mirror.

From the door of the store could be seen the irregular, sloping stretch of prairie to the south with its reaches of light-green, billowy mesquit flats in the lower places, and its rises crowned with nearly black masses of short chaparral. Through the mesquit flat wound the ranch road that, five miles away, flowed into the old government trail to San Antonio. The sun was so low that the gentlest elevation cast its gray shadow miles into the green-gold sea of sunshine. That evening ears were quicker than eyes.

The Mexican held up a tawny finger to still the scraping of tin against tin.

"One waggeen," said he, "cross dthe Arroyo Hondo. Ah hear dthe wheel. Verree rockee place, dthe Hondo."

"You've got good ears, Gregorio," said Mustang Taylor. "I never heard nothin' but the song-bird in the bush and the zephyr skallyhootin' across the peaceful dell."

In ten minutes Taylor remarked: "I see the dust of a wagon risin' right above the fur end of the flat."

"You have verree good eyes, señor," said Gregorio, smiling.

Two miles away they saw a faint cloud dimming the green ripples of the mesquits. In twenty minutes they heard the clatter of the horsés' hoofs: in five minutes more the gray plugs dashed out of the thicket, whickering for oats and drawing the light wagon behind them like a toy.

From the *jacals* came a cry of: "*El Amo! El Amo!*" Four Mexican youths raced to unharness the grays. The cow-punchers gave a yell of greeting and delight.

Ranse Truesdell, driving, threw the reins to the ground and laughed.

"It's under the wagon sheet, boys," he said. "I know what you're waiting for. If Sam lets it run out again we'll use them yellow shoes of his for a target. There's two cases. Pull 'em out and light up. I know you all want a smoke."

After striking dry country Ranse had removed the wagon sheet from the bows and thrown it over the goods in the

wagon. Six pair of hasty hands dragged it off and grabbed beneath the sacks and blankets for the cases of tobacco.

Long Collins, tobacco messenger from the San Gabriel outfit, who rode with the longest stirrups west of the Mississippi, delved with an arm like the tongue of a wagon. He caught something harder than a blanket and pulled out a fearful thing—a shapeless, muddy bunch of leather tied together with wire and twine. From its ragged end, like the head and claws of a disturbed turtle, protruded human toes.

"Who-ee!" yelled Long Collins. "Ranse, are you a-packin' around of corpses? Here's a—howlin' grasshoppers!"

Up from his long slumber popped Curly like some vile worm from its burrow. He clawed his way out and sat blinking like a disreputable, drunken owl. His face was as bluish-red and puffed and seamed and cross-lined as the cheapest round steak of the butcher. His eyes were swollen slits; his nose a pickled beet; his hair would have made the wildest thatch of a Jack-in-the-box look like the satin poll of a Cléo de Mérode. The rest of him was scarecrow done to the life.

Ranse jumped down from his seat and looked at his strange cargo with wide-open eyes.

"Here, you maverick, what are you doing in my wagon? How did you get in there?"

The punchers gathered around in delight. For the time they had forgotten tobacco.

Curly looked around him slowly in every direction. He snarled like a Scotch terrier through his ragged beard.

"Where is this?" he rasped through his parched throat. "It's a damn farm in an old field. What'd you bring me here for—say? Did I say I wanted to come here? What are you Reubs rubberin' at—hey? G'wan or I'll punch some of yer faces."

"Drag him out, Collins," said Ranse.

Curly took a slide and felt the ground rise up and collide with his shoulder blades. He got up and sat on the steps of the store shivering from outraged nerves, hugging his knees and sneering.

Taylor lifted out a case of tobacco and wrenched off its top. Six cigarettes began to glow, bringing peace and forgiveness to Sam.

"How'd you come in my wagon?" repeated Ranse, this time in a voice that drew a reply. Curly recognized the tone. He had heard it used by freight brakemen and large persons in blue carrying clubs.

"Me?" he growled. "Oh, was you talkin' to me? Why, I was on my way to the Menger, but my valet had forgot to pack my pajamas. So I crawled into that wagon in the wagon-yard—see? I never told you to bring me out to this bloomin' farm—see?"

"What is it, Mustang?" asked Poky Rodgers, almost forgetting to smoke in his ecstasy. "What do it live on?"

"It's a galliwampus, Poky," said Mustang. "It's the thing that hollers 'willi-walloo' up in ellum trees in the low grounds of nights. I don't know if it bites."

"No, it ain't, Mustang," volunteered Long Collins. "Them galliwampuses has fins on their backs, and eighteen toes. This here is a hicklesnifter. It lives under the ground and eats cherries. Don't stand so close to it. It wipes out villages with one stroke of its prehensile tail."

Sam, the cosmopolite, who called bartenders in San Antone by their first name, stood in the door. He was a better zoologist.

"Well, ain't that a Willie for your whiskers?" he commented. "Where'd you dig up the hobo, Ranse? Goin' to make an auditorium for inbreviates out of the ranch?"

"Say," said Curly, from whose panned breast all shafts of wit fell blunted. "Any of you kiddin' guys got a drink on you? Have your fun. Say, I've been hittin' the stuff till I don't know straight up." He turned to Ranse. "Say, you shanghaied me on your d—d old prairie schooner—did I tell you to drive me to a farm? I want a drink. I'm goin' all to little pieces. What's doin'?"

Ranse saw that the tramp's nerves were racking him. He despatched one of the Mexican boys to the ranch-house for a glass of whisky. Curly gulped it down; and into his eyes came a brief, grateful

glow—as human as the expression in the eye of a faithful setter dog.

"Thanky, boss," he said quietly.

"You're thirty miles from a railroad, and forty miles from a saloon," said Ranse.

Curly fell back weakly against the steps.

"Since you are here," continued the ranchman, "come along with me. We can't turn you out on the prairie. A rabbit might tear you to pieces."

He conducted Curly to a large shed where the ranch vehicles were kept. There he spread out a canvas cot and brought blankets.

"I don't suppose you can sleep," said Ranse, "since you've been pounding your ear for twenty-four hours. But you can camp here till morning. I'll have Pedro fetch you up some grub."

"Sleep!" said Curly. "I can sleep a week. Say, sport, have you got a coffin nail on you?"

IV

FIFTY miles had Ransom Truesdell driven that day. And yet this is what he did.

Old "Kiowa" Truesdell sat in his great wicker chair reading by the light of an immense oil lamp. Ranse laid a bundle of newspapers fresh from town at his elbow.

"Back, Ranse?" said the old man, looking up.

"Son," old "Kiowa" continued, "I've been thinking all day about a certain matter that we have talked about. I want you to tell me again. I've lived for you. I've fought wolves and Indians and worse white men to protect you. You never had any mother that you can remember. I've taught you to shoot straight, ride hard, and live clean. Later on I've worked to pile up dollars that'll be yours. You'll be a rich man, Ranse, when my chunk goes out. I've made you. I've licked you into shape like a leopard cat licks its cubs. You don't belong to yourself—you've got to be a Truesdell first. Now, is there to be any more nonsense about this Curtis girl?"

"I'll tell you once more," said Ranse slowly. "As I am a Truesdell and as you are my father, I'll never marry a Curtis."

"Good boy," said old "Kiowa."
"You'd better go get some supper."

Ranse went to the kitchen at the rear of the house. Pedro, the Mexican cook, sprang up to bring the food he was keeping warm in the stove.

"Just a cup of coffee, Pedro," he said, and drank it standing. And then:

"There's a tramp on a cot in the wagon-shed. Take him something to eat. Better make it enough for two."

Ranse walked out toward the *jacals*. A boy came running.

"Manuel, can you catch Vaminos, in the little pasture, for me?"

"Why not, señor? I saw him near the *puerta* but two hours past. He bears a drag-rope."

"Get him and saddle him as quick as you can."

"*Prontito, señor.*"

Soon, mounted on Vaminos, Ranse leaned in the saddle, pressed with his knees, and galloped eastward past the store, where sat Sam trying his guitar in the moonlight.

Vaminos shall have a word—Vaminos the good dun horse. The Mexicans, who have a hundred names for the colors of a horse, called him *gruyo*. He was a mouse-colored, slate-colored, flea-bitten roan-dun, if you can conceive it. Down his back from his mane to his tail went a line of black. He would live forever; and surveyors have not laid off as many miles in the world as he could travel in a day.

Eight miles east of the Cibolo ranch-house Ranse loosened the pressure of his knees, and Vaminos stopped under a big ratama tree. The yellow ratama blossoms showered fragrance that would have undone the roses of France. The moon made the earth a great concave bowl with a crystal sky for a lid. In a glade five jackrabbits leaped and played together like kittens. Eight miles farther east shone a faint star that appeared to have dropped below the horizon. Night riders, who often steered their course by it, knew it to be the light in the Rancho de los Olmos.

In ten minutes Yenna Curtis galloped to the tree on her sorrel pony Dancer. The two leaned and clasped hands heartily.

"I ought to have ridden nearer your

home," said Ranse. "But you never will let me."

Yenna laughed. And in the soft light you could see her strong white teeth and fearless eyes. No sentimentality there, in spite of the moonlight, the odor of the ratamas, and the admirable figure of Ranse Truesdell, the lover. But she was there, eight miles from her home to meet him.

"How often have I told you, Ranse," she said, "that I am your half-way girl? Always half-way."

"Well?" said Ranse, with a question in his tones.

"I did," said Yenna, with almost a sigh. "I told him after dinner when I thought he would be in a good humor. Did you ever wake up a lion, Ranse, with the mistaken idea that he would be a kitten? He almost tore the ranch to pieces. It's all up. I love my daddy, Ranse, and I'm afraid—I'm afraid of him, too. He ordered me to promise that I'd never marry a Truesdell. I promised. That's all. What luck did you have?"

"The same," said Ranse slowly. "I promised him that his son would never marry a Curtis. Somehow I couldn't go against him. He's mighty old. I'm sorry, Yenna."

The girl leaned in her saddle and laid one hand on Ranse's, on the horn of his saddle:

"I never thought I'd like you better for giving me up," she said ardently, "but I do. I must ride back now, Ranse. I slipped out of the house and saddled Dancer myself. Good night, neighbor."

"Good night," said Ranse. "Ride carefully over them badger holes."

They wheeled and rode away in opposite directions. Yenna turned in her saddle and called clearly:

"Don't forget I'm your half-way girl, Ranse."

"Damn all family feuds and inherited scraps," said Ranse vindictively to the breeze.

Ranse turned his horse into the small pasture and went to his own room. He opened the lowest drawer of an old bureau to get out the packet of letters that Yenna had written him one summer when she had gone to Mississippi for a visit. The drawer stuck, and he yanked at it

savagely—as a man will. It came out of the bureau, and bruised both his shins—as a drawer will. An old, folded yellow letter without an envelope fell from somewhere—probably from where it had lodged in one of the upper drawers. Ranse took it to the lamp and read it curiously.

Then he took his hat and walked to one of the Mexican *jacals*.

"Tia Juana," he said, "I would like to talk with you a while."

An old, old Mexican woman, white-haired and wonderfully wrinkled, rose from a stool.

"Sit down," said Ranse, removing his hat and taking the one chair in the *jacal*. "Who am I, Tia Juana?" he asked, speaking Spanish.

"Don Ransom, our good friend and employer. Why do you ask?" answered the old woman.

"Tia Juana, who am I?" he repeated.

A frightened look came in the old woman's face. She fumbled with her black shawl.

"Who am I, Tia Juana?" said Ranse once more.

"Thirty-two years I have lived on the Rancho Cibolo," said Tia Juana. "I thought to be buried under the coma mott beyond the garden before these things should be known. Close the door, Don Ransom, and I will speak. I see in your face that you know."

An hour Ranse spent behind Tia Juana's closed door. As he was on his way back to the house Curly called to him from the wagon-shed.

The tramp sat on his cot, swinging his feet and smoking.

"Say, sport," he grumbled. "This is no way to treat a man after kidnagin' him. I went up to the store and borrowed a razor from that flash guy and had a shave. But that ain't all a man needs. Say—can't you loosen up for about three fingers more of that booze? I never asked you to bring me to your d—d farm."

"Stand up out here in the light," said Ranse.

Curly got up sullenly and took a step or two.

His face, now shaven smooth, seemed transformed. His hair had been combed, and it fell back from the right side of

his forehead with a peculiar wave. The moonlight charitably softened the ravages of drink; and his aquiline, well-shaped nose and small, square cleft chin almost gave distinction to his looks.

Ranse sat on the foot of the cot, and looked at him curiously.

"Where did you come from—have you got any home or folks anywhere?"

"Me? Why, I'm a dook," said Curly. "I'm Sir Reginald—oh, cheese it. No; I don't know anything about my ancestors. I've been a tramp ever since I can remember. Say, old pal, are you going to set 'em up again to-night or not?"

"You answer my questions and maybe I will. How did you come to be a tramp?"

"Me?" answered Curly. "Why, I adopted that profession when I was an infant. Case of had to. First thing I can remember, I belonged to a big, lazy hobo called Beefsteak Charlie. He sent me around to houses to beg. I wasn't hardly big enough to reach the latch of a gate."

"Did he ever tell you how he got you?" asked Ranse.

"Once when he was sober he said he bought me for an old six-shooter and six bits from a band of drunken Mexican sheep-shearers. But what's the diff? That's all I know."

"All right," said Ranse. "I reckon you're a maverick for certain. I'm going to put the Rancho Cibolo brand on you. I'll start you to work out in one of the camps to-morrow."

"Work!" sniffed Curly disdainfully.

"What do you take me for? Do you think I'd chase cows, and hop-skip-and-jump around after crazy sheep like that pink and yellow guy at the store says these Reubs do? Forget it."

"Oh, you'll like it when you get used to it," said Ranse. "Yes, I'll send you up one more drink by Pedro. I think you'll make a first-class cowpuncher before I get through with you."

"Me?" said Curly. "I pity the cows you set me to chaperone. They can go chase themselves. Don't forget my night-cap, please, boss."

Ranse paid a visit to the store before going to the house. Sam Revell was taking off his tan shoes regretfully and preparing for bed.

"Any of the boys from the San Gabriel camp riding in early in the morning?" asked Ranse.

"Long Collins," said Sam briefly. "For the mail."

"Tell him," said Ranse, "to take that tramp out to camp with him and keep him till I get there."

V

CURLY was sitting on his blankets in the San Gabriel camp cursing talentedly when Ranse Truesdell rode up and dismounted on the next afternoon. The cowpunchers were ignoring the stray. He was grimy with dust and black dirt. His clothes were making their last stand in favor of the conventions.

Ranse went up to Buck Rabb, the camp boss, and spoke briefly.

"He's a plumb buzzard," said Buck. "He won't work, and he's the low-downest passel of inhumanity I ever see. I didn't know what you wanted done with him, Ranse, so I just let him set. That seems to suit him. He's been condemned to death by the boys a dozen times, but I told 'em maybe you was savin' him for torture."

Ranse took off his coat.

"I've got a hard job before me, Buck, I reckon, but it has to be done. I've got to make a man out of that thing. That's what I've come to camp for."

He went up to Curly.

"Brother," he said, "don't you think if you had a bath it would allow you to take a seat in the company of your fellow man with less injustice to the atmosphere?"

"Run away, farmer," said Curly sardonically. "Willie will send for nursey when he feels like having his tub."

The *charco*, or water hole, was twelve yards away. Ranse took one of Curly's ankles and dragged him like a sack of potatoes to the brink. Then with the strength and sleight of a hammer-thrower he hurled the offending member of society far into the lake.

Curly crawled out and up the bank spluttering like a porpoise.

Ranse met him with a piece of soap and a coarse towel in his hands.

"Go to the other end of the lake and use this," he said. "Buck will give you some dry clothes at the wagon."

The tramp obeyed without protest. By the time supper was ready he had returned to camp. He was hardly to be recognized in his new blue shirt and brown ducking clothes. Ranse observed him out of the corner of his eye.

"Lordy, I hope he ain't a coward," he was saying to himself. "I hope he won't turn out to be a coward."

His doubts were soon allayed. Curly walked straight to where he stood. His light-blue eyes were blazing.

"Now I'm clean," he said meaningly. "Maybe you'll talk to me. Think you've got a picnic here, do you? You clodhoppers think you can run over a man because you know he can't get away. All right. Now, what do you think of that?"

Curly planted a stinging slap against Ranse's left cheek. The print of his hand stood out a dull red against the tan.

Ranse smiled happily.

The cowpunchers talk to this day of the battle that followed.

Somewhere in his restless tour of the cities Curly had acquired the art of self-defense. The ranchman was equipped only with the splendid strength and equilibrium of perfect health and the endurance conferred by decent living. The two attributes nearly matched. There were no formal rounds. At last the fiber of the clean liver prevailed. The last time Curly went down from one of the ranchman's awkward but powerful blows he remained on the grass, but looking up with an unquenched eye.

Ranse went to the water barrel and washed the red from a cut on his chin in the stream from the faucet. On his face was a grin of satisfaction.

Much benefit might accrue to educators and moralists if they could know the details of the curriculum of reclamation through which Ranse put his waif during the month that he spent in the San Gabriel camp. The ranchman had no fine theories to work out—perhaps his whole stock of pedagogy embraced only a knowledge of horse-breaking and a belief in heredity.

The cowpunchers saw that their boss was trying to make a man out of the strange animal that he had sent among them; and they tacitly organized them-

selves into a faculty of assistants. But their system was their own.

Curly's first lesson stuck. He became on friendly and then on intimate terms with soap and water. And the thing that pleased Ranse most was that his "subject" held his ground at each successive higher step. But the steps were sometimes far apart.

Once he got at the quart bottle of whisky kept sacredly in the grub tent for rattlesnake bites, and spent sixteen hours on the grass, magnificently drunk. But when he staggered to his feet his first move was to find his soap and towel and start for the *charco*. And once, when a treat came from the ranch in the form of a basket of fresh tomatoes and young onions, Curly devoured the entire consignment before the punchers reached the camp at supper time.

And then the punchers punished him in their own way. For three days they did not speak to him, except to reply to his own questions or remarks. And they spoke with absolute and unflinching politeness. They played tricks on one another; they pounded one another hurtfully and affectionately; they heaped upon one another's heads friendly curses and obloquy; but they were polite to Curly. He saw it, and it stung him as much as Ranse hoped it would.

There came a night that brought a cold, wet norther. Wilson, the youngest of the outfit, had lain in camp two days, ill with a fever. When Joe got up at daylight to begin breakfast he found Curly sitting asleep against a wheel of the grub wagon with only a saddle blanket around him, while Curly's blankets were stretched over Wilson to protect him from the rain and wind.

Three nights after that Curly rolled himself in his blanket and went to sleep. Then the other punchers rose up softly and began to make preparations. Ranse saw Long Collins tie a rope to the horn of a saddle. Others were getting out their six-shooters.

"Boys," said Ranse, "I'm much obliged. I was hoping you would. But I didn't like to ask."

Half a dozen six-shooters began to pop—awful yells rent the air—Long Collins galloped wildly across Curly's bed, dragging the saddle after him. That was

merely their way of gently awaking their victim. Then they hazed him for an hour carefully and ridiculously after the code of cow camps. Whenever he uttered protest they held him stretched over a roll of blankets and thrashed him woefully with a pair of leather leggings.

And all this meant that Curly had won his spurs, that he was receiving the puncher's accolade. Nevermore would they be polite to him. But he would be their "pardner" and stirrup-brother, foot to foot.

When the fooling was ended all hands made a raid on Joe's big coffee-pot by the fire for a Java nightcap. Ranse watched the new knight carefully to see if he understood and was worthy. Curly limped with his cup of coffee to a log and sat upon it. Long Collins followed and sat by his side. Buck Rabb went and sat at the other. Curly—grinned.

And then Ranse furnished Curly with mounts and saddle and equipment, and turned him over to Buck Rabb, instructing him to finish the job.

Three weeks later Ranse rode from the ranch into Rabb's camp, which was then in Snake Valley. The boys were saddling for the day's ride. He sought out Long Collins among them.

"How about that bronco?" he asked.

Long Collins grinned.

"Reach out your hand, Ranse Truesdell," he said, "and you'll touch him. And you can shake his'n, too, if you like, for he's plumb white and there's none better in no camp."

Ranse looked again at the clear-faced, bronzed, smiling cowpuncher who stood at Collins' side. Could that be Curly? He held out his hand, and Curly grasped it with the muscles of a bronco-buster.

"I want you at the ranch," said Ranse.

"All right, sport," said Curly heartily. "But I want to come back again. Say, pal, this is a dandy farm. And I don't want any better fun than hustlin' cows with this bunch of guys. They're all to the merry-merry."

At the Cibolo ranch-house they dismounted. Ranse bade Curly wait at the door of the living room. He walked inside. Old "Kiowa" Truesdell was reading at a table.

"Good morning, Mr. Truesdell," said Ranse.

The old man turned his white head quickly.

"How is this?" he began. "Why do you call me 'Mr.——'?"

When he looked at Ranse's face he stopped, and the hand that held his newspaper trembled slightly.

"Boy," he said slowly, "how did you find it out?"

"It's all right," said Ranse, with a smile. "I made Tia Juana tell me. It was kind of by accident, but it's all right."

"You've been like a son to me," said old "Kiowa."

"Tia Juana told me all about it," said Ranse. "She told me how you adopted me when I was knee-high to a puddle duck out of a wagon train of prospectors that was bound west. And she told me how the kid—your kid, you know—got lost or was run away with. And she said it was the same day that the sheep-shearers got on a bender and left the ranch."

"Our boy strayed from the house when he was two years old," said the old man. "And then along came these emigrant

wagons with a youngster they didn't want; and we took you. I never intended you to know, Ranse. We never heard of our boy again."

"He's right outside, unless I'm mighty mistaken," said Ranse, opening the door and beckoning.

Curly walked in.

No one could have doubted. The old man and the young had the same sweep of hair, the same nose, chin, line of face, and prominent light-blue eyes.

Old "Kiowa" rose eagerly.

Curly looked about the room curiously. A puzzled expression came over his face. He pointed to the wall opposite.

"Where's the tick-tock?" he asked, absent-mindedly.

"The clock," cried old "Kiowa" loudly. "The eight-day clock used to stand there. Why,——"

He turned to Ranse, but Ranse was not there.

Already a hundred yards away Vaminos, the good flea-bitten dun, was bearing him eastward like a racer through dust and chaparral toward the Rancho de los Olmos.

AT THE JOURNEY'S END

A PAIR of soft arms at the journey's end,
To clasp you close in their loving thrall—
Oh, the magic of strength they lend
When one's weary and near to fall!
No incentive can equal this,
Nothing's so potent despair to fend,
As to know there awaits one a welcoming kiss
And a pair of soft arms at the journey's end.

Those who toil in the marts of men,
Those who follow the sea in ships,
Those who live by the sword or pen,
Find their reward in a woman's lips.
Colin, the shepherd, and Rex, the king,
As to cot or castle their ways they wend,
Feel quite the same glad hungering
For a pair of soft arms at the journey's end.

Though one may fare to the ends of earth,
Great or small destinies closely grasp,
Well doth each wanderer know the worth
Of some dear one's caressing clasp;
Ever look forward, where'er he roam,
To the ultimate point of his footsteps' trend,
Where waiting for him are the peace of home
And a pair of soft arms at the journey's end.

Roy Farrell Greene

MOONSHINE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "A PHILANTHROPIC HONEYMOON"

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

THE brightness of the moonlight was almost like something palpable. The park lay as if flooded with an actual outpouring of molten silver, and the little lake was turned to a quivering pool of mercury. All the unshaded parts of the gravel paths were plashed so broadly with the white light that they looked luminous and half-translucent, like the top of a fog, and the whole world seemed floating in an airy enchantment upon a bank of cloud. It was very still, the faint murmur of the surrounding city no louder than the half-heard sigh which stirred from time to time the trees drooping heavily above the solitary bench upon the lake-side.

The couple on the bench were as still as the rest of the world, entranced by the breathless magic of the night. Finally the girl, without breaking the statue-like immobility in which they sat, spoke in a low tone. "*Caro mio! Carissimo!* I have been counting, and I am just thirty-eight days old."

The man laughed, shattering the spell of muteness.

"What idea have you got in your funny little cocoanut now, Francesca?" he asked, moving closer to her.

The girl dropped her head back on his shoulder and gazed up at the moon.

"An Italian would have said 'Franceschina,'" she murmured dreamily; "but I like 'Francesca' best because you said it."

"I really ought to call you 'Fanny,' since you are goin' to quit bein' a dago," the man said jocosely, putting his arm about her familiarly. "What did you mean by that remark about bein' thirty-eight days old?"

"I mean, I've kept track of every time you have taken me out in the park in the evening, and this is the thirty-eighth time, and I only seem to have lived—really lived—those evenings. All the rest is like a dream, a bad dream that you wake me up from, *Carlo mio*."

"This seems more like a dream to me," answered the other, indicating with a vague nod of his head the world of ensilvered bewitchery which lay about them. He turned suddenly to the girl, and drew her into a close and passionate embrace, kissing her in a sort of unsatisfied fury. Then he laughed again, and said:

"I have to make sure *you* are real and solid, and no dream!"

Francesca did not respond to this half-change into playfulness. She clung to him quivering, her dark eyes suffused with an ardor that shook her visibly.

"Oh! Oh!" she said in a low voice of tension. "My heart will break—I cannot bear it!"

"Oh, I won't be gone long this time; and maybe the firm will think I don't make good out there, and they'll send for me to come home, quick."

"No! No!" cried Francesca, in the same breathless agony of emotion. "I don't mean your going away. I *can* live with you away, for you will be coming back, and some day I shall go with you. I mean to-night—all times, but just to-night most, because you are going away to-morrow—I feel that I shall die if I cannot tell you what you are to me. I can't breathe without having said it, and yet there is no word—no word—"

She stopped, striking her hand upon her forehead in a sort of anguish. The

man possessed himself of both her hands and kissed them.

"I know, Fanny, just how 'tis," he said, his light manner hushed into a momentary gravity by her consuming fervor. "But I guess we both know how the other one feels without any need to tell it."

"No, you can't! You can't! See. To me you are everything—everything—and when Aunt Giuseppina goes back to Italy, I will have nobody but you in all this world of America."

"That is sort o' hard on you, poor little girl! But maybe we can go over there and visit your folks, some time."

"It is *not* hard," contradicted the girl, stirring restlessly in his arms. "That is just what I am trying to say. I like it! I'm glad I've nobody but you. I'm glad I never knew my father and mother. I'm glad Aunt Giuseppina never let me make any friends all the time we have been here. I wouldn't want to waste a thought on them, now that I have you. I feel as though all my life I have been saving and saving my love, and never having to give it to any one but the Blessed Virgin, just so that I can give it all to you—all, all! I don't want to waste any living, even, and this summer, the times between the evenings we've spent here or I've been with you, I've tried not to see or hear or know anything—just to sit still over my embroidery and see again the moon over the lake and feel your arms about me."

She stopped short, as if stricken retrospectively with this still mood, and there was a long silence. Then she sighed deeply.

"I'm afraid we should be going in, *Carlo mio*. Aunt Giuseppina is so angry if I'm later than ten."

The young man gave her a final caress, and then drew out his watch.

"It's ten now, Fanny, dear. She's as mad as can be a'ready, and a little more can't hurt her. Let's celebrate my last evening here by taking a ride on the lake."

"Oh, *caro*, I don't like to displease poor old Zia Giuseppina, who's been so good to me always ever since we came to this country. It was she who saw that I learned embroidery of the sisters, so

that I have never had to work in a factory with dreadful people; and she made me learn good English at the convent, too, so that now I can talk to you, dear, though you do laugh at it and say it sounds as though I were reading a book to you. And most of all, it was she who let me go to the fair at Our Lady of Mount Carmel, where Father Ryan introduced us to each other. We owe it all to my aunt, *amato mio!*"

"Well, that's one way of lookin' at it," returned the man with a whimsical gravity. "But as to your embroidery, you're goin' to drop that as soon as you're Mrs. Devlin, and you're goin' to learn some good New York talk as soon as I can teach it to you. As far as the last good thing your aunt handed out to you goes, I can't say I've noticed she's loved Father Ryan any, for introducing Charlie Devlin to the Marinetto family. Come on, let's go!"

The girl hesitated, but said finally:

"Well, she can't kill me, I suppose, though when she scolds it is nearly as bad. She scolds so much these days!"

"Don't like your American beau, does she?" said the other, leading her down to the boat-house. "Well, I'll soon be out of sight where I won't bother her any!"

As they walked along the board wharf, Francesca said timidly:

"She has a new idea now about me. The family in Italy want me to—no!" she exclaimed in a sudden indignation, "I won't even *tell* you what they want me to do!"

"Suit yourself about it," said Charlie, with a facetiously tender intonation, helping her into a boat. "Here, you sit on the seat with me and help row. I'm not goin' to do *all* the work."

She laughed a little at this sally, and sat down docilely. The moonlight poured upon her bare head, burnishing the black braids until they shone like a bird's wing, and the white radiance reflected from the water made the clear paleness of her oval face glimmer like a lily.

"You're an awful pretty girl, do you know it?" said her companion, looking at her indulgently as he pulled the boat's prow about and headed for the opposite bank. "Only you look so pale.

It's pretty, but somehow it don't seem quite healthy. I like to see a girl look real hearty; but I'd like you any way you looked."

Francesca turned her large, dark eyes upon him with so piercing a look of devotion that he put out his hands and took hers tightly in a hot clasp.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, releasing her at last. "I'm awfully in love with you! I hope the firm raises my salary quick. I'm goin' to make a success of that job in Wranston or bust!"

They made a curve in the winding lake, and came upon an expanse of water so dazzlingly resplendent with moonlight that they exclaimed as if they saw it for the first time.

"It gets worse and more of it, don't it, little girl?"

"The moon belongs to us, Charlie. It cannot ever have looked down on any other lovers as on us—not even on that other Francesca who loved and was unhappy. I love and am happy, and the moon has just come to be part of it. I can't look at it without feeling so joyful that I am hurt. It is almost two months ago since that first moon in July."

She fell into a reverie again, which was not interrupted even by the end of their excursion. Like one in a dream she stepped out on the wharf and walked beside her companion out of the park, and into a street, at first silent with the summer sleep of handsome houses on each side, but soon teeming with the ant-like activity of a poor quarter of New York in the heated season. Finally the man spoke.

"We're pretty nearly home, Fanny, and it's good-by, you know."

She gave him a face radiant and ecstatic.

"Oh, don't think of that! We'll have plenty of time to know that, to-morrow. Now I'm walking along beside you, and that's enough to make me happy." Then, with a sudden thought: "Oh, Carlo, you won't forget to look up Uncle Matteo in Wranston, will you? Aunt Giuseppina spoke again about him. I've only seen him twice, but Italians think so much of relationships."

They turned up a flight of steps and stood in the dark entry-way to the flat-

house. Francesca's eyes gleamed soft in the moonlight, which shot a long silver arrow in after them.

"See how brave I am!" she said. "I can say good-by without breaking down. I would always be brave if I could help you. I live only to be what you would like—no, to be what is truly and truly best for you; and I pray Madonna every hour that I may know what is best. But now to be brave is best, and see. . . .!"

Indeed, although she clung pitifully to him as the farewells were said, she stood smiling at him as he went down the steps, a white, exalted smile which awed the man into a fit of musing so profound that he did not hear his name called as he turned the corner of the street. Some one touched him on the arm and pointed back. He came to himself with a start, and saw Francesca running after him, calling his name, and scattering unheeding the crowds of strolling passers-by.

The still and uplifted fervor of her face was changed to a frantic agitation. Regardless of the crowds about them, she fell into his arms, sobbing wildly.

"Oh, I thought—the moon went under a cloud—see, it is all dark! I thought—I felt that *you are going away!*"

"So I am, you foolish little thing! I can't go to Wranston and stay in New York at the same time, can I?" He began to lead her back, trying to quiet her.

"No, I don't mean just going away from New York. I mean *really* going away—going away from me! All at once I felt—as if somebody had struck me—that you are going away from *me!*"

"The moonshine has turned your head. It's given you fancies," he said tenderly, putting his arm about her gently.

They had reached the steps again. At this remark she said, with a return of her uncontrollable excitement:

"But there is no moonshine any more—see how dark it is! There isn't a ray!"

"It's only so that the entry-way will be good and dark, and the janitor can't see how many times I kiss you good-by," he said, trying to make light of her

fears, although his own eyes were wet with tears of facile, responsive, nervous emotion, and his voice quivered a little.

It was indeed so dark that they could not see each other at all; and he carried away with him no recollection of the girl but the yielding softness of her tender body in his arms, the quivering fever of her lips, and the tear-wet coolness of her cheeks.

II

THE next time he stepped into the entry it was with snow powdering his overcoat, and he began the long climb up the dark stairs with tingling fingers and ears. He noticed how bad the air was.

"Heavens!" he said to himself. "How the dagos do smell of garlic! I should think Fanny could make her aunt live in a better house. My clothes will smell to heaven when I get back to Wraston!"

A door on the floor above him was opened, there was a moment's rustling attention over the rail, and then a little scream.

"Carlo! Carlo!" cried Francesca, running down the stairs, "I never dreamed you'd be so early. I'm not dressed yet, but I couldn't wait!"

She flung herself into his arms, one long, hanging braid striking heavily against his hand. A wave of emotion swept over the young man as he felt the familiar clinging touch of her soft body and the ardent warmth of her lips. He was surprised at the quickened beating of his heart, and at the unexpected poignant thrust of delight which pierced him. The unlooked-for suddenness of her appearance had shaken him to the depths.

"Oh, Francesca!" he said softly, holding her at arm's-length for a moment and gazing at her in the dim light. "Oh, Francesca, how lovely you are!"

"Carlo, Carlo! It has been an eternity since you left—an eternity!"

"*Francesca, venga qui, tu!*" came from above, harshly.

The girl started apprehensively.

"Yes, Zia Giuseppina, I didn't mean to—but I heard him coming!"

They entered the tiny room, gaudy with tinsel and coarse white lace, with

a cheap shrine to the Virgin in one corner. Aunt Giuseppina and Charlie surveyed each other with a mutual disfavor which was as profound as it was open. Francesca hovered agitatedly between them.

"*Oh, cara zia! Carlo caro!*" she murmured imploringly.

"You call me Charlie. I'm no dago!" said the man, his eyes on the old Italian woman, her deeply lined face severe under its flaunting head-dress. "Now, go and put your hair up, and then come back and visit with me. Your aunt and I can entertain each other for a few minutes, I guess."

The old woman drew so deep a breath that her neckerchief opened its folds and showed for a moment the full design of the gaudy pattern; but she said nothing, turning away into the next room in a complete and eloquent silence. Francesca drew near timidly.

"You don't mind poor old Zia Giuseppina, do you? She's so old-fashioned and Italian. It's not you she doesn't like, it's just any American. She is afraid you won't be good to me. She tells me all the time, scolding, that you don't really love me, that only Italians can love."

Her two great braids hung down over her loose wrapper, open a little at the throat, and loose strands of shining hair fell in a pretty confusion over her soft, black eyes. She looked so intimately appealing that the young man felt his heart soften again, and drew her to him in a sudden gust of affection.

"Lord! It's good to see you, Fanny!" he said with an accent half tender, half surprised.

She drew herself away archly, smiling at him in an ineffable happiness that was infinitely touching.

"No, I'm not fit to be seen. You're ahead of time, and so you must wait, long, long—till I have on my new dress that I made just for to-night."

She slipped away like a shadow, and the young man was left to himself. He continued smiling for a moment, his even, white teeth showing pleasantly under his blond mustache; then he drew a long breath of the close atmosphere, and looked about him, frowning. After a vain attempt to open a window, he took

off his overcoat and sat down on a bright red plush chair to wait. In the next room he could hear the old woman moving heavily about, and whiffs of cooking cabbage came in through the ill-fitting door. How long it was since he had been in one of these frightful little flats! In Wranston every one had a house of his own.

He compared the stuffy little room, full of foolish and meaningless ornaments and reeking with garlic, to the parlors of the well-to-do houses in Wranston where he had come to feel so much at home. He wondered why he had never noticed before how singularly unattractive and vulgar it was. Then he remembered that he had scarcely ever come in, but had only stopped for Francesca on the way to their moonlight walks in the park. He wondered if that would not be possible now. It was cold, the last of November, but anything would be better than staying in the flat.

He stepped to the window and looked out. The snow had stopped falling, and the stars shone faintly, almost extinguished in the radiance of the rising moon, showing with cruel bareness the square, ugly roof-tops of the houses all about. He fell into a reverie, thinking of a sleighing party in Wranston which had been arranged for that evening by the set of young people who had taken him in. He had missed the party by coming to New York. It would be a beautiful night for it, he thought. They would probably end up with a chafing-dish supper in Maggie Wright's handsome dining-room.

He was surprised to realize how familiar a picture was presented to his mind by the thought. Was it possible that he had been in Wranston but three months? It was like the revelation of a new world to him, a world of pleasure-loving, prosperous, easy-living folk, who had accepted him with unthinking, good-natured carelessness, content that he was presentable and cheerful. At first they had dazzled him by their appearance of prosperity. It seemed like a dream to him, fresh from the East Side, to be received on these wide, comfortable piazzas, littered with a luxurious array of wickerwork chairs and bright cushions. He felt ill at ease, as if he

were sailing under false colors, as if he might be found out at any moment.

But little by little he had come to realize that these self-sufficient, high-colored young ladies, who drove him out to the Country Club in pseudo-smart equipages, consisting of lofty, red-wheeled dog-carts drawn by the peaceable family horse—that these hard-voiced, good-natured, ambitious girls were made of the same stuff as the shop-girls in New York who had composed his feminine acquaintance before he met Francesca. He came to be sure that they speculated about his probable prospects in business with the same careful shrewdness that their sisters in the city shops had shown. He came to know the history of the town, and to learn that the fathers of these showy families had begun much lower on the commercial ladder than he was.

Indeed, he was succeeding admirably in the mission on which his company had sent him. His popularity with the "society life" of the town aided him greatly; his firm had advanced his salary steadily, and given him responsibility beyond his hopes. He began to feel the stirring of ambition, the true American desire to get on in the world, to raise himself in the social scale. He was no longer a salesman, he was head of a branch establishment, although but a small one; and a realization of the possibilities of his position came to him in a dizzying rush. Now that he had a start, with his business ability, he could be anything he chose.

Smiling, he remembered his awe at the first of the Wranston homes he entered, and his respect for the extreme ease and self-possession of the daughter of the house. He had come a long way since then. Now he felt himself their equal—potentially their superior. They came of no better stock than his Irish-American forebears. He recognized the same breaks of uneasy self-distrust in the glittering and apparently smooth surface of their self-satisfaction which had tormented him. They, too, were afraid of being found out. To their daunting material prosperity he found that he could successfully oppose his city origin. They asked his opinion about social matters, and were sometimes awkwardly

afraid that they might appear rustic to his New York eyes. He passed for a young man who had seen a great deal of the world, and his natural shrewdness soon showed him the real poverty and barrenness of the natures which underlay the veneer of attempted sophistication.

"They are running a bluff as much as I am!" he expressed it to himself. "We're all in the same boat!"

He was so far away in these triumphant and acrid meditations that he did not hear Francesca come into the room, and, when she spoke to him, he started and looked at her changed aspect for a moment with unrecognizing eyes. Her glistening black hair was parted smoothly over her low forehead and braided in a wide, basket-like coil at the nape of her neck. A home-made dress of cheap pink woolen stuff came up close about her chin. She wore a large necklace of white glass beads.

The two looked at each other in silence; then the girl turned very pale, and her hand went trembling to her lips.

"What is it, Carlo?" she asked in a loud whisper, like a frightened child.

The young man roused himself, and going over to her, put his arm around her.

"*Charlie!*" he corrected, with an irritation but half facetious. "There's nothing the matter. Put on your things, and let's go for a walk. I want to see if I've forgotten how fresh air feels."

The girl continued standing, her dark eyes wide in a misery so lamentable that the other was moved to pity.

"My, how pretty you are in your new dress! I'd 'most forgotten what a good-looking sweetheart I have back here in the city." He kissed her affectionately, and patted her smooth hair. "Just you wait till I'm a rich man, and you'll see the pretty things you'll have!"

The caress and the kind words seemed to free the girl from the prison of woe which had shut her in, and she flung her arms about his neck with her old ardor.

"I don't care if you're rich or poor, or sick or well, or anything—or anything! It wouldn't make any difference to me—how could it? I don't care about a thing but just—but just—oh, Carlo, you don't know what you are to

me—heaven, earth, everything! I want to care less for anything of the world, to be good so that we can grow better together. I never could see any reason for being good before, except that it was right, and that's no reason for anybody but saints or dead people; but now I know the reason. It's so that you can be what God meant you to be!"

The man shivered as he looked at her, the lightness of his mobile, nervous face stricken for a moment into an aspect of startled awe. He held her close while he drew a long breath, and then released her, saying in a cheerful tone of reaction:

"Now go along, there's a good girl, and get your things on."

As they descended the dark stairs he was almost suffocated by the strong smell of garlic and bad tobacco. He was about to make some impatient exclamation when Francesca stopped him on a landing.

"Don't you remember?" she asked, with a tremulous playfulness.

Charlie faced her in the dusk.

"Remember?" he said vaguely. "What?"

"No matter!" said the girl, disheartened, and they went on down the stairs, in silence. At the foot recollection came to him suddenly.

"Oh, I know!" he cried. "Taking toll on the landings, you mean. I *had* forgotten! We'll have to do that on the way up, after we come in. How we did use to stop on every one!"

But when they came in he forgot again, and kissed her good night in the lower hall, as he had done in the summer-time.

As he walked away from the house, his step quickened perceptibly, and he thrust his hands into his pockets with a sigh of relief. The walk had not been a success, although the moon was out brightly. In the first place, Francesca had nearly perished of the cold, and had finally confessed that she owned no warmer wraps than those she wore. Charlie had said he would send up a set of furs in the morning, but she had insisted that Aunt Giuseppina would not allow it.

"Perhaps, Charlie—when—if we are married soon——" she had said shyly.

The man had been horrified at the chilling start that her words gave him. He had stopped a boastful report of his success in his business, and had answered her next questions abstractedly.

Then he had been obliged to confess that he had not sought out Uncle Matteo in Wranston.

"Why, he keeps a fruit-store!" he said in indignant and complete excuse.

"Yes, so we've always heard," Francesca answered with innocent pride. "A real fruit-store, and he makes a great deal of money—as much as a thousand dollars a year."

The American had felt a sudden, sickening realization of the world-wide chasm which separated his new ideas and standards from Francesca's. She could never understand, she could never learn.

"She not only couldn't run a bluff if she wanted to, but she could never see any reason why she ought to," he cried to himself, with vexed annoyance at the discomposure she would make in his new plans.

His mind ran off from her at this point into a thousand shifting and interlacing projects. His warm reception by the head of the firm had assured him that his success in the small Middle-Western city was appreciated. He was to lunch the next day with the second partner and the head—he who four years ago was just struggling up from a small position as salesman on the East Side. He planned conversations with the young people of Wranston, "the crowd," as they called themselves vaguely, or sometimes even jocosely, "the gang," and tried to devise ways by which he could bring in the fact that he had lunched at the Gotham Club with the head of his firm.

This made him think that they would expect him to tell them all about the theaters and other events of city life. It had been understood, with a certain harmlessly open insinuation, that his trip to New York was only ostensibly upon business, and that he was really going East to see the sights.

He began reading the sign-boards to see what was on at the theaters. Noting the number of attractions, he calculated that he would have but five evenings

free from business. Suddenly he thought again of Francesca. If he went to the theater, when could he see her? He rejected, before he formulated it, the possibility of taking her with him. She had nothing smart enough to wear. He shuddered at the thought of being seen by one of the firm with Francesca in the pink dress she had worn that evening. If she could only always look as she had when he first came in!

The vision rose before him, and he felt a sudden longing to have her again in his arms. Dear little Francesca! That was where she belonged! He had by no means a respectful imagination, and he did not hesitate to run over in his mind the girls he knew in Wranston, trying to think what they would be like if he could treat them as he did Francesca; but the thought brought him around a circle again to the soft, ardent eyes of the Italian girl. He even laughed as he thought of Maggie Wright, and how it would seem to kiss her. He would like to kiss her, but it would be for the triumph it signified over her will-power and shrewd, prudent discretion; whereas Francesca——!

It occurred to him that he had not made her very happy, the first evening he had spent with her. Poor child! She had probably been looking forward so eagerly to it. He wondered if it were too late to go back and be a little kinder to her; but his watch showed him half past eleven, and he thought of Aunt Giuseppina, the grim, disapproving guardian—the Hindu idol as he called her, because of the dangling and gaudy ornaments she wore. He would go back the next evening, and make Francesca happier than she ever had been.

But the next evening, at the first sign of tenderness on his part, Francesca's overwrought heart carried her away into a long and pitiful appeal for sympathy. Zia Giuseppina was so cruel! The relatives in Italy had arranged a marriage there for her—a marriage with a distant cousin whom she had not seen since she was a little girl, and Aunt Giuseppina was coaxing, and urging, and commanding, and imploring her to go back to Italy and marry to suit her family. Of course she didn't for a moment even

dream of consenting; but it made life very hard to bear, day after day, all alone with Aunt Giuseppina, and Charlie so far away!

Charlie sat transfixed with emotions so varied that they oppressed his breathing. He stared in a blank bewilderment at the agitated girl pouring out her heart to him. When she had finished, and was sobbing on his shoulder, he looked past her at a madly whirling and shifting future. He never knew what he said then, or during the rest of the evening, except that he spoke in matter, but not in manner, as Francesca would have him. He seemed to be breathlessly trying to outdistance some thought that was close upon him, and when he descended

the stairs he hurried down three steps at a time.

At his hotel he found a joint letter from "the crowd" written to him after the sleigh-ride. As he thought, the party had ended around a chafing-dish in the Wrights' prosperous house. Maggie Wright was evidently the originator of the idea, for the introduction was in her hand, and hers was the last of the jocular, familiar greetings.

Charlie stood for a long time with the letter in his hand, seeing first the hearty, well-fed, trivial young people gathered about the table, and then Francesca's dark eyes, raised to him in a half-conscious, distressed questioning. He felt very unhappy, himself.

(To be concluded.)

• LOVE'S LOGIC

STROLLING with Sibyl yesterday,
I argued somewhat in this way:

"No woman loved by man should miss
The tender tribute of a kiss;

"And he who, loving, fears to find
This token, must be weak and blind.

"Not as a timid beggar, dumb,
Before her beauty should he come;

"Not as a worshiper should he
Seek grace upon a bended knee;

"Not as a master whose command
No slave may question or withstand;

"But like a thief, polite, discreet,
Should he purloin this booty sweet."

Then Sibyl looked severely wise,
And turned on me her laughing eyes;

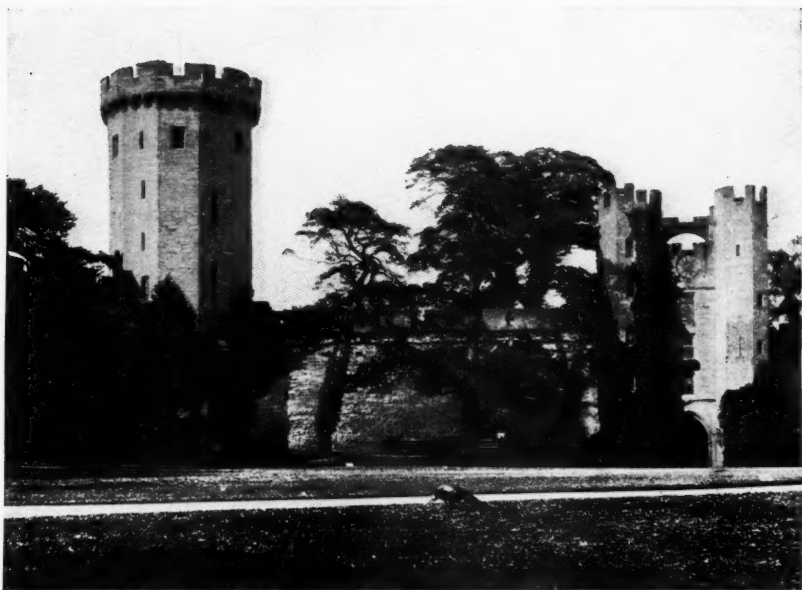
And from her rosy lips there came
Wisdom that put my words to shame:

"Dear me! That was a pretty speech.
Why don't you practise what you preach?"

And when I took her at her word,
Said she—"You men are so absurd!"

The motto is, in Love's campaign,
Act first, and afterwards explain.

Felix Carmen



WARWICK CASTLE—GUY'S TOWER AND THE CLOCK TOWER

From a photograph by J. Harriott, Warwick

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK

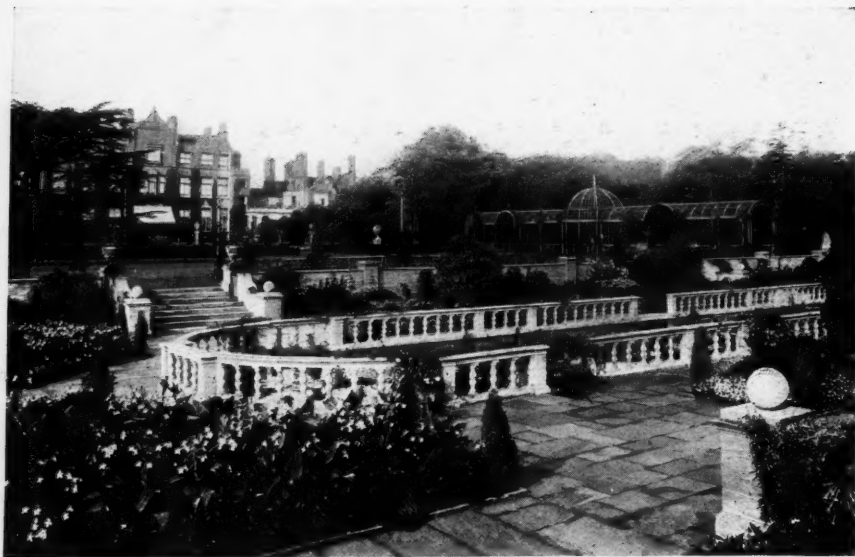
BY ANNE O'HAGAN

AN ARISTOCRATIC ENGLISHWOMAN WHO HAS IDENTIFIED HERSELF WITH THE WORKING PEOPLE, THUS BECOMING HER COUNTRY'S MOST PROMINENT SOCIALIST—HER MANY ACTIVITIES, IN BUSINESS, IN POLITICS, AND IN SOCIETY

IN this pleasant era of paradoxes, the "parlor socialist" is by no means a political rarity. The American variety has been, at any rate in its more resplendent examples, a masculine product—preferably a young man habited for the anise-seed chase or the coaching parade, but withholding himself from sport long enough to discourse to a waiting interviewer upon the iniquities of class privilege. He is a picturesque personage who adds to the gentle gaiety of existence without, it is believed, permitting his principles to subtract too

heavily from the parental source of revenue.

But—much as patriotism hates to admit it—the most conspicuous American product of wealth, position, and intolerance of present economic conditions falls, in artistic effect, far short of the most conspicuous British example. Our best parlor socialist is a poor, drab thing compared with the best British parlor socialist. In the first place, woman in onslaught is more picturesque than man, whatever be the object of her attack. Boadicea and Joan of Arc far outshine



THE GARDEN FRONT AT EASTON LODGE, DUNMOW, ESSEX, ONE OF THE RESIDENCES OF THE EARLS OF WARWICK

From a photograph by F. Spalding, Chelmsford

upon the page of history the masculine allies who fought by their side. The leading English parlor socialist is a woman, Lady Warwick.

Moreover, against however great a background of wealth the young American socialist may disport himself, he has no background of historical importance to throw his gyrations into relief. Lady Warwick has, to speak with only a trifle of exaggeration, the history of the British Empire, the Magna Charta, the sacred Constitution, as features of her stage setting.

She can, if she will, issue socialistic propaganda out of the wonderful pile that was built by the sister of Alfred the Great, that belonged to the Newburghs, the Beauchamps, the Nevilles, and the Dudleys before it was bought by the ancestors of her own husband, the Grevilles, upon whom the title was bestowed. She may, if she desires it, sign a plea for the equal distribution of wealth, for the disbanding of the Lords, the abolition of the Bishops, the destruction of the Monarchy, with the title that was borne by the great "kingmaker" of the Wars of the Roses. The name which she has appended to notes bidding

princes to dinner is now signed to communications to labor leaders, walking delegates, and the like.

Besides her sex and her great position, Lady Warwick has other qualities which make her the most picturesque of the parlor socialists. She has been a beauty—is, indeed, still a beauty, though she is well into the forties. She has been the most active of women and each of her activities has been sufficiently out of the common to make the eyes of her countrymen and women open wide and their tongues to wag.

A TITLED SHOPKEEPER

Hers was one of the first titled names to appear over a Bond Street shop, and great was the resultant clamor. It was a shop for the sale of needlework, and many, seeing the distinguished name there, went about accusing the lady of a most unbecomingly grasping disposition. She had been an heiress when she was married, and her husband was a rich man. Why, then, should she take the bread out of honest workingwomen's mouths, merely because she happened to be a person of great energy, requiring many and unusual channels for her

vitality? Why could she not ride off her superabundant vigor, talk it off, flirt it off, her critics demanded. In riding, talking, and fascinating, the legitimate

tenants on her Essex estate. There the needlework which they turned out was sold, and the profits were applied to the maintenance of the business and the en-



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER SON

From a photograph by Lafayette, London

prey of beauty and wit, she was known to have few peers.

And meantime the shop had been organized by the much criticized countess not to increase her own income, or even to provide her with an outlet for her energy, but solely for the benefit of the

richment of the workers. The name of the countess had been used only as a lure to buyers. In the course of time the words "conducted by the Countess of Warwick" came down, and the shop is now entirely self-supporting and unpatronized, although Lady Warwick's

interest in it is still maintained to the extent that she acts, so to speak, as its delegate to the world, returning to tell the Essex needlewomen to what particular objects they had best apply their skill—what things, in short, are fashionable and likely to sell.

perhaps a flattering, degree of unpopularity by her course is unmistakable. Socialism is not fashionable in England. The utmost political vagary that the goddess of good form permits the members of the aristocracy is a sympathy with the Liberals. Consequently Lady



WARWICK CASTLE—IT IS SITUATED ON THE BANKS OF THE AVON, AND PARTS OF THE STRUCTURE DATE FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

From a photograph by J. Harriott, Warwick

It may have been that her philanthropies were the cause of her entrance into the socialistic ranks. No intelligent person can earnestly endeavor to help his fellow-beings to help themselves—which is the latter-day expression of charity—without presently perceiving that economic and political conditions war against the beneficent object at every step. Many far-sighted men and women to-day find the only logical outcome of their charitable activity in some form of socialism. And no one has ever accused the Countess of Warwick of intellectual inability to see beyond her immediate surroundings.

That she has achieved an immense,

Warwick has antagonized her own order in both the Tory and the Liberal ranks, and she has not escaped attack from her newly chosen political confrères, the socialists themselves.

THE SALE OF HER JEWELS

It was reported some time ago that she had, in her picturesque zeal for the cause, emulated Queen Isabella of blessed memory and sold her jewels to aid in opening a new world of freedom to her fellows. The effect of this dashing act of sacrifice was not, as might have been expected, the plaudits of her beneficiaries. It was, instead, the raising of a veritable hornets' nest of re-

criminations about her ears. The attitude of the labor politicians on the subject is indicated in a letter sent to the London press by the Secretary and Treasurer of the British Independent party. This letter reads in part as follows:

When first the statement appeared in the press that the Countess of Warwick had sold her jewels to finance socialist candidates, socialists treated it as one of those flights of journalistic imagination for which your American contemporaries are famous. Now, however, that Lady Warwick admits the accuracy of the statement, the thing becomes intolerable. As it is, the British movement does not stand very high in the eyes of our Continental comrades; but now they learn that but for the sacrifice of a lady of title in selling "a drawerful of jewels—every jewel I possessed," no socialist candidate could have gone to the poll, it will cover our movement with ridicule.

To learn that an impulsive piece of generosity was likely to cover with ridicule the movement it was designed to help might be discouraging to many amateur lady politicians. But the Countess of Warwick has always had a sense of humor. Doubtless it will come to her rescue at this time of her official repudiation, so to speak. Moreover, she has doubtless read that delicious exposition of socialism in the Spanish mountain scene of "Man and Superman," and is thus already familiar with the tendency of the saviors of society to spring at one another's throats in regard to the details of how society should be saved. Knowledge, humor, and philosophy will undoubtedly aid her, and she will decline to allow her genuine interest in the socialist cause to languish because of what seems to be merely an eminent lack of tact on the part of some of its supporters.

UNUSUAL EXECUTIVE ABILITY

However, if she should take the matter greatly to heart and decide to withdraw from the movement on which she is held to throw ridicule by her zeal, she will still have sufficient occupation for many years to come. She is, as has been said, still a beauty; she is a lady of great fashion. And the fashionable beauty in England has an even more strenuous life of it than the fashionable beauty in America.

Moreover, she maintains not only the ordinary charities of her class, but charities requiring a great deal more executive ability in their management. On her estate in Essex she has a school where boys and girls are taught farming. This farm-school has been in existence for nearly ten years. In describing the novel curriculum, Lady Warwick has written:

Some fifteen hours a week are devoted to science, and the subjects are not taught in the old-fashioned way by means of black-board and books only, but by practical work in the laboratories and fields. Each boy has his own garden plot, where he is taught to grow vegetables, while the girls cultivate flowers, both being taught the principles of pruning and budding. The boys are also taught how to work in wood, while the girls learn cooking, needlework, and household management.

THE LADY WARWICK COLLEGE

This school is not so well known as the Lady Warwick College at Reading, not far from Warwick Castle, which is a school for girls alone. In it girls are taught all the arts of the dairy, the poultry-yard, the kitchen-garden, and the flower-garden. It has become, since its foundation by Lady Warwick, self-supporting, and turns out a number of skilled young farmeresses each year. As a result of the interest aroused by the establishment of this school there was founded also the English Women's Agricultural League, the organ of which is the *Women's Agricultural Times*, edited by the versatile countess.

If politics and philanthropy should both pall, the countess has other tastes to keep her from being bored by existence. She is a noted horsewoman and huntress, a daring automobilist, a writer of considerable distinction. Her book, "Warwick Castle and Its Earls," is a distinct contribution to that most fascinating of all literature—the gossip-historical school. In it Lady Warwick hits a happy medium between the ponderousness of history and the lightness of memoirs.

So that it is evident, whatever her political allies may do in the line of practical excommunication, the countess will not suffer from ennui or fail to be a conspicuous figure in the British social landscape.

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA—THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES, AND A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE BILLION-DOLLAR STEEL TRUST

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

V—THE WORKMEN-PARTNERS OF ANDREW CARNEGIE

The Extraordinary Careers of Charles M. Schwab and the Other Young Steel-Workers Who Stand To-day Among Our American Steel Kings—Why Carnegie Put Inexperienced Workingmen in Command of His Industrial Forces—The Enormous Profits Which His Methods of Organization Produced

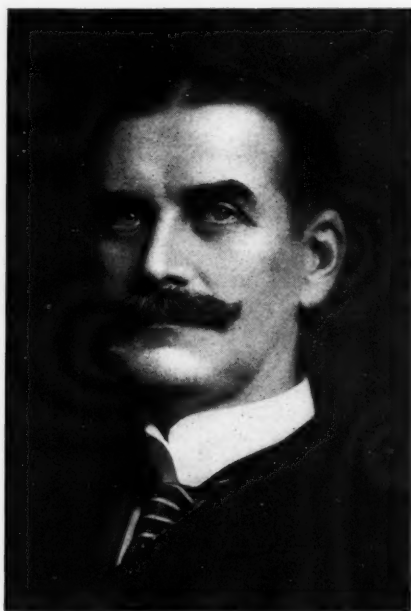
WE have now reached a place in this story where the secret of the Carnegie millions is to be more fully explained. We shall discover by what original methods Andrew Carnegie built up his wonderful organization and out-classed all his competitors.

As we have seen, he was always teachable and quick to learn. He had a composite mind, shaped by innumerable influences; and one of the many good ideas which he adopted on the advice of Captain Bill Jones, was the plan of giving special rewards for special service. In 1884 he greatly improved on the captain's sugges-

tion by taking into partnership four of his brightest young men—Curry, Moore, Boerntrager, and Abbott. Three years

later this idea was made part of the Carnegie system. Young employees were presented with stock and allowed to pay for it out of their dividends.

In this way, when Carnegie found a competent man, he was able to "grip him with hooks of steel," and at the same time to compel the most undeviating loyalty. With the sharing of dividends, he kept his partners in the traces pulling with might and main. He also made it a rule that any of the younger partners could be



FRANCIS T. F. LOVEJOY, A CARNEGIE PARTNER
AT THIRTY-SEVEN

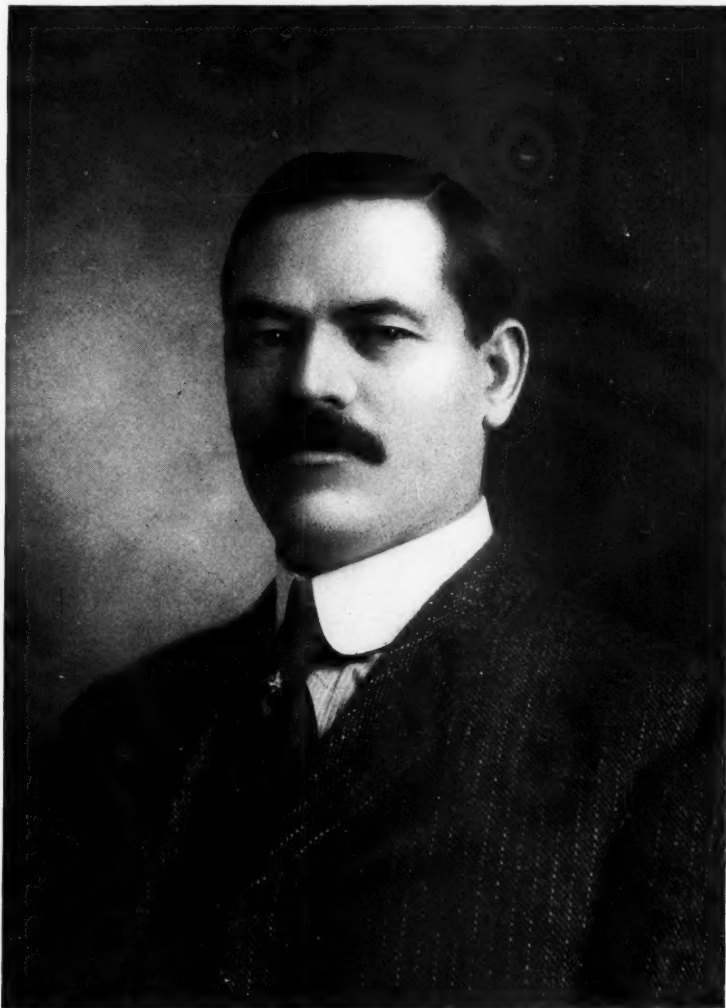
From a photograph by Rosser, Pittsburgh

This series of articles began in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

forced to resign by a three-fourths vote, so that there was a whip to crack over their heads and keep them steady. As he drove his four-in-hand through Great Britain he no doubt often thought of the

our best work. Of course we were loyal to the man who did so much for us. I would have sooner cut off my right hand than have turned on Mr. Carnegie."

"Mr. Carnegie noticed the men who



THOMAS MORRISON, A CARNEGIE PARTNER AND ONE OF THE ABLEST STEEL-MILL SUPERINTENDENTS IN THE UNITED STATES

From a photograph by Marceau, New York

resemblance between it and the swift forty-in-hand which he was guiding so cleverly up the steep and crooked road that led to the golden age.

"There never was a wiser business plan," says Cleinson, one of the young partners, "for it spurred us all on to do

stepped ahead of the ranks," said Thomas Morrison. "If any one of us took a partner's interest in the business, he was made a partner."

In the selection of these partners there was no system of civil service or step-by-step promotion. In the opinion of Pitts-

burgh, at least, they owed their success largely to Carnegie's whim. With three exceptions only, they were taken from the rank and file, without any education of a bookish sort beyond what is given by the public school. Carnegie, like

"I can have it made to order for you, madam," said the obliging clerk.

Mrs. Carnegie was pleased. "I see you are a Scotchman," she said.

"Yes, madam," he replied. "I was born in Dunfermline."



JOHN G. A. LEISHMAN, AT ONE TIME PRESIDENT OF THE CARNEGIE STEEL COMPANY, AND NOW UNITED STATES MINISTER TO TURKEY

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

Sam Weller's father, could have said of himself and his partners:

"We had the best education any boys ever had. We were turned out in the streets and made to shift for ourselves."

One of the partners first came to Carnegie's notice as a clerk in a linen store. Mrs. Carnegie wanted a certain make of linen, which was not in the market.

Dunfermline was Carnegie's birthplace—his Mecca—his Holy City; and the young clerk at once found favor in his eyes. A place was made for the quick-witted youth in the sales department, and before long he was neck deep in the stream of gold.

George Lauder, whose share was about seventeen million dollars when the Carnegie company was turned over to the United States Steel Corporation, was

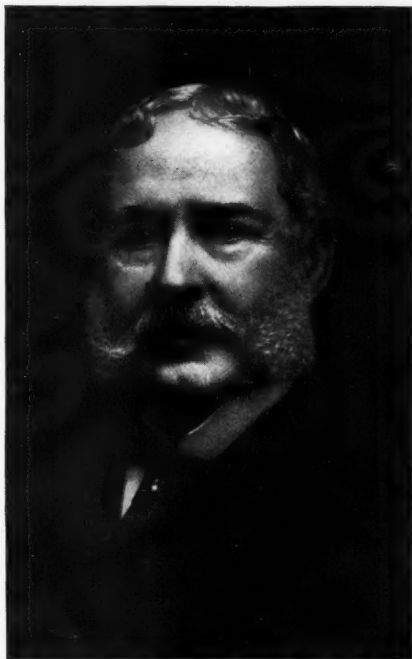
quite willing to tell me of the unique incident which brought him into the business.

"It is a curious fact," he said, "that Mr. Carnegie invited me to become his partner because I happened to know the meaning of a scientific phrase—the modulus of elasticity.' He had closed an order for steel for the great St. Louis bridge, and this phrase occurred in the contract. I explained its meaning, and at once he insisted that I should become his partner."

"That story is correct," said Carnegie when I brought it to his notice. "I didn't know what the modulus of elasticity meant; but I knew enough to get the contract."

LAUDER, THE "BALANCE-WHEEL"

Mr. Lauder, who is to-day a rugged-faced old man, with a kindly smile and simple manners, gave his attention for thirty years to the ore and coke departments. In council he was moderate and



W. H. SINGER, WHO FOR MANY YEARS WAS BOTH A PARTNER AND A FRIEND OF ANDREW CARNEGIE

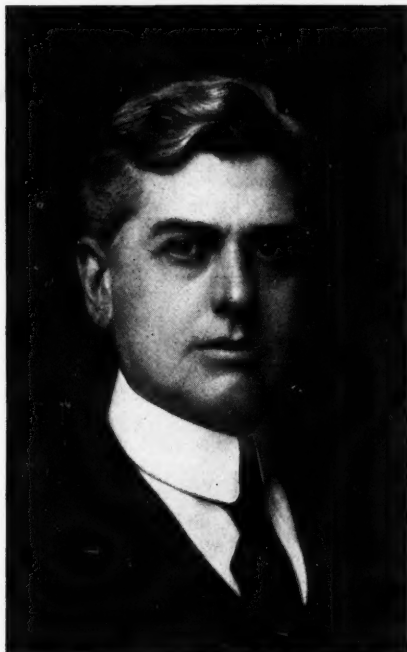
From a photograph by Perry, Pittsburgh

cautious, and often acted as a brake for his more impulsive cousin. Lauder and Carnegie had been boys together in Scotland. Lauder's favorite name for Carnegie was "Neeg," and Carnegie's favorite name for Lauder was "Dodd"—a Scotch nickname for George. "Dodd is the balance-wheel," he would often say. Lauder was one of the few in the company who had received a technical education, and the younger men went to him for advice.

"He was a father to us," says Clemson.

AN ABLE RELATIVE

Thomas Morrison, like Lauder, was a relative of Carnegie. He became superintendent of the great Duquesne works at twenty-nine years of age, having started four years before as an ordinary machinist. His career was brilliant, and there is no one in Pittsburgh who ascribes it to the mere fact of relationship to Carnegie. "Morrison made good," is the general opinion.



WILLIAM L. ABBOTT, WHO IS NOW PRESIDENT OF THE IRON CITY TRUST COMPANY OF PITTSBURGH

From a photograph by Histed, New York



EMIL SWENSSON, A MEMBER OF THE CARNEGIE COMPANY,
WHO IS NOW ONE OF THE FOREMOST
STRUCTURAL STEEL EXPERTS

From a photograph by Barclay Brothers

"When he came to Pittsburgh, he told no one that he was a relative of mine," said Carnegie. "I discovered him one day by accident, after he had worked his way up."

A. C. DINKEY AND F. T. F. LOVEJOY

A. C. Dinkey, whose sister married Charles M. Schwab, is also generally classed as one who has proved worthy of all his honors. His mother was left a poor widow with several small children. She was very ambitious for their future,

and, leaving the little village where they were born, brought them to Braddock so that the two boys could work in the steel-mills. Young Alva Dinkey is remembered by the older steel-workers of Braddock as a bright, round-faced boy who carried water for the furnace-men and was always asking questions. At sixteen he learned telegraphy at a little station near Braddock. Then he began at the bottom of the ladder in a machine shop, worked his way up, and left to learn the trade of an electrician. Every change meant a drop in wages, but a gain in knowledge. Entering the Homestead works as a clerk, he introduced electrical machinery on a large scale. At twenty-six he became general superintendent of Homestead, with ten thousand men under his command.

Francis T. F. Lovejoy, unlike Dinkey, spent the first twenty-seven years of his life knocking about from failure to failure. He was by turns stenographer, telegrapher, bookkeeper, reporter, oil workman, and driver of a laundry wagon. Then he got a clerkship with the Carnegie company, and developed into a most industrious and accurate auditor. He labored night and day. During the Homestead strike he went through a fiery ordeal. Every charge against the strikers was signed by him, making him for the time very unpopular. His career divides naturally into decades—at sev-

enteen he left home as a moneyless boy; at twenty-seven he became a Carnegie employee; at thirty-seven he was admitted to partnership; and at forty-seven he awoke one morning to find himself one of the multimillionaires of Pittsburgh.

FROM STEELMAN TO DIPLOMAT

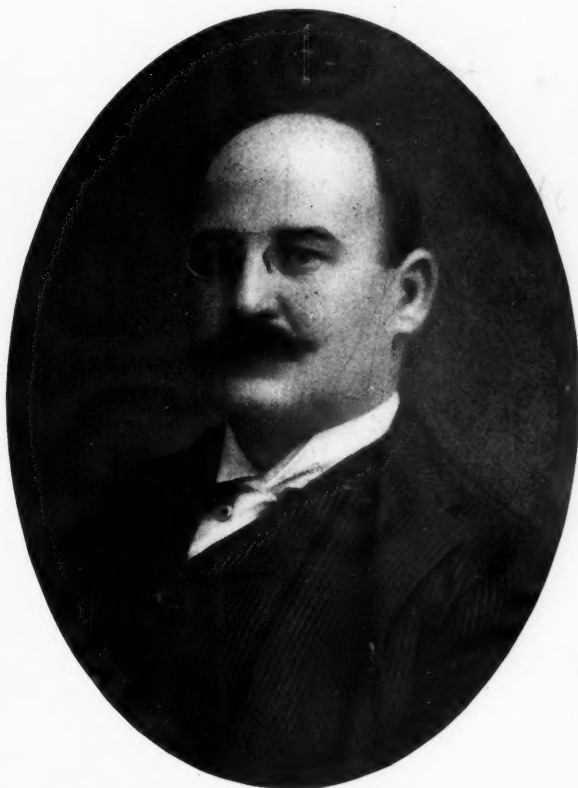
Another romantic career was that of John G. A. Leishman, now United States Minister at Constantinople. His first knowledge of life was gained in a Pitts-

burgh orphan asylum. He was undersized, and when he got his first job as office-boy in an iron-works at the age of ten, he looked as if he had escaped from a kindergarten. In his teens he was promoted to be a "mud-clerk," having an office in a little shanty on the riverbank, and attending to the unloading of barges. After saving a little money he started a small furnace, but was soon brought to a standstill.

Next he came to view as a broker in iron and steel. He was smart, diplomatic, and a good salesman. Carnegie noticed him and gave him a position. At that time Captain Bill Jones was booming the production of steel rails, and to Leishman was assigned the task of securing the big orders. Before many years he was president of the company; but was not permitted to hold the office

for many months. President McKinley offered him the position of Minister to Switzerland; and he bade good-by to steel-making. Since then he has been a member of the diplomatic corps—rich, but not as rich as those who remained under the smoke of Pittsburgh.

Two other partners who left the company before the grand sharing of the spoils in 1901 were W. L. Abbott, who went out of his own accord in 1892, saying, "I have all the money I want"; and John A. Potter, who left with the purpose of making armor-plate in Cleveland. Both men had climbed up from the lowest rungs of the ladder, Potter being superintendent of Homestead at thirty, and Abbott chairman of the board at thirty-seven. Abbott was one of the few for whom mere money-making had no fascination. At forty he retired to



A. R. PEACOCK, A SALESMAN WHO BECAME ONE OF THE CARNEGIE
MULTIMILLIONAIRES

From a photograph by the Arthur Studio, Detroit, Michigan

enjoy the pleasures of travel, books, and friendship, and apparently has no regrets at having missed a few superfluous millions.

"I left before the melon was cut," he says.

Abbott's chief contribution to the success of the Carnegie company was the organization of its unequalled system of sales agencies. In 1884, when he was chairman of the board, the company had no agents of its own. Its orders came in from commission men.

"This was not satisfactory," says Abbott, "for the



D. G. KERR, A YOUNG MAN WHO WON A PARTNERSHIP BY FAITHFUL SERVICE

From a photograph by Marceau, New York

reason that a commission man makes deals with both sides. We decided that it would pay to send out salaried men who would work first and last for the Carnegie company."

THE CARNEGIE SALES AGENCIES

The new plan soon flooded the company with orders. Those who made the largest sales were taken into the company as partners, the first three being John C. Fleming, J. O. Hoffman, and Charles W. Baker. To-day the company has sixteen agents in sixteen



W. W. BLACKBURN, WHO HAS BEEN FOR MANY YEARS SECRETARY OF THE CARNEGIE COMPANY

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh



HOMER J. LINDSAY, WHO WON HIS WAY FROM A STENOGRAPHER'S POSITION TO A PARTNERSHIP

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

American cities. Four times a year they meet in Pittsburgh to compare notes and "get posted." And once a week each agent gets a letter from the home office, keeping him up to date in all particulars

iron and steel business; but walked directly into the Carnegie company from behind a dry-goods counter. He proved that he could sell steel rails as easily as handkerchiefs. The two largest or-



D. M. CLEMSON, ONCE A WORKMAN AND NOW THE HEAD OF THE
NATURAL GAS AND ORE FLEET DEPARTMENTS OF
THE CARNEGIE COMPANY

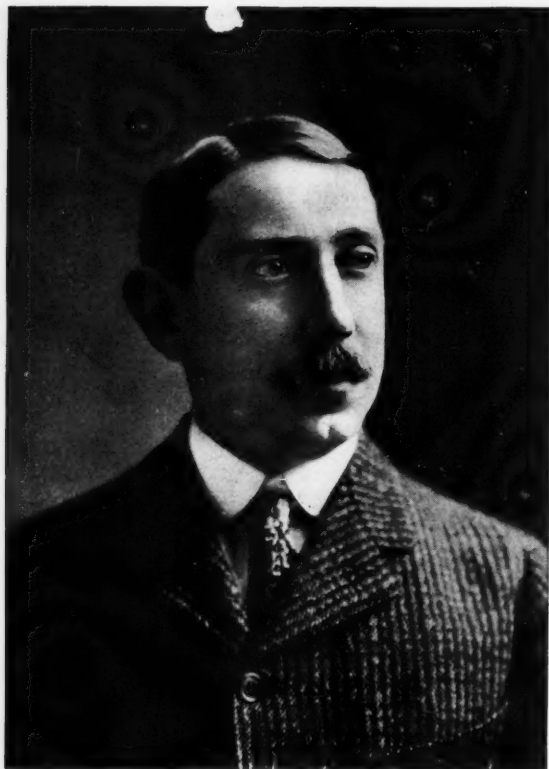
From a photograph by Marceau, New York

of the business. No body of men did more to pull the Carnegie company up the long hill into its golden age than this little band of agents, working and scheming day and night to gain the prize of a partnership.

One of these agents, who perhaps has received more naïve enjoyment from his many millions than any of his fellows, was Alexander Rollin Peacock. Mr. Peacock served no apprenticeship in the

others ever secured by the company were obtained by him—sixty-five thousand tons of rails for the Canadian Pacific and sixty-five thousand tons of structural material to the builders of the New York Subway.

There was scarcely one of these forty partners whose life was not a repetition of the old American romance of self-help. Emil Swensson, in 1882 working as a bricklayer's helper on the Hudson



H. P. BOPE, NOW VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CARNEGIE COMPANY,
WHO HAS HELD VARIOUS POSITIONS OF TRUST

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

River tunnel, was fourteen years afterward the manager of the great Keystone Bridge Company. From his brain sprang the steel-hopper car and the steel "traveler," by means of which a steel bridge can be erected with one-third of the time and cost. To Swenson is largely due the development of structural steel. He was a maker of bridges, and the first tall steel buildings were built of bridge materials.

"After all," remarked Swenson, "what is a skyscraper but a bridge set on end?"

Homer J. Lindsay and Henry P. Bope began by hammering typewriters in the Carnegie Building, worked up to the sales department, placed big orders, and won the favor of the "little boss." Lewis T. Brown was a sheerman, Azor R. Hunt a roller, D. G. Kerr an apprentice in the laboratory, W. W. Blackburn

a clerk in a village store, W. C. McCausland a messenger-boy, Daniel M. Clemson a helper in a blacksmith shop, and so forth. Clemson entered Carnegie's employ as a laborer, and in a few years was advanced until he ranked as the admiral of the ore fleet and colonel of the natural gas regiment.

Two other shirt-sleeve partners who missed the cutting of the melon were P. T. Berg and Henry William Boertrager. Berg was a Swedish mechanical genius, who worked wonders at the Homestead steel-mills. Whenever one of his new improvements was being discussed, Carnegie would usually say:

"If Berg designed it, that's all I want to know. It is bound to go."

Long before the golden age arrived, Berg concluded that he had made as much money as he would ever need, and went back to his beloved Sweden to spend it.

Boertrager, too, was a mechanical marvel, but from Germany. He had left his native land to escape military service. He was fond of telling the story of his flight.

"One day," he would say, "just before I was twenty-one, I said to myself, 'William, in a few months you'll be taken for the army. You'll lose the best years of your life. If you don't run away at once, you are lost.'"

A STEEL-MILL STATESMAN

The next day he started for America. His first job in Pittsburgh was as stoker to a small engine. Then he became a laborer in a Carnegie steel-mill at thirty dollars a month, and worked up until, at twenty-eight, he was the general manager of the Kloman mill. When he died, he was worth a million.

Boertrager was one of those men who might properly be called a steel-mill



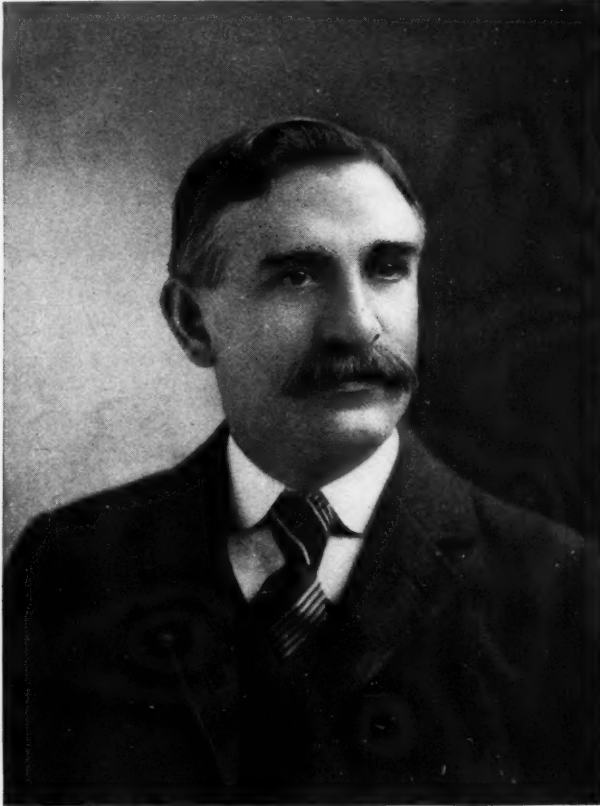
CHARLES M. SCHWAB, THE NAPOLEONIC YOUNG STEEL-MAKER, WHO ROSE WITH UNPARALLELED QUICKNESS FROM THE LOWEST TO THE HIGHEST POSITION IN THE WORLD OF STEEL

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

statesman. He was in his element when he was surrounded by men and machinery. His mill was his pride. To see every department working smoothly gave him the same pleasure that an orchestra conductor feels when his players are in perfect accord. He was a real leader of

he, 'what we want is this—get prices up, and costs down; and every man must stand on his own legs.'"

His mind was so centered upon his work that he could not talk upon any subject without using the language of the steel-mill. For instance, soon after



JAMES SCOTT, A FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN AND PARTNER OF CARNEGIE'S,
AND NOW ONE OF THE LEADING FURNACE MASTERS IN
THE UNITED STATES

From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh

workmen, and, like Captain Jones and Schwab, though to a lesser degree, he attached his men to him. Whenever he was in command, the costs were pulled down and new records made. It was such men as Boerntrager that made forty-per-cent profits possible in the steel trade.

"Boerntrager had one speech," said Mr. Carnegie. "It was short and straight to the point. 'Gentlemen,' said

his marriage to a most estimable lady of short stature, Carnegie met him in the offices and offered congratulations.

"Did you get a perfect wife, William?" he asked.

"Vell, Mr. Carnegie," replied Boerntrager, "maybe she might have been improved if she had got von more pass troo de rolls."

Another man who helped to make forty per cent possible was H. M. Curry,

who practically worked himself to death.

"I have known him to stay by a job for forty-eight hours at a stretch," said James Scott.

Curry was a man of the highest honor as well as a record-breaking expert, and was greatly esteemed in Pittsburgh.

The young partner who first put the Carnegie company's books in order was S. E. Moore. He was dropped long before the days of affluence began, and Lovejoy, the former laundryman, became his successor. Millard F. Hunsiker was the first salaried tester of the company. This was a new position and a new idea. The custom had been for every buyer to send his own tester to the steel-mill; but Carnegie placed Hunsiker as the official tester of the company's mills. Hunsiker had a high reputation as an expert, and was afterward selected as the partner who was best fitted to open up the foreign market. He was consequently a pioneer in two important departments.

This policy of making generals out of inexperienced private soldiers was distinctively Carnegian. Other Pittsburgh employers regarded it as revolutionary and dangerous in the highest degree. It was a radical wiping out of all the old-fashioned ideas of apprenticeship. Smooth-faced boys were put in command over gray-haired veterans. Enthusiasm received the honors that had invariably gone to experience. The older men commented bitterly on this policy, and said that Carnegie was turning the industrial world upside down. But Carnegie, being generally four thousand miles away, continued to put his army of twenty thousand workmen in charge of its drummer-boys. Whether this policy was correct or not theoretically, it worked better than any other plan of leadership that had ever been tried in the iron and steel business.

No doubt, when this story of the Carnegie methods is read in Europe, it may seem incredible. This flouting of book knowledge, this contempt for the college and the laboratory, should have led to wreck and ruin, according to all the theorists. On one occasion, Herr Wittgenstein, the Frick of Austria, was present at a meeting of Carnegie super-

intendents. Twenty or more were gathered around the long table.

"I suppose, Mr. Schwab," said the Austrian, "that most of these men have received a technical education?"

"Only three of them had any training," replied Schwab. "All the others rose from the ranks, as I did."

As a matter of fact, a technical education was of little value in those pioneer days. There were few books, if any, on the new methods of making cheap steel. The past history of the business was mainly a record of mistakes and failures. From the standpoint of the old steel-makers and the college men, Carnegie and his young partners were constantly trying to do what was impossible. The amazing fact was that in at least half of their wild plunges toward the goal, they succeeded. They gained ground, held it, and plunged again.

STEPS IN THE RISE OF C. M. SCHWAB

The most brilliant of all the young partners was Charles M. Schwab. His was the most meteoric career ever known in the steel business. He had risen step by step—but such steps!

Step number one—driving stakes for a dollar a day at the Edgar Thomson works.

Step number two, six months later—superintendent of the Edgar Thomson works, the foremost steel-making plant in the world.

Step number three—at thirty years of age superintendent of both the Edgar Thomson and Homestead plants, managing eight thousand workmen. This was the only instance in which Carnegie permitted one man to operate two plants.

Step number four—president of the Carnegie Steel Company, with a White House salary and three per cent of the stock.

Step number five—president of the United States Steel Corporation, with twenty-eight million dollars' worth (par value) of its stock, and a salary of a hundred thousand dollars a year. In 1901 he sat on the apex of the towering steel pyramid—the victor among two hundred thousand competitors—at thirty-nine years of age.

"The first time I saw Schwab," said Mr. Long, a former president of the

Pittsburgh Stock Exchange, "he was a barefooted boy in Loretto, a mountain hamlet near Altoona. The next time I saw him he was in his hundred-thousand-dollar private car."

Schwab's father kept one of the village stores, and Charlie drove the rickety stage between the village and Cresson station. It was a poor plank road at that time, but he has had it paved at his own expense since then. Those who remember him say that he was the happiest boy in the village—laughing, whistling, singing, cracking his whip. His nicknames were "Dolly Varden" and "Smiling Charlie." The drummers told him stories and made fun of his flaming red neckties. No one looked less like an embryonic steel king than Charlie Schwab.

By the time he was nineteen, Schwab had drifted away from Loretto, and anchored in a Braddock grocery store. For wages he got a five-dollar bill every two weeks. One evening he caught the eye of Captain Jones.

"Do you want to change your job, young fellow?" asked Jones.

"Yes, sir!" responded Schwab.

"What are you willing to do?"

"Anything," replied the smiling young clerk.

"Well," said Jones, "come around tomorrow morning and I'll give you a dollar a day to hammer stakes."

This was the beginning of a friendship that lasted until the tragic death of Captain Jones. Schwab at once showed a natural talent for mechanics, and from Jones, who was without a peer as a leader of workmen, he learned to manage men.

SCHWAB'S WORK AT HOMESTEAD

After the death of his teacher, the heaviest burden of the Carnegie company fell on the shoulders of Schwab. It was he who reconstructed the Homestead works from the debris of the great strike; who created the profitable armor-plate department; who originated the Saturday meetings of superintendents. With cheerful self-assurance, he accepted any responsibility that was offered. Enthusiasm, he found, was better than experience. Nothing daunted him. He swept into the Golden Sea with all

sails set and the band playing. Had he been asked to reconstruct the empire of Russia or to federate the South American republics, he would have replied without hesitation:

"Yes. Good idea! I'll attend to that next week."

Schwab's greatest achievement—the one lasting honor which nothing can take away—was his successful handling of the Homestead steel-works after the great strike. No steel-maker, before or since, has ever had to tackle so hard a job. When Schwab took Homestead, it was a failure. It was a four-million-dollar mistake. The machinery was not working properly, and the men were not working at all. There was a stupid rabble of strike-breakers, and a sullen, defeated army of five thousand workmen to deal with. And the whole place had been for five months a battle-field, passion-swept and blood-stained—the Waterloo of organized labor.

WINNING THE SURLY WORKMEN

Into this inferno of hate and bitterness came Schwab, caring no more for discouragements than a duck does for a drizzle. Little by little his "Hurrah, boys!" swung the great steel-mill into action. He was approachable and sympathetic, yet always as quick as lightning to turn everything to his own advantage. Always fluent and plausible, he was never at a loss for a reason or an inducement. In half a year the surly workmen were entirely won over by his invincible optimism and perseverance; and "Charlie is my darling" was heard in Homestead, instead of the curses and rifle-shots of a few months before.

"Schwab is a genius in the management of men and machinery," said Carnegie, when I asked him for an estimate of his young partner's work. "I never saw a man who could grasp a new idea so quickly."

As soon as Carnegie saw that Schwab had "made good" at Homestead, he made him president of the whole company, so that not even the masterful Frick was equal to him in authority. This was perhaps the first instance in which so young a man, absolutely without any business experience, was placed in command over so great a corporation.

He had previously had an offer of the vice-presidency and had refused it.

"I'm a bigger man at the works," he said.

There was another young workman in the Carnegie company who followed Schwab like a shadow. He was four years younger, and his name was William Ellis Corey. He was as thoroughly an American as any one can be, being a descendant of Benijah Corey, who flourished a hundred years ago and owned a farm of three hundred acres whose site is now covered by the streets of New York.

ORGANIZATION VERSUS THE INDIVIDUAL

Schwab and Corey had been boyhood friends in smoky Braddock, when one was in a grocery-store and the other was working on a coal-tipple. Both got dollar-a-day jobs from the Carnegie company, and worked up to be superintendents at twenty-one. Both married Braddock girls. Both became armor-plate specialists. Both made reputations as "drivers" and record-breakers. Both moved up from one presidency to another, Schwab being always one move ahead.

But here the resemblances cease. Schwab, the last of the individualists of steel, put personality first and organization second. "Every business grows around a great individual," he said. Corey put the organization first and the individual second.

To Schwab a workman was "Bill" or "Joe," or "Tom." To Corey he was "No. 137."

Schwab swayed his men by sentiment, by his contagious enthusiasm, by his personal knowledge of each man. Corey ruled by his tireless supervision and his thorough knowledge of every department.

Schwab was brilliant, dramatic, impulsive. Corey was painstaking, methodical, trustworthy. On one of the very few occasions when he was persuaded to talk for publication, he said:

"The man who succeeds is the one with bulldog tenacity—who never gives up. He is the man who not only does what he is told, but more."

Schwab loves men and the applause of men. Publicity stimulates him like wine.

Corey is reserved, stern-faced, non-magnetic.

Schwab is a man of many interests. Even his charities are unique. He has built at Loretto, his birthplace, a cathedral and a monument to Prince Gallitzin, the founder of the town. To Braddock he has given a church and to Homestead an industrial school. At Richmond Beach, New York, he has established schools in which crippled and deformed boys and girls are learning trades. To the tenement children of New York he gives a thousand dollars' worth of toys as a Christmas present.

In his own pleasures, he loves display like a child. His New York palace is rated on the tax-list as the second highest in cost, Senator Clark's unfinished mansion being first. With land and furnishings, its value is probably more than five millions. Carnegie's austere residence is a model of simplicity when compared with Schwab's ornate pile of cream-colored granite, with its gobelin tapestries, its music-room and chapel, its Flemish smoking-room, Louis Seize drawing-room, Henri Quatre library, Louis Quatorze dining-room, and Louis Treize breakfast-room.

COREY'S IMPERSONAL BUSINESS METHOD

As to where Corey lives, no one knows. The quiet, anonymous apartment hotel from which he steps forth at twenty minutes past eight every week-day morning has not yet been discovered by the Sunday press. He may have his philanthropies, but they are never heard of. He has few interests, if any, outside of his office. Not only is he the president of the biggest corporation in the world—he is part of the mechanism itself. As a Homestead roller told me, "Corey never knewed anything except his own business." He has sunk himself, his personal likes and dislikes, in the socialized steel business. He feels himself to be a fraction, rather than a unit. His corporation is an organism like a human body, and he is the coordinating function of its brain.

Considered purely as a profit-making device, Carnegie's plan of taking young workmen into partnership has never been beaten. It was his master-stroke. By making every superintendent a partner.

whose partnership depended upon continued faithfulness and record-breaking, he built up a working force that was absolutely loyal as well as efficient. He could pursue his globe-trotting without any fear of plots or desertions.

Not one of the young partners thought of balking, no matter how vigorously the "little boss" swung the whip. All of them agree that he was a hard driver. Mr. Carnegie himself freely admits the charge, and gave me an anecdote to illustrate it.

"On one occasion," he said, "when I was about to sail for Europe, I was saying good-by to a group of my young partners, and telling them of the benefit which I always derived from an ocean voyage.

"You cannot imagine the relief I feel," said I, "when the ship leaves Sandy Hook behind and I am fairly out upon the waters for a whole week's rest."

"Yes, Mr. Carnegie," said Captain Jones, "and just think what a relief we all get!"

"No other man could equal Carnegie at sticking the knife in and twisting it around so as to hurt," said one of his partners.

PRAISE AFTER BLAME

A few of them resented his prodings, but none could deny that they had a good effect. Carnegie was as quick to give praise as blame, and he was always fair. If he made a mistake, he was ready to admit it. In one instance, when he had written a scorching letter to one of his superintendents, who had taken an order at too low a price, the superintendent replied sharply and showed good reasons for his action. Carnegie was convinced, and at once wrote to the superintendent the following short but sufficient letter of apology:

DEAR A—, I cave. A. C.

It was not by chance that Carnegie gave to enthusiasm the rewards that had hitherto gone to experience. No one was ever more sensitive to world-changes than he. He knew that the age of machinery had come. He knew that it was more important to know what was done yesterday than what was done ten years ago. He preferred young men, who

raced towards the future, to old men, who stopped to look back at the past. To be quick—quick—quick, that was the Carnegie policy.

"The man who starts first gets the oyster; the second man gets the shell," was one of his favorite sayings. In one instance, when a manager telegraphed to Carnegie the cheerful news that he had beaten all records in making steel, Carnegie replied: "Congratulations. Why not do it every week?"

His aim was to build up a corporation which was as nearly as possible like an automobile—swift, reliable, easily controlled, and as ready to back as to go ahead. In a world of telegraphs, cables, and daily newspapers, the supreme necessity was to make decisions and carry them into effect at once. Again and again Carnegie stunned his partners by his quick changes of policy. It was very disconcerting. It pushed them out of the easy grooves of routine. It compelled them to make new plans and to destroy the old ones. If they had been men of years and long experience, they would have been demoralized by this making and breaking of plans. But they were young, energetic, and bound to their chief by every consideration of self-interest.

What a modern steel king needs is not an army of skilled workmen who have served long apprenticeships at their trade. First and foremost, he needs capital; and, secondly, he needs loyal and efficient superintendents. To-day steel is made by capital, not by labor—by machinery, not by muscle. It is made by men who are primarily financiers. Ten thousand picked steel-workers, without machinery, would be helpless in the face of modern competition; whereas a man like Schwab could take ten thousand unskilled consumptives, and, by an outlay of thirty millions, create a first-class steel-plant in a few years.

IRON-MAKING IN DR. JOHNSON'S DAY

A few comparisons will show the astounding difference between the steel-making of the good old days and to-day. "At an iron-works I saw round bars formed by a notched hammer and an anvil," wrote Dr. Samuel Johnson a hundred and thirty years ago. The learned

doctor was impressed by the ingenuity of the smith in using a notched hammer. What would he think if he could visit the young town of Monessen, near Pittsburgh, and see thirteen hundred thousand pounds of iron rods made in twenty-four hours?

"George Anshutz regarded forty tons a week as magnificent work," said George Anshutz Berry.

Anshutz was the first iron-maker in Pittsburgh, and Mr. Berry, now eighty-seven, is his only living relative. But what would the old pioneer say if he could now see a Pittsburgh furnace produce fifteen hundred thousand tons of iron without relining—as much as the best furnace of former days could make in seven hundred and fifty years?

Ethan Allen broke the record in iron-making when he made a ton in less than ten hours. But what would the hero of Ticonderoga think of his achievement if he could watch the flaming converters of Braddock make five tons of steel in two minutes?

HALF A TON A SECOND

"I well remember when a five-hundred-pound mass of iron was thought to be so heavy that the whole neighborhood gathered into see it rolled," said Charles Huston, vice-president of the Lukens Iron and Steel Company. What would that "whole neighborhood" say if it saw a steam-hammer weighing a quarter of a million pounds thrown on the scrap-heap of the Bethlehem Steel Company because it was too light?

"It takes me ten years to sell ten tons of steel," said a Philadelphia dealer in 1750. If that worthy Quaker is still aware of terrestrial events he will know that the steel men of the United States are now selling ten tons of steel every twenty seconds.

Soon after the close of the Civil War, a Trenton firm made a circular saw over seven feet in diameter. "Enormous!" cried the steel-makers of the world when they saw it at the Paris Exposition. What adjective would they find suitable if they could see the piece of steel ribbon that was made last year by Henry Disston & Sons, Philadelphia—fifteen inches wide and sixty-seven yards long?

An English workman made a dozen

pins and called it a day's work, at the time when Adam Smith was writing his "Wealth of Nations." To-day a census of pins in the United States alone will show that about twelve billion new pins are made and sold every year. A pocket rule at that time was made by a twenty-dollar plant and cost a dollar. Now it is made by a hundred-thousand-dollar plant and costs ten cents.

"Thirty years ago I found only one man in San Francisco who could shoe my horse, and now the San Franciscans are building steam-frigates," said General Sherman in a speech delivered to a company of steel men in 1890.

The United States had its eighth President before it had its first steel plow; yet the American farmer of to-day is buying steel wagons and steel bath-tubs. And during President Grant's last year of office, an order for twelve tons of Bessemer steel was considered so large that editorials were written on it, yet last year the United States Steel Corporation quietly accepted a single order for a million tons.

Two centuries ago, roughly speaking, Dr. Higley was making steel by the ounce in an apparatus that he could have carried in a valise. One century ago Jonathan Leonard was making a hundred tons of steel a year. To-day we are making a hundred tons every three minutes. The price of manufactured steel has fallen from fifty thousand dollars a ton to twenty-eight. Instead of making five pounds at a time, we make thirty thousand pounds; and instead of a ten days' process, it is now a ten minutes' process, or less.

CARNEGIE'S FIGHT FOR SPEED

What Carnegie and his young partners accomplished in the matter of speed was equally wonderful. As we have seen, they created the "big second" and set a breakneck pace which their competitors were obliged to follow. Horace Greeley relates that while on a tour through the south of France, he saw a farmer cutting grass with a small hand-sickle.

"Why don't you get a scythe?" he asked. "Then you could cut twice as much."

The Frenchman deliberated for a few

moments upon this new idea. Then he said:

"I don't see how that could be possible, because I haven't got twice as much grass to cut."

The idea of saving time or energy, or of doing more than a certain definite amount of work, was too revolutionary for his simple mind to comprehend. But in the American iron and steel trade, from the earliest days, there was a persistent aim to do the greatest possible amount of work with the least possible amount of labor. This "American plan" began with our first great iron-maker—Joseph Jenks, of Lynn. In 1648 he took out the first patent of which we have any record. His invention was a water-power device for saving time and labor—"for speedy dispatch of much worke with few hands," he said, striking the keynote of the iron and steel trade of the future.

To-day the fight for speed is practically won. "The faster the better" has become almost an international motto. But at first the American steel-makers had to tunnel through a mountain of European prejudice.

"Too fast! You can't make good steel in ten minutes," said a foreign engineer to Charles S. Price, superintendent of the Cambria works.

"I told him," said Price, "that I would sooner make steel in six minutes than ten."

Last year an American salesman was trying to sell a new style of lathe to a German manufacturer.

"It will do so and so in seven minutes," he said.

"Nonsense!" retorted the German. "Why, that takes my men an hour."

Finally, however, the German was persuaded to buy one of the lathes. Several months afterward he wrote to the maker of the lathes and said:

"What your man claimed was true. The lathe will do that work in *five* minutes."

QUICK WORK OF STEEL MAGICIANS

The swift Schwab built two fifty-ton open-hearth furnaces at Homestead in sixty days. Mayor Tom Johnson, when he was a steel-maker, built a ten-mile street railway in the same length of time;

and completed his great Lorain steel plant in forty-two weeks after the cutting down of the first tree—an unparalleled feat. Still more recently, a Pittsburgh company put up an immense steel building six hundred feet by a hundred and twenty-five, at Monessen in fifty-seven days.

The magical quickness with which ore is handled is the wonder of foreign steel men. The ore which is lying in the wilds of Minnesota on Monday morning is dug up, transported a thousand miles, and made into steel rails by Saturday night. One Duluth engineer has actually proposed a loop-the-loop system of unloading ore-cars—turning them upside-down at the ore-docks, so that they might travel in a continuous belt line between the docks and the mines. This is regarded as a joke to-day; but it may be a fact to-morrow.

All this speed—all this machinery—all this magnitude of operations, meant the destruction of the small steel-makers and the consolidation of the large ones. It meant the survival of the fittest, and the Carnegie company, with its sagacious leader and its devoted band of sub-partners, was by far the fittest corporation that the nineteenth century had produced. Its semi-automatic mills, its arrangements for the cheap assembling of its raw materials, and the zeal of its officers, made it one of the wonders of the industrial world.

From 1875 onward, the Carnegie company was the pace-maker of the steel trade. The story of its profits will always remain one of the wonders of American finance and manufacturing. Carnegie became a King Midas. He touched tons of steel and transformed it into gold.

In 1890, which was the first of these King Midas years, the net profit was five and a half million dollars. The cost of steel rails at that time, according to an official investigation made by Carroll D. Wright, was eleven dollars and twenty-seven cents per ton; and the average selling price during the year was thirty-one dollars and seventy-eight cents. For the following five years the profits fell off, being only four million dollars during the year of the Homestead strike, and three millions in 1893.

In 1898, although the price of rails averaged seventeen dollars and sixty-two cents, the lowest figure on record, the Carnegie company cleared eleven and a half millions. Such a gain as this—nearly a million a month—was unprecedented. Carnegie clapped his hands and said:

"We shall beat that next year!"

FORTY MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR

In 1899 the Carnegie bookkeepers could scarcely believe their eyes. When the last column of figures had been added they saw before them a total of twenty-five and a half million dollars. This was more than the capital stock of the company had been up to the previous year. All were satisfied except Carnegie. As usual, this victory made him eager for a greater one. He was sixty-four years old, and anxious to retire from business; but he wanted the last year to be the best.

"Personally, I'm glad to have this year (1900) to ourselves," he wrote to George Lauder, "to show what we can do."

His company was making a million every two weeks, but this was not enough. The superintendents were spurred up in all departments. "More! More!" were the orders. The whole mechanism was speeded up, and fortune favored the brave by raising the price of rails to thirty-two dollars and twenty-nine cents. When the year closed, there was forty million dollars to divide—the greatest amount ever earned by any industrial corporation in legitimate, competitive business. Carnegie got twenty-five millions; Phipps, five and a half millions; Frick, twenty-six hundred thousand; Lauder, a million and three quarters; Schwab, thirteen hundred thousand. As for the young partners, they were well content with sums ranging from fifty thousand to eight hundred and fifty thousand. The least of them received a Presidential salary for his year's work. The Carnegie company profits, from 1875 to 1900, were one hundred and thirty-three million dollars.

GOOD MANAGEMENT THE SECRET

"There's a lot of profit in a steel-mill," admitted Mr. Frick. But no other

steel-mills, either in America or Europe, have made such a continuous series of big dividends as these. Profits are not an inevitable result of a high tariff and a steel-mill. For instance, in a year when Carnegie made over four millions, his chief competitor, the Illinois Steel Company, lost more than a million. The following year Carnegie cleared more than five millions, while the Illinois Steel reported only three hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The fact seems to be that a steel-mill is a gold mine when efficiently managed, and a sink-hole for capital when otherwise. It is generally agreed among steel-makers that no new improvement should be installed unless there is a prospect of getting back its cost in three years.

According to the admissions of Charles M. Schwab at this time, there was no longer any need to protect the Carnegie company against foreign competition.

"You know we can make rails for less than twelve dollars a ton," he wrote in a letter to Mr. Frick in 1899. "I know positively that England cannot produce pig iron at actual cost for less than eleven dollars and fifty cents per ton, even allowing no profit on raw materials, and cannot put the pig iron into a rail for less than seven dollars and fifty cents. This would make rails at net cost to them of nineteen dollars. We can sell at this price and ship abroad so as to net us sixteen dollars at works for foreign business, nearly as good as home business has been. What is true of rails is equally true of other steel products. As a result of this, we are going to control the steel business of the world."

CARNEGIE AND ARMOR-PLATE

Since 1892 profits from armor-plate had greatly augmented the Carnegie income. When he was first asked to make armor-plate, in 1890, Carnegie flatly refused. Soon afterward he received a letter from President Harrison, urging that it was his duty to provide his country with its means of defense.

"That settles it," replied Carnegie. "We'll go ahead and make armor-plate." In a few years he had become the rival of Krupp and Armstrong. A single contract, shared by the Carnegie

and Bethlehem companies, amounted to eight million dollars.

It is undeniable that Carnegie's profits were enormous. But it is also true that he gave more value than he received. He did more than any other individual to replace dear iron with cheap steel. The fact that we can buy as much steel for ten cents as our fathers bought for a dollar is mainly due to him and his partners. Carnegie did for the steel world what street-cars have done for transportation; what the ten-cent magazine has done for magazines; what the penny paper has done for the newspaper business. Carnegie did not overcharge his generation. This would be a story of billions, not millions, if it dealt with the amount saved by the buyers and users of steel.

A MEDLEY OF OPPOSITES

Like all men of comprehensive natures, he was a medley of opposites, or seemed so to ordinary men. He made strong friends and some enemies. What has been written of him has been invariably biased either by devotion or by dislike. Probably many incidents in his career can best be explained by the fact that he was sometimes the master of circumstances, and sometimes mastered by them.

Absurd charges of blundering have been made against him, as if a man could for a third of a century persistently blunder on into fame and fortune. For thirty-six years he remained unshaken in the control of his corporation, in the midst of plot and counterplot. For twenty-five years he remained the world's foremost steel-maker. Had he chosen to stay in business, and to carry on war against his competitors, he might to-day have been an industrial dictator.

"As an impelling force, and as a great leader in the iron trade of this country, Mr. Carnegie has been without a peer," said the editor of the *Iron Age*.

"His greatest power was his sublime faith in the future of steel," admitted one of his personal enemies.

"He had a never-failing confidence in the importance of the steel industry, and the keenest comprehension of trade conditions," said one of the highest officials of the United States Steel Corporation.

From the moment that he decided to make steel, he never wavered. No promise of honor or profit could separate him from steel. The position of United States Minister to Great Britain was offered him, and he refused it. Neither would he allow the use of his name in connection with any outside business enterprise, no matter what inducements were shown him. Years ago, for example, when William H. Vanderbilt died, a committee from a great trust company waited on Carnegie and announced that they had decided to elect him a director of the company in place of Vanderbilt. At that time Carnegie was comparatively young, and was not known outside of Pittsburgh; but, to the amazement of the committee, he declined the honor instead of being overcome with gratitude.

"What?" said they. "Don't you know that our directors' list is the most exclusive in the United States? Your name will have an Astor above it and a Vanderbilt below it. How can you question the soundness of such a company?"

"I don't doubt or question anything," replied Carnegie; "but you cannot use my name. It is not as big a name as the others, but it is my name, and I intend to take care of it. All my time must be given to my own business. You are welcome to my money, but you cannot have my name."

ANDREW CARNEGIE, THE AMERICAN

Like all normal men, Andrew Carnegie has been fond of approbation; but he has been quick to give praise to others. "Better than columns of flattery,"—he wrote at the end of an editorial which described his abilities in a discriminating way. "I have got credit for ten times more than I ever did," he said when the Bessemer medal was presented to him in 1904. On another occasion he suggested that an appropriate epitaph for himself would be: "Here lies one who knew how to get around him men who were cleverer than himself." Such an epitaph would be far from the truth; but there are in active service to-day many Carnegie-trained steel-makers who have no superiors in their various lines—such men as Frick, Corey, Schwab, Gayley, Scott, Hunt, Dinkey, Williams, and Morrison.

When the conditions of the steel trade in 1875 and in 1900 are compared, it will be seen that Carnegie did as much for steel as steel did for Carnegie. He was no maker of schemes and Wall Street bubbles. He built upon solid foundations. The men whom he trained will train others, and the steel-mills he built will stand for generations. To-day there is not a city in the United States, nor a street, nor a single home, which does not contain some of the fruits of this one man's life-work.

Carnegie, such as he is in brain and pocket, is a finished product of the United States. Many bright Scottish boys have lived and died in Dunfermline; but there have been no other Carnegies. Such a career, whether we regard it with complacency or as a social menace, was possible only in this country and in the last generation. He was the ripe fruit of the tree.

When he was elected president of the British Iron and Steel Institute, in 1902, being the only American who has ever received this honor, the tears came to his eyes as he took the chair, and remembered that fifty-four years ago he had left Great Britain as the child of a sad-hearted emigrant, who was driven by the hunger-wolf from his native land. He had very good reason, from his point of view, to laud the glories of "Triumphant Democracy."

In the multiplication of his capital Carnegie had done ten times better than his friend, Sir Henry Bessemer, whose large profits were the wonder of European steel-makers. In the first fourteen years of his steel-making in Sheffield, Bessemer and his partners had made eighty-one times their invested capital—a hundred per cent every two months. But Carnegie, with three hundred thousand dollars invested in 1873, had in twenty-eight years cleared more than eight hundred times his capital. This was an average of three thousand per cent a year, or a hundred per cent every thirteen days. By 1894 he had become the richest man in Pittsburgh, displacing Charles Lockhart, a pillar of the Standard Oil Company, who had begun life there as a little Scottish laddie, earning fifteen cents a day in a grocery-store. And in 1901 Carnegie was not only the

possessor of unimaginable wealth, but also the world's most munificent philanthropist and a publicist of international reputation.

As for Henry Phipps, his climb from nothing to fifty millions is well illustrated in a story told by Frick. There was an old New England Yankee who lived in the village of West Overton, and who owned the biggest chicken farm in the county. One day Frick asked him how he came to launch out in the chicken business.

"Well," said the old man, "it happened this way. When I was a young fellow, I was out of work for a while. So I went over to a neighbor's and borrowed a hen and a dozen fresh eggs. I set the hen on the eggs, and every one of them hatched. Then I waited till the hen had laid a dozen eggs. By this plan I was able to pay back what I had borrowed and have a dozen little chickens left for myself. I didn't invest a cent. All that my neighbor lost was the temporary use of a hatful of eggs that he never missed; and this big chicken farm is the result."

THE METHODS OF HENRY PHIPPS

Phipps, unlike Carnegie, had entered the iron business without the investment of a dollar of his own money. The eight hundred dollars which admitted him as a partner into the Kloman firm had been borrowed from Thomas N. Miller. When he was a youth of seventeen, Harry Phipps had spent twenty-five cents in advertising for a better job. An answer came from a firm of iron-dealers, and decided his career. But even this twenty-five cents had been borrowed from his brother, so that it may literally be said that he entered the path to fifty millions without the payment of a penny as an entrance fee.

Physically, Henry Phipps is even smaller than Andrew Carnegie. He has almost as many millions as inches. Apparently, Carnegie had a preference for small men. In manner Phipps is soft-voiced, nervous, and as alert as a chamois. In mind he is cautious, shrewd, plodding, and acquisitive. Broken down by overwork, he had been forced into uncongenial idleness in 1888, but never allowed his grasp on the company to relax.

In 1901 he was found to own eleven per cent of the stock of the Carnegie company—nearly one-fifth as much as Carnegie, and nearly twice as much as Frick.

Mr. Phipps married Miss Annie Childs Shoffer, of Pittsburgh. They have now three sons and two daughters. On his retirement, in 1888, he showed no desire to escape the smoke and grime of Pittsburgh, but built a palatial home in Allegheny, which contained many original features. In the dining-room, for instance, were five large stained-glass windows, gorgeously colored and each with a painted likeness of one of his children. When the children grew older

and developed social ambitions, Mr. Phipps reluctantly left the scene of his childhood and his labors, and has since divided his time between New York and the Scottish Highlands, where he rents Beaufort Castle from Lord Lovat. Recently his daughters have been married—Miss Helen Phipps to Bradley Martin, Jr., and Miss Amy Phipps to the Hon. Frederick Guest, second son of Lord Wimborne. And so the long steel ladders built in Pittsburgh reach in one generation from Barefoot Square, Slabtown, to Beaufort and Skibo Castles—from the cottages of American workingmen to some of the greatest ancestral palaces of Europe.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Next month's article, the sixth of the present series, will tell the story of the quarrel between Frick and Carnegie. It will recount the negotiations which led to Carnegie's declaration of commercial war against his competitors and the subsequent deal by which he and his partners were bought out and the Steel Trust was organized. A feature of the article will be the very human narrative of what the money-mad young men of the Carnegie company did with their easy millions in the first exultant period of good fortune.

A LOVER'S MATIN SONG

(FOR MUSIC)

AMBER air of morning,
The east a golden glow,—
Bird-song and bee-song,
Music everywhere;
Dewy buds adorning
The garden path I know,—
Wind-song and tree-song
Lisping in the air.

Azure skies above and
The grass a silver gleam,—
Bright-eyes and blue-eyes,
Blossoms on the vine;
In this bower of love and
This dawn that is a dream,—
Dear eyes and true eyes,
Tell me you are mine!

Fragrant secrets spoken
Within the leafy bower,—
Rhyme-lips and prose-lips
Whispering their bliss;
Dearest, for a token
Be mine the sweetest flower,—
Red-lips and rose-lips,
Lifted to my kiss!

Frank Dempster Sherman

THE BLUE NECKLACE

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

AUTHOR OF "THE CAMP-MEETING AT BLUFF SPRINGS"

MRS. PINKNEY DARRELL was young, pretty, and newly married; for all of which reasons Mr. Pinkney Darrell was exceptionally anxious to give her pleasure. Solely with that end in view—for the visit was not to his liking—he had gone to call on her wealthy uncle, Benjamin Ford, as soon as he heard that the said Uncle Benjamin had returned from Europe; and he was now hastening home to a very suburban cottage, with a package in his pocket and a book in his hand and uneasy speculation in his eye.

"To the devil with Uncle Benjamin!" he growled under his breath. "What does he mean by sending Polly a present? I didn't go there for a present!"

For in this ungracious manner did Mr. Darrell, whose salary was scarcely worth mentioning, receive the first friendly notice from a gentleman whose income could not be mentioned without awe.

"Your Uncle Benjamin has come back," was his announcement at the suburban cottage. "I called on him. He sent you a present and lent me a book."

While the pretty young woman was eagerly unwrapping the package, Mr. Darrell laid the book down upon the table with some unnecessary violence—it is irritating to be saddled with a book one has not asked for and does not want!—and a little slip of paper fluttered out of its pages. Mr. Darrell took it up from the floor, but did not look at it immediately. Polly had reached the heart of her package and had uttered a cry of joy.

"A necklace!" she cried, dancing about the floor like a happy child. "A blue necklace! Oh, Pinkney, do you think they can be turquoises? Oh, if they are turquoises, they are worth a fortune—and Uncle Ben *might* have

remembered that turquoise is my birthstone. Fancy little me sporting a turquoise necklace—the handsomest to be found!"

She clasped the necklace about her white throat before the mirror in the plain little sideboard, adding with a joyful pout:

"It doesn't go very well with a cotton surplice waist, does it? My! Pinkney, this calls for clothes—sure enough clothes! What a queer little white streak there is in the very largest bead!"

Mr. Darrell had not said a word. He was looking at the slip of paper which had fluttered out of Uncle Benjamin's book. His face had reddened.

"Polly, my dear," he said now, hesitatingly, "I—I don't think those are turquoises. This is a salesman's check—Marx Bros.—and it seems——"

She ran to him and looked at the check.

"One necklace, \$1.50" was penciled there with a flying scrawl, together with the salesman's number. The slip gave further evidence of twenty dollars having been handed in as payment, and of eighteen dollars and fifty cents being expected as change.

Little Mrs. Darrell stepped back and looked at her husband with flashing eyes.

"Did he—with all his money—send me such a cheap thing as that?" she demanded half incredulously.

"Well, it's all right, Polly," said Mr. Darrell consolingly. "If they'd been what you thought, we never could have dressed up to them. Fancy this suit of mine going out in company with a turquoise necklace!—and two salaries like mine wouldn't have bought the hats and gloves you would have needed, to say nothing of the other gear. I wouldn't mind it, Polly. You don't have to wear the thing, you know."

For answer Mrs. Darrell undid the clasp, and walked hurriedly to the kitchen door, necklace in hand. When she came back, her hands were empty, but her head was high.

"What did you do with it?" asked Mr. Darrell with mild curiosity.

"I threw it into the trash-box," replied his wife, and they sat down to the cosy little round table. After a little the pretty young woman put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"If he had not sent me anything at all, it would have been all right!" she sobbed. "But he didn't even notice the invitation to my wedding—and now—with all his money—to send a cheap little thing like that—it looks so *snide*!"

Mrs. Darrell used slang only on occasion; but her husband felt that this was undoubtedly an occasion.

"Jupe," otherwise Jupiter Washington Smith, was small and black, and had a longing for a red wagon—a longing that it is quite impossible to describe. Jupe received a certain weekly stipend for running errands for Mrs. Darrell—running errands, did I say?—walking errands—creeping errands—and no sooner was said weekly stipend received than it was wrenched from him by his grandmother, who said:

"You Jupe! You gimme dattair money an' lemme put hit away fur to buy you some shoes w'en de sole finish pullin' off o' dese you got on!"

Whence it came about that Jupe's red wagon was a dream. Therefore Jupe was still mildly virtuous. He came to Mrs. Darrell with something clutched tight in one hand, and that hand behind his back.

"I done foun' som'n in de trash-box," he said. "Hit was some'n o' you'n, I reckon."

And his hand came slowly and unwillingly forth, and held out—the blue necklace!

"Oh, I thought I was done with that thing!" said Mrs. Darrell to herself irritably. Then she added aloud: "You may have it, Jupe. I threw it away because I didn't want it."

With a comprehensive grin, Jupe disappeared. The light of speculation was in his eyes.

"Now what can Jupe want of a

necklace?" questioned Mrs. Darrell of herself, and smiled. She felt quite reconciled with Uncle Benjamin. It was not nice of him to send it; but, as Pinkney had said, it was better that than the costly present she had dreamed of for one radiant moment.

One week later, Jupe and a red wagon were prancing up and down the sidewalk, speeding lawlessly, as is ever the habit of the owners of long-delayed and ardently-wished-for red wagons, with an utter disregard for the life and limb of the passers-by. Mrs. Darrell was moved to call curiously:

"Jupe, where did you get that wagon?"

"I done buyed hit offer a cullud man," responded Jupe with dignity, adding as a grinning afterthought: "I traded him dem blue beads fur dissher wagon. De wagon, hit's new!"

"Good-by, blue necklace!" whispered Mrs. Darrell, tossing her pretty head and laughing. The necklace had already stayed within sight and hearing far longer than she had dreamed; but now, undoubtedly, it was gone.

On Mondays, about ten o'clock, Mrs. Darrell was in the habit of laying a blank-book with a pencil attached upon a closet shelf, while she smoothed out a wrinkle between her brows and sighed:

"There—thank goodness, that's done!"

"That" was the making out of the wash-list, which Mrs. Darrell abominated; and the person who made it imperative for Mrs. Darrell to keep a wash-list was Miss Araminta Jackson, a lady of color, who came for the clothes Monday noon.

It was Monday now, and Jupe had possessed his red wagon but three days. Mrs. Darrell, looking up from the pages of a volume of Chinese puzzles falsely called a cook-book, beheld Araminta standing before her, grinning consciously. Araminta was still wearing her Sunday finery, somewhat damaged; and a gala appearance was imparted to her costume by a blue necklace.

Araminta stood where the light fell strongest. Across the largest of the beads was a little white streak.

A chill of something that was almost superstition ran up Mrs. Darrell's back.

"Why, Araminta!" she said jestingly, "look at all this finery! Where did you get the new beads?"

"A young cullud gen'man gimme dem beads," said Araminta blushing. "Hit's Mr. Frank Wiggsby. He mek a lot o' money, day man do, an' de' ain't no tellin' how much he done spen' fo' dem beads. Yassum—he say dey som'n mighty fine, but he done fo'got de name ob 'em."

"Once more—the blue necklace!" murmured Mrs. Darrell after Araminta had gone; and she looked very thoughtful. Decidedly, Uncle Benjamin's gift had a way of coming back.

And yet, at Araminta's next visit the beads were not in evidence. With the sensation of a sleep-walker, Mrs. Darrell asked where they were. The clasp had broken, Miss Jackson hastened to explain, and Mr. Wiggsby had taken it to have it mended.

"Perhaps that is really the last of it," said Mrs. Darrell to herself, but she did not believe it. She even found herself keeping a watch from all the streetward windows; for sooner or later somebody, she knew, would come in wearing those blue beads.

Miss Martha Ann Buchanan, who lived away at the other end of town, was in the habit of making a pilgrimage, at stated intervals, to the Darrell residence, where she did scrubbing and cleaning. With the next of these visits Miss Buchanan came, dusky, shining, and—Mrs. Darrell had known it would be there—yes, she had *known* that the woman coming in at the side gate would be wearing the blue necklace!

Along the side of the largest bead ran a little white streak!

"Oh, I am *so* frightened!" murmured Mrs. Darrell with a shiver. "Where did you get it?" she asked with her fascinated eyes on the necklace. Miss Buchanan was immensely flattered, and showed a double row of gleaming teeth.

"A cullud man name' Mr. Wiggsby gib hit to me," she announced proudly. "Hit been in his fam'ly fur a long time, he say. His gran'ma use' to wear hit w'en she was a gal. She bruk de clasp her own self, an' dat's de reason he won't hab it mended—he want hit to stay jes' lak she lef' hit."

And when the new wearer of Uncle Benjamin's necklace turned, Mrs. Darrell saw that she had tied the ends together with generous lengths of narrow red ribbon.

"Now if those two should meet!" thought Mrs. Darrell, who had begun to consider that anything was possible in connection with the blue necklace. "But of course that will *never* happen," she hastened to add. "They live at opposite ends of the city. I do believe I am growing superstitious. I am haunted by a necklace—a common little blue necklace!"

But Mrs. Darrell made it a point to put on a brave front before her husband, who had a way of laughing at superstitions.

"Anyhow, I am rid of that miserable necklace at last," she told him that night. "I was growing worried about it, Pinkney—the way it kept coming back—so I told Martha Ann that I wouldn't need her any more. She doesn't scrub very well," she hastened to add, as she saw the glint in his eyes.

Mr. Darrell always glanced at the headlines in the morning paper while he was sipping his coffee; and the very next morning his casual glance paused, startled, and he exclaimed:

"Hello! Just listen to this, Polly! 'Martha Ann Buchanan and Araminta Jackson, two dusky damsels, were arrested last night at the corner of Lafayette and Rampart for fighting and disturbing the peace. It seems that the *casus belli* was a string of beads, which both the belligerents claimed, but which only Martha Ann was wearing. Araminta snatched off the beads, and the two combatants made things interesting for each other until the arrival of the Black Maria. In the mean time, the beads had disappeared.'"

"Oh, that necklace!" sobbed Mrs. Darrell, wringing her hands. "It haunts me, Pinkney—you see how it haunts me! This is what I get for slighting poor old Uncle Benjamin's gift! If I can ever manage to get his poor little necklace back again, I will treasure it to the end of my life!"

"Oh, don't worry. I suppose it's gone for good, now," said Mr. Darrell comfortingly. "If you think it ab-

solutely necessary to treasure a cheap necklace, I can get you one myself—and it will be warranted to 'go' with all the clothes we have—or are likely to have, and with all the occasions at which you would be likely to wear them."

After which, they both laughed; for they were young, and in love, and therefore poverty was something of a jest.

As time passed, Mrs. Darrell recovered her equanimity. It was apparent that the necklace was really gone, and that she was to be disturbed by it no more. Still, she often found herself looking curiously at women she was about to meet on the street. A bit of blue at a woman's throat made her heart throb heavily until she saw that it was merely a blue ribbon, or a necklace of quite a different pattern. No—the necklace was gone. Two weeks went by, and Mrs. Darrell was beginning to be care-free.

On Sunday afternoons, to Mr. Darrell's infinite disgust, Mrs. Darrell taught in a Mission Sunday-school. She had worked in that mission several years before her marriage, and now she would not give it up.

"For you see, Pinkney dear," she often explained, "little Allie Burns might be there, and she walks such a distance, poor little lame baby, and she loves me so! I wouldn't disappoint her for the world."

It chanced that several Sundays had passed without a glimpse of the little lame child, and Mr. Darrell considered this good and sufficient reason for giving up the mission for a few Sundays.

"You might stay at home this one time, anyhow, I should think," he said reproachfully. "The weather looks bad—and in all probability after you have gone that long distance you will find that the child isn't there. I wish you would be reasonable, Polly."

But Polly would not be reasonable. Allie might be there, and she would be disappointed—and the distance was much greater for her little crutches than for Mrs. Darrell, riding comfortably on a car. So Mrs. Darrell went forth, dressed in her prettiest clothes, as she always did for Allie's sake; and behold, when she looked in at the Mission door, there was little Allie Burns in the dainty white dress Mrs. Darrell had given her;

and with her tiny crutches beside her—and there, around her neck——

A blue necklace!

Mrs. Darrell's face was white as she sat down and put her arm about her little friend.

"How fine we are!" she said smilingly, but her lips trembled.

She had laid a cold finger on the largest bead, and turned it over. The white streak was there. The necklace was clasped, but close beside the clasp, clinging to the thread, was a tiny fragment of ribbon.

"Ain't it pretty?" questioned the little cripple, her big, pathetic eyes shining. "Jimmie found it on the street an' give it to me. He picked it wight up f'om under people's feet when they was fightin', an' he give it to me, 'cause I was sick. It was bwoke, an' Jimmie had it mended, so it would fasten."

The thin little face—so thin, so thin!—flushed with pride and pleasure, and tears were in Mrs. Darrell's eyes.

"I am so glad Jimmie found it for you!" she said.

The necklace again! Mrs. Darrell's mind was in a whirl as she rode home, and she told the story to her husband.

"Great Scott! Are we ever going to hear the last of that?" asked Mr. Darrell frowningly. "Now you'll see that beastly necklace every time you go to the Mission, and every time you see it you'll have hysterics. If your Uncle Benjamin ever tries to give you another present, he's got me to fight."

But neither of these prophecies came true.

The week was not yet out. The two were lingering at breakfast one morning when a ragged and tearful little boy presented himself.

"If you please, ma'am," he gasped; "Allie's dead—an' she said I was to bring this to you. She said she was done with it—an' she wanted you to have it always."

He was gone before they could question him. Mrs. Darrell with swimming eyes sat looking at the package.

"It has come back!" she said softly. "The blue necklace has come back!"

Scarcely had she wiped her eyes and clasped little Allie's legacy about her white throat when the door-bell rang,

and Mr. Darrell, hastily brushing a hand across his own eyes, went to answer it.

And who should walk in but Uncle Benjamin, who had never called on them before! And perhaps both their hearts had been softened by that last touch of a dying child's hand, but, at any rate, never had they been so cordial—setting a place for him at the table, and making him welcome in a hundred charming ways. As for the old man, his eyes dwelt upon his niece, and for a long time he said nothing at all—nothing of any consequence—nothing but:

"Well, well!"

A month later, Mr. and Mrs. Pinkney Darrell stood astounded, listening to an old lawyer who was reading Uncle Benjamin's will. That will left a bewildering fortune to Mrs. Mary Darrell, and explained in a pathetic parenthesis:

For I have long wished to be loved and cared for by some human being; and my said niece has shown by the fidelity with which she treasured a cheap present from me, which I had taken pains to let her know was of small account, that it was myself she loved, and not what I was able to give.

VERSAILLES AND MINNESOTA

SONG OF THE SIEUR DU LHUT

"Daniel Greysolon Du Lhut was continually in the forest, in the Indian towns, or in remote wilderness outposts planted by himself, exploring, trading, fighting, ruling lawless savages and whites scarcely less ungovernable, and, on one or more occasions, varying his life by crossing the ocean to gain interviews with the Colonial Minister, Seignelay, amid the splendid vanities of Versailles."—PARKMAN.

*Not in tears, my siren treasure,
Trip we love's last minuet;
Well we knew 'twas but a measure—
Then—forget.
I, who dream the West World's glory,
You, the glory of Versailles—
We have lived our happy story;
Now—good-by!*

Above the music of the dance,
Athwart the palace windows' glow,
I hear the cry of purer France;
I see red camp-fires in the snow.
This is not home—my hearth and hall
Shift through an untracked forest-way,
Somewhere 'twixt Mississippi's fall
And four log walls by Thunder Bay.
To-night, mayhap, on Pepin's breast,
My periled fellows hush the oar,
Past the wild, gallant foe, who rest,
Past war-boats lined along the shore.
Mayhap far north the trail-ax cleaves
On paths the plunging deer has torn,
Where, in the world-roof's flooded caves,
The River of the World is born!

No stolen prize of galleon gold,
No wealth of mountain mines I bring;
Only a wilderness of cold,
Only an empire for my king.
Ah, fair one, could I paint for you
My lakes beyond the inland seas,
Where moaning forests break the blue
As ocean breaks the Cyclades!

*Ho! my comrades, priest and rover!
Trimmed, my ship rides in the bay.
Ho! my exile days are over!
Now—away!
Pray, no tears, my pretty treasure;
Come, 'tis love's last minuet.
Step we but one merry measure—
Then—forget.*

Chester Firkins

BLANCHE BATES

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

AN ACTRESS WHO WENT ON THE STAGE TO ESCAPE BEING A SCHOOL-MA'AM—HER HARD ROAD TO POPULARITY—THE STORY OF HER INTRODUCTION INTO AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY AND THE TRUE REASON FOR HER SUDDEN DEPARTURE—HER LATER SUCCESSES

AS happened with Maude Adams and Eleanor Robson, so with Blanche Bates: she naturally fell heir to her choice of a profession. Both her father and her mother were on the stage when Blanche was born, in California; and yet the actual step of taking to the boards came as a sort of afterthought, in spite of the inherited tendencies. These, it seemed, were slumbering while the young girl grew up in San Francisco, conceived an interest in young children, and took up kindergarten work.

Happy in training the young idea in activities that are after all half play, she was brought up with a round turn one morning by the appearance of a committee to tell her that, having done so well in kindergarten work, she was on the list for promotion, and would be made a primary teacher forthwith. The honor did not gratify her in the least; it merely paralyzed her with dismay. "A school-ma'am!" was the drift of her thoughts. No, she would not become that, whatever happened. She had taught in the kindergarten because she liked it, not with any idea of making it her vocation.

She went home considerably wrought up in mind, and there her mother arrived with the announcement that L. R. Stockwell, the manager of the theater where she was playing, had decided to give himself a benefit, and had suggested, by way of novelty, that "the daughter of Mrs. F. M. Bates" should appear thereat.

"I'd rather act than teach all my life," the young lady declared, although, as a matter of fact, she was not particularly

desirous of doing either. Her notions of happiness, to be frank, ran rather toward the possession of all the new gowns she wanted, a maid to dress her, a coach and pair—the accessories of a grand lady in society.

HER FIRST APPEARANCE

She appeared at the benefit in a one-act play by Brander Matthews, called "The Picture," and the die was cast. Not that she carried the house off its feet by her art. The rôle was difficult, and, though she went through it without any very bad breaks, she made no striking success. But this one appearance on that magic strip of territory between the footlights and the back-drop, stirred into life the stage microbe. She wanted to keep on acting, now that she had had a taste of it, and she soon secured an engagement with the Frawley "stock," then at the height of its fame on the Pacific coast. With a change of bill every week there was an opportunity for the young actress to gain experience in a wide diversity of rôles, and so quickly did she learn that promotion followed speedily. It was not very long before she was playing the leads.

Then it was that the ambition to conquer in a bigger field disquieted the girl. She wanted New York's indorsement of her work. Unheeding the warnings of her friends, she took the one hundred and fifty dollars she had saved, and came East with the determination to try her luck on Broadway. How she fared can best be told in her own words:

"I shall never forget those first few



BLANCHE BATES

From her latest photograph by Kajiwara, St. Louis

months in New York. And yet the experience was just what befalls every other young player who seeks to break in where nobody knows her. Oh, the stairs I mounted to managers' and agents' offices, the hours I waited to see people who never turned up, the sickening comparisons to an intelligence office that would come up in my mind as we girls, hunting for jobs, sat around the wall, our eyes glued to the door through which, one by one, we were summoned for inspection!

"Whenever I got a chance to pass through the door, I would tell eagerly of all the parts I had played with Frawley. The manager would listen with a far-away look in his eyes and mere toleration in his manner, and then would come the usual comment: 'Well, you may leave your address, and if there is an opening at any time, I will send for you.'

BEARDING THE LION

"This went on all through the summer, and by fall my hundred and fifty was used up—a good bit of it in postage stamps on letters to managers from whom I never had any answers. One of these was Augustin Daly, and at last, one morning in October, when I had grown really desperate, I made up my mind to go to the theater without an appointment and try to see him by chance. I arrived about nine, and inquired of the Cerberus at the gate if there was any use in waiting there for Mr. Daly.

"Well," he replied, "he is up-stairs now, and there is another way by which he can get out, but he usually does come down this way."

"So there I sat, until three-o'clock in the afternoon. Others came and went, but I stayed on, and at last, when I was faint from hunger and the only one in the place, Mr. Daly suddenly stuck his head in at the farther door, glared at me an instant, and then blurted out: 'Well, what do you want?'

"If you please, sir," I replied meekly, "I want a job."

"Had any experience?" he went on, taking me in all the time.

"I told him what I had been doing in the Frawley stock. He didn't make any comment, only kept on looking at me.

"How much do you want?" he asked suddenly.

"Only enough to live on," I told him quickly. My heart was going like a trip-hammer. This was the most encouraging question that had been asked me yet.

"Well then," he said, "do you think you can live on thirty-five dollars a week?"

"Oh, yes, sir," I answered.

"All right," he said, with an air of dismissal. "Report here on Monday morning at ten o'clock."

"What air-castles went in my Sunday letter home! And on Monday there was no danger of my being late for my appointment. But when I arrived at the theater I found that Mr. Daly was not there, and nobody seemed to know anything about my being engaged. My heart began to swing down in the direction of my boots. George Clarke came by and I stopped him with my inquiry.

"What did you say your name was?" he asked.

"Bates," I told him—"Blanche Bates."

"Oh," he exclaimed, as if the name recalled something to his mind. He took me into the wings, ran his finger down a list posted on the call-board, and there we found it—Blanche Bates, cast for *Bianca* in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' up for performance that very night.

WITH THE DALY FORCES

"Well, I was relieved and terrified. I had never even seen 'The Shrew,' let alone played in it. And only one day to get ready in! But Mr. Clarke was most kind; sent me off to the wardrobe mistress, from whom I discovered that I must wear the gown that had been worn last in the part by Maxine Elliott. Of course it didn't fit me, but they altered it while I was studying my lines, and that night I made my first appearance on Broadway.

"This was in the fall of 1898. All that winter I played with the dramatic corps of the Daly forces. It was the season when Mr. Daly interspersed Shakespeare with musical comedy. On the nights 'A Runaway Girl' occupied the stage at Daly's, Miss Rehan and the rest of us were sent to near-by towns with

'The Shrew,' 'The School for Scandal,' or something else of the classic trend. In 'The School for Scandal,' I remember, I must have been a particularly atrocious *Lady Snervell*. But by February we were all back on the home stage rehearsing for 'The Great Ruby.' And now I want to give the real reason why I played the part of the adventuress only two nights.

"It was a matter of gowns. I did not care for those provided by the management, so I procured some of my own. Mr. Daly protested, and I persisted, with the result that just as soon as Marcia Van Dresser, my understudy, was up in the rôle, she was put in my place. Miss Rehan was always most kind to me, and, as may be seen from this, she had nothing to do with my sudden departure from Daly's."

HER FIRST REAL HITS

Miss Bates' hit in "The Great Ruby" was most pronounced, and she had no difficulty in procuring another engagement, passing at once to the Liebbers, for *Miladi* in "Three Musketeers," and later on appearing under their management as the heroine *Hannah* in Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto." The Zangwill play was a failure, but of Miss Bates the veteran critic, William Winter, was moved to say:

An actress of deep sensibility, of a sweet and fine temperament, of a beautiful personal appearance, and of uncommon capacity for expression. It was not difficult for her to represent a young woman of noble mind, high spirit, ardent affections, and sound moral principles.

In describing her work in the one scene of passionate conflict provided by the playwright, Mr. Winter wrote:

In this the acting of Miss Bates, representative of a fervent yet conscientious spirit torn by varying impulses, was dignified and vitalized by splendid excitement, and, alike in utterance and demeanor, was indicative of a most unusual command of the resources not alone of feeling but of that excellent art which, while it holds passion in perfect restraint, makes it seem absolutely spontaneous and gives to it the wings of the tempest and the reckless force of the storm.

Meantime David Belasco, who had struck twelve with his presentation of "The Heart of Maryland" and "Zaza" for Mrs. Carter, recalled the fact that

Blanche Bates' mother had been kind to him when he was a simple stage manager in San Francisco and she the leading woman of the theater. Now he determined to do something for the daughter, on whom he had been keeping his eye. At various times she had come to him, but he had invariably replied: "No, I am not ready for you yet."

When she was a mere infant Mr. Belasco had carried her in his arms. These were the days when Belasco himself was an actor in the San Francisco theaters. For instance, in the cast of "Camille," when Blanche Bates' father was the *Armand*, her mother the *Camille*, he was the *Gaston*.

But Belasco is not the sort of man to act on impulse. He likes to sink the foundations deep before he starts to rear the superstructure. Finally he decided that he was ready for Blanche Bates, and he certainly succeeded, in so far as getting her talked about was concerned.

But, unhappily, the vehicle with which he provided her had the distinction of being his first and only failure as a manager. It was a play in a new vein for him to work, a farcical comedy, called "Naughty Anthony." It required Miss Bates to be a hosiery model.

The company all liked the piece. Old Mr. Le Moynes, who acted the rôle of a valentine-maker, used to go into shrieks of laughter at rehearsal. Any actor will tell you that this is invariably a bad sign. When the players think a piece is going to make a big hit, look out for a frost. And the sign held true in this case. But the cloud had its silver lining. Because "Naughty Anthony" fell down, "Madame Butterfly" was put up, as an after-piece. It made a glittering success, and carried Miss Bates, as the deserted Japanese wife, *Cho-Cho-San*, to a pinnacle which commanded a prospect of "The Darling of the Gods." Meantime, she created still another furore as the heroine in "Under Two Flags"—a part as different from *Cho-Cho-San* as her *Girl of the Golden West* is different from the *Yo-San* of "The Darling."

And the public may be certain that her next new rôle, in the season of 1907-08, will be wholly unlike any of these, for the scene is laid in—but Mr. Belasco loves to surprise his audiences.

THE COPPER-SHIP

BY J. OLIVIER CURWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE CHRISTOPHER DUGGAN"

UP out of the pearl-gray mist of the morning came the copper-ship. In her hold was a treasure in red metal from the Michigan mines. Near her wheel lay a dead man. Amidships a group of sailors, armed with knives and pistols, stood half-faltering, facing the captain's cabin. In that cabin kneeled Jimmy Bosworth, and beside him, her face white with fear, was the girl for whom he was risking his life.

Captain Jimmy's face was red with blood. A trail of it led to the barred door, and between his knees a pool of it had gathered. The man's pistol hand trembled weakly as he leveled his blue-steel revolver.

"I guess they ain't coming any farther, Mi—Miss Williams," he faltered. The man was hardly conscious of his terrible wound. He knew that he was losing blood quite freely, and that the objects around him were very slowly fading away. If he had known more, he would not have turned.

The girl's pale face became whiter still as she looked at Captain Jimmy. But the young man failed to notice it.

"You must let me tie up your head, Captain——"

Something choked back the words. If Captain Jimmy could have used his eyes well he would have seen that the girl was crying. But Jimmy was losing himself. He knew that the treasure-mad crew were outside preparing to take his life and hers, and that the girl near him was the owner's daughter. Beyond that he only knew that he must shoot through the door when he heard the sound of feet. He had great reason for keeping this in mind and for battling against the weakness that was overpowering him. From the time they had played together

as little children Captain Jimmy had loved this girl. When he was given his first ship, only a few months before, he had asked her if he might still love her and hope some day to call her his wife. The girl's answer had nearly broken his heart.

Now she was going to Detroit, in his care, and he must take her there safely.

A sudden sound outside brought the wounded man to his senses. Men were approaching. Captain Jimmy could hear their feet and the voice of one of them talking. They came in a clumsy, stumbling way, as though bearing a heavy object, and though the man with the revolver could hardly grasp the true situation, the girl beside him did.

"Jim—Jim—they're going to knock down the door!" she cried.

The captain seemed to hear and comprehend as though just awakening from a sleep. One word burned in his brain, and that was his own name. He knew that the girl had called him Jim, and that, as he leveled his revolver, a supporting arm encircled his shoulder and a warm little hand grasped his own. That encouraged him, and he fired. The girl saw a tiny black spot come like a lightning flash in the panel of the cabin door, and in an instant another bullet bit its way through, a few inches below. From outside there came a cry of pain, then the falling of a heavy object; and Captain Jimmy leaned back against the girl with a faint smile.

"I guess I fixed one of 'em," he said. "O God, how I wish I could see!"

"You must let me bind your head," replied the girl softly. She lowered the man gently to the floor and hurriedly wet a towel in a pail of water. Her beautiful eyes grew big with agony as she

bathed away the blood. She knew well that Captain Jimmy would never see again. As she tied the towel around the wound the man struggled feebly to a sitting posture and raised his hand protestingly.

"I can't see t' shoot," he pleaded; "please take——"

The girl's hands helped to support him where he sat. "Jim," she whispered, "do you remember how you taught me to shoot with the old horse-pistol when we were children? Well, I'm going to do the shooting now!"

She caught up the big revolver, cocked it, and laid it beside her on the floor. Then she put her arms around Captain Jimmy and gently drew him back against the wall.

"It's a good thing I've got the only big gun aboard," said the captain, as if talking to himself. "If I 'adn't they'd soon get our range through the door."

The ship-owner's daughter picked up the revolver again, and, steadying her arm over the back of a chair, leveled it coolly at the black spots Captain Jimmy had made. Outside there was an ominous quiet. The girl listened for a time; then she said, without taking her glance from the little spots:

"Jim, why didn't you let them kill me? They would not have hurt you; they wanted you to join them."

The blinded man groped out with his hands. The girl heard him move, but did not look behind.

"Mildred, ain't I—ain't I fought for you a hundred times—when we were kids?"

"You bet you did, Jim!"

This time the girl turned and looked down upon the huddled figure against the wall. Her face was wet with tears, but there was a smile upon her lips and a look in her eyes that would have made Captain Jimmy's heart leap with joy could he have seen them.

"You were my hero then—and now."

There came a rap on the door as if some one were tapping it with a long stick. The big revolver wavered for a moment between the two black spots; and then a third came, to the right and a little high. Before the girl could fire again a voice called from the deck.

"Don't shoot ag'in, Cap'n Bosworth

I want t' talk with y'!" Captain Jimmy recognized his mate's voice. "We want t' give y' one more chance, Cap'n. We'll give y' a third of the copper aboard if y'll jine us 'n' give up th' girl."

Mildred felt something touch her arm. It was the captain's hand. He groped blindly for a moment.

"Milly—Milly—please give me th' gun!" he whispered.

"Will y' answer, Cap'n Bosworth?" came the voice from outside. "Th' girl's got t' go down with th' ship. We've got our reckonin', 'n' nobody kin salvage the copper but us. If y' don't jine us, we'll send y' t' hell along o' th' girl——"

"Please—please give me th' gun, Milly!" almost sobbed Captain Jimmy. He reached up, a pathetic figure, swaying weakly on his knees. In place of the revolver, the girl put one of her hands in his and then she fired again through the panel of the door.

There came a yell of rage from outside.

"Curse y'! If that's yer answer, Cap'n Bosworth, we'll send y' t' hell with pleasure!"

The girl smiled. Her white teeth gleamed between her red lips and her bosom rose and fell with excitement. But she was taking courage from Captain Jimmy. She listened for a sound outside that might guide another shot, but in place of that there came a throbbing of the floor under her feet, and, in a sudden spasm, the wounded man almost crushed the little hand he held.

"They're stopping th' engines!" he exclaimed. "Here——" Captain Jimmy held up a box of cartridges. The girl took them and counted out six while her companion broke the breech of the gun. After she had reloaded the weapon, the owner's daughter tiptoed to the door and for a full minute stood with her ear against it. When she came back the captain was figuring on his fingers and his lips were moving. The girl watched him. In the excitement of the last hour her hair had become loosened and now it fell in rich waves around her shoulders. As she leaned quietly over, attempting to catch the murmur from Captain Jimmy's lips, a mass of it tumbled about the man's face and he

caught it in his hands before she could move away.

"Milly——" he whispered.

The girl gently drew her hair away.

"What were you doing, Jim?" she asked.

Captain Jimmy sank back on the floor.

"Excuse—me—Miss Mildred," he mumbled. Almost fiercely the girl bent over again so that her hair swept the man's face. But Jimmy did not touch it.

"I was figurin' where we were," he continued. "If you get away, Miss Mildred, tell your father they scuttled th' ship somewhere on a line b'tween Hammond's Bay 'n' Grand Manitoulin Island. I reckon she'll go down in—fifteen fathom——"

In a moment the girl was upon her knees beside him.

"And you, Jim—you—you——"

Captain Jimmy raised a hand to his head.

"I'm burning up!" he gasped. "I shouldn't wonder, Miss Milly——" He slowly wavered and fell back. With a cry of agony the girl caught him in her arms.

"Oh, my God—Jim—Jim, my darling——" She pressed her lips passionately upon the dead-white face against her breast. But Captain Jimmy did not know it. For a few minutes the owner's daughter held it pressed to her, sobbing over it and kissing it and beseeching the man to speak. "I love you, Jim—I love you—I love you——" she repeated again and again. "I love you—I love you—Oh, I love you so!"

Captain Jimmy was dreaming. He dreamed that his boyhood sweetheart had not refused him, and that she had become his wife. It was a long dream, but the same thing over and over again, and so pleasant that he thought he was always smiling. When he awoke again somebody was bathing his head in cold water, and he sighed deeply.

"Are you feeling better, Jim?" asked a voice.

Captain Jimmy came to his senses with a powerful effort.

"I feel better, Miss Mildred—I guess I've been sleeping!" The man straightened. Then he sniffed the air. He seemed to be in a different atmosphere—

hot, stifling. A crackling sound filled his ears, too, and he staggered to his knees, the girl's arm supporting him.

"Milly——" His voice was full of inquiry.

"It's the ship, Jim," she whispered. "She's sinking, and they've set fire to her, too. They left nearly an hour ago. You and I are the only ones aboard, Jim."

The girl spoke in a calm, sweet voice. She brushed back Captain Jimmy's hair and half-bent over as if to kiss him, but caught herself and only smiled into his sightless face.

"I tried to pull you out," she continued, "but I couldn't."

Captain Jimmy staggered to his feet. He was stronger, but his eyes burned terribly.

"You wouldn't leave me, then——"

"No, Jim."

The two made their way slowly to the cabin door, the girl straining to hold up half of the man's weight. Jimmy reached out and drew back the bolt. As the door opened a breath of hot air struck him in the face and his nostrils were filled with smoke. For a moment he stood there and listened. There was no sound of the sea lapping the ship's sides. There was no singing of the wind in the spars overhead. All was lost in a sullen rumbling that seemed to freeze Captain Jimmy's blood.

"She's burning deep down," he said. "The fire ain't more'n amidships in the hold. I don't believe there's any danger—yet." Captain Jimmy lied bravely. The girl knew that he was lying, and looked at him as though she would have liked to take him in her arms again.

"I don't believe there is, either, Jim."

But the girl could see. Away aft, the cook's cabin, and everything behind it, was a mass of flames. Out of the midship hatch poured a cloud of smoke, and now and then a column of fire shot out with it. Even as the two stood there, hand in hand, there came a jarring explosion under their feet.

"Milly, I must see—I must see!" cried the captain. He tried to pull the towel from his eyes, but the ship-owner's daughter stopped him.

"You mustn't take it off, Jim," she

pleaded. "It will blind you if you do. And there's nothing that you can do. The boats are gone. There were only two life-preservers in your cabin and——" The girl caught herself suddenly. Captain Jimmy had not noticed the preserver about his waist, and he began to fumble at it. Again his hands were caught in those of his companion.

"They're on—I mean it's on all right, Jim!"

There was something almost pleading in the girl's voice. The man straightened as if he had been struck a blow. He reached out, but the girl eluded him. Once more he groped and caught her by the arm. With all his strength he pulled her to him.

"You've put them both on me, Milly!" His voice trembled with excitement. "You've put them both on me——"

It seemed as if his old strength had returned to him. He held the girl in a grip that hurt her as he worked one of the life-preservers over his head and then slipped it over the shoulders of the owner's daughter. When it was done he was conscious of a great pain in his head and a sudden weakness.

"Milly—I—I—didn't think y'd play me like that!" he gasped.

There came a detonation from under their feet and a pillar of fire leaped out of the midship hatch. Nothing else in the world sounds like the rumbling of fire in a ship's hold. For a time there is a rolling, muffled roar, punctuated by explosions which become louder as the fire grows hotter. Then the end comes like a powder-flash, and instead of a smoldering hulk a thing hidden in flames rolls upon the sea. It was not the first time that Captain Jimmy had heard that sound under his feet, and he knew that the end was not far away. He measured the throbbing of the deck and could tell that the fire had passed the midship hatches and was burning forward like a furnace. Unperceived by the girl, he drew the towel down from his eyes. There came a stinging, biting pain as the smoke and heat touched his wound—but no sight. He put the towel back, and from deep down in his soul there struggled a faint cry of anguish.

"My God—I—I—wish I could see!"

The girl turned to him again.

"You'll see after a time, but you mustn't lift the bandage, Jim," she said. She took the man by his hand and led him around the end of the cabin. A steady pillar of fire now poured out of the midship hatch, and the owner's daughter held up her skirt to protect Captain Jimmy's face from the heat as she slowly led him into the bow.

"Is the for'd boat gone, Milly?" he asked.

"It's gone, Jim."

"'N' the rafts?"

"They threw them overboard, Jim."

Captain Jimmy caught hold of the ship's rail as the girl brought him to it and leaned over. He could smell the clouds of smoke that were pouring from somewhere along the water line.

"O God, if I could only see!" he cried again.

"What would you do, Jim—what would you do?" The girl caught him eagerly by the arm. "Be my captain, Jim—and I'll be the crew! I can do anything——"

"Wood and a rope!" cried the man. "Milly, has the fire reached the cabin?"

"Not yet——"

"Then take me back!" almost shouted Captain Jimmy. "We must have th' table—and there's a rope under it!"

"Stay here, Jim, and I'll get them!" In an instant the girl had gone. Captain Jimmy shouted for her to return, then groaned and waited as he received no reply.

Abaft the midship hatch the copper-ship was now wreathed in flames. The muffled thunder under the deck was lost in the crackling, snapping roar of the superstructure, and the heat that came from it almost stifled the girl as she bowed her head and plunged into the smothering clouds of smoke. Almost blindly she felt her way along the side of the cabin until she came to the door. The room was filled with smoke, and in one corner of it lurid tongues of flame were licking their way up the wall from the bursting floor. Almost sobbing for breath, the girl caught up the rope, ran to the door, and flung it forward. She heard a shout from Captain Jimmy—a shout that had in it warning and terror,

but she hurried back again without losing a gasp of breath in reply. One end of the cabin was spreading into a sheet of flame. The girl could feel her face blistering in its heat, but she tugged at the long table and dragged it foot by foot toward the cabin door. Each moment her strength seemed going. She knew that she was suffocating, almost burning, but still she fought, with the deck crashing in half a dozen yards away and the cabin fire almost at her feet.

Out upon the deck she stumbled and fell. For a moment she felt as though she would like to lie there and rest; then came reason and one more effort to reach Captain Jim. The table dragged like lead. Through the smoke the fire seemed to be gaining upon the panting girl. It shot up until it wrapped the spars in a shrieking mass and the whole end of the ship went in with a thundering explosion. Around the ship the sea was turned into a boiling caldron and clouds of hot steam poured about the fighting girl. Her heart seemed bursting for want of air. One foot—two—three, inch by inch she made them! The girl heard shouts near her, but she could not answer. Then she backed into something, and was conscious that Captain Jimmy was there helping her, and she tugged all the harder—tugged—tugged—until the table slid out into the free air of the bow, and there she turned and put her arms around the man's neck.

"Oh, Jim—Jim——" she whispered in a breaking sob.

Captain Jimmy held her close to him. He would have stood like that until the fire had utterly consumed him, but in a moment the girl took his arms away.

"We must hurry, Jim!" she said.

She caught up the rope from the deck and gave it to the man. With trembling hands Captain Jimmy cut it into three lengths. One of these he fastened around the girl's waist, another round his own, and then he tied the three ends to the table. The free end of the third rope he fastened to the rail of the ship. When this was done he lowered the table over the side, the girl helping bravely.

"You must climb down the rope, Milly," he said. "We're all tied together. We can't lose——"

Another section of the deck crashed in behind them. With it there came another sound—a sound which Captain Jimmy had been straining his ears to catch since he had come to consciousness in the cabin. It was the rush of in-pouring water. Captain Jimmy knew well that the last moments of the ship had arrived.

"Quick—quick!" he cried.

His voice spoke their danger. The running of the water was changing into a hollow roar. In an instant the girl was over the side and her voice came up cheerfully to the man.

"I'm here, Jim."

Captain Jimmy slipped over and swung down the rope. He bit hard on the handle of a knife between his teeth, and, as his partly submerged body rested in the water, he seized the knife in his hand and pressed its blade against the rope.

"Are you right, Milly girl?"

"I'm not only right—I'm comfortable," replied the girl.

The man pressed hard and the rope parted. Then he began working his feet and arms in the water and slowly the table drifted away. Each moment the roaring of the burning ship grew less distinct. Soon the noise of rushing water died away, and Captain Jimmy ceased to paddle. With difficulty he pulled himself half upon the table, and the girl put one of her arms around his shoulder.

"How far, Milly——"

He did not finish. With eyes big with excitement and horror, the girl stared at the ship. The blazing stern shot up into the air, and like a hissing rocket the copper-ship sank into the sea. There went up a spout of milk-white steam, and then there came a rolling of the water under the table. After that there fell a strange quiet in the air, and Captain Jimmy's face was death-like as he turned it toward the sky that he would never see again.

"She's gone, Milly——" A boyish sob almost choked him. "She's gone—I've—lost—my—first—ship——"

"But you've won something else, Jim." The girl tightened her arm around the captain's shoulder. "You've won *me*, dear!"

Captain Jimmy was very quiet. His hands trembled, his lips quivered.

"You—you said you didn't love me, Milly."

"I didn't then, but I do *now*, Jim!" The girl reached over until both of her arms were around Captain Jimmy's neck. "Won't you please ask me again, Jim—please——"

The man supported himself with one arm. The other he reached out and slipped about the owner's daughter.

"And when I see again and get another ship, you'll marry me?" he asked.

The girl smiled into his sightless face.

But as she smiled tears ran down her own.

"No, Jim, I'll not wait until then," she said. "I'm going to make you marry me as soon as we get ashore—even before you see a doctor; and then I can be your nurse. Will you promise?"

Captain Jimmy smiled. He felt that the whole world was before him again. He pressed the girl to him, and she met his lips with her own.

In the path of the copper-ship that day there came a freighter. In mid-lake she picked up a man and a woman—both burned, one blind.

THE BEST PROSE EPIGRAMS

BY ARTHUR PENN

FROM THE TIMES OF SHERIDAN AND FOOTE ENGLISH EPIGRAM HAS CONTRIBUTED BRILLIANTLY TO INTELLECTUAL CUT AND THRUST—A FEW EXAMPLES OF THE SMART SAYINGS AND ADROIT REPARTEE OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN WITS

THE English language has adopted the word *epigram* from the Greek, enlarging its meaning. In Greek *epigram* was closely akin to *epigraph* and to *epitaph*; it meant a brief bit of verse in which a single thought was beautifully phrased. In English *epigram* was applied to a very short humorous poem with a sting at the tail of it. And, by a natural extension, it has come to mean a smart saying or a witty retort either in verse or in prose. A mere merry jest is not fairly to be classed as an epigram unless it is an adroit repartee—unless there is in it something of the cut and thrust of the duello.

At its best the epigram in prose has the unexpectedness of the swift counter-stroke. It ought to suggest a sudden and unforeseen "checkmate" in answer to the adversary's cry of "check." And therefore the bare pun, unless it is pro-

voked by the immediate occasion and unless it has extraordinary felicity, is not entitled to rank as an epigram. Sometimes, of course, the pun does achieve this effect of unforeseen happiness which almost elevates it to the level of the real epigram. For example, when Mr. Oliver Herford asked a friend who was about to sail for Europe, what ship he was going on, the friend whimsically gave the name of the well-known liner as the Keltic—whereupon the artist instantly returned, "Don't pronounce it like that, or you will have a hard sea all the way over!"

THE PRETTY ANALOGY

On the other hand, the true epigram in prose is not merely a carefully polished phrase, a pretty analogy, like Disraeli's assertion that the hansom cab was "the gondola of London." To this same class

belongs the remark of Mr. Herford's about a certain overpoweringly sumptuous hotel in New York, to the effect that "its real purpose was to supply exclusiveness to the masses."

The true epigram ought to be a parry. Once when the late Maurice Barrymore was talking with his wonted paradoxical brilliancy, a semi-intoxicated bystander broke in with the brutal assertion, "You're a liar!" As Barrymore was known to be an expert boxer, the listeners expected a swift body-blow; and it came instantly, but it was not the physical attack they had looked for. Barrymore, looking at the drunken man, smiled pleasantly and sweetly answered, "Surely not—if *you* say so!"

This is not without resemblance to an ingenious evasion of Voltaire's, that arch-wit whose conversation bristled with epigrams. He was once praising a certain man of letters, when a friend broke in with the remark that this was very generous of Voltaire since this man was always abusing him. And Voltaire smiled and dismissed the subject with the remark that "after all, perhaps we are both of us mistaken."

LINCOLN'S KEEN RETORT

We all know that Abraham Lincoln had humor as well as good humor; but he had wit also, and he could be counted on for an epigrammatic repartee when the necessity arose. In the darkest days of the Civil War when many members of congress were violently dissatisfied with the administration, Ben Wade went to the White House and said to Lincoln, "Mr. President, I've come to tell you that your government is going straight to hell! You're within a mile of it now." And a smile wrinkled Lincoln's long, sad face as he answered, "Well, Senator, I believe that is about the distance from here to the Capitol."

Of the same general type was an apt remark of Huxley to George Henry Lewes, perhaps now best recalled by his connection with George Eliot. Lewes, who was as facile as he was vivacious, had been explaining that he wrote with extreme ease and that he did not find any difficulty even in beginning his day's labor at the desk whether he felt eager for work or not. "In fact," he declared,

"I boil at a low temperature." And then Huxley saw his opportunity and asserted that this was "very interesting, indeed, for, as you know, to boil at a low temperature implies a vacuum in the upper region."

Not quite so cutting and yet caustic enough was the suave remark of Dr. Thompson, the Master of Trinity, at some sort of a college conference in Cambridge, when the clever young Balfour, after making several proposals, was finally voted down by an emphatic majority. Dr. Thompson, smiling victoriously, looked across the room at his defeated opponent and said, "We are none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us."

It was this same Dr. Thompson who polished off the late Sir Richard Jebb, the Regius Professor of Greek and also a good deal of a dandy in the scrupulousness of his attire. Thompson was asked whether Jebb was not conscientiously filling his professorship; and he is reported to have answered that "what time Jebb can spare from the adornment of his person, he devotes to the neglect of his duties."

Here the wit resides partly in the artistic choice and collocation of the words themselves; and there is a similar verbal adroitness in the triple repetition of a single word in one of the late Speaker Reed's pungent sayings. At the time of the unfortunate trouble between the friends of Admiral Sampson and of Admiral Schley, Mr. Reed was asked for his opinion in the matter. "Well," was his drawling reply, "I don't really take much interest in a controversy between two heroes about a battle when one hero wasn't there, and when the other hero tried to get away!" The slur is unfair, of course; and no doubt the ex-Speaker knew that he would not be taken too seriously; but he felt that the opportunity for a characteristic cynicism was too good to be wasted.

THE JESTS OF SHERIDAN

It is this same skill in playing with words which delights us in a jest of Sheridan's. The comic dramatist had made a speech in parliament in which he had spoken of "the luminous page of Gibbon." A party friend asked him why

he had gone out of his way thus to praise a political opponent; and Sheridan explained that he had meant to say "the voluminous page of Gibbon." This is almost a pun, and yet it seems to be better than a mere play upon words. And Sheridan himself, if he could have come to life again a hundred years after the first performance of the "Rivals" to see Joseph Jefferson's rather bold rearrangement of it with *Bob Acres* as the central figure, would have enjoyed the epigram of Jefferson's cousin, William Warren, a more reverent admirer of the old comedies, who declared that the "Rivals" in its new form was most amusing—"but Sheridan twenty miles away!"

Not quite an epigram, and yet most amusingly impudent, was Sheridan's own reply to the unattractive lady whom he had promised to take for a walk and to whom he had excused himself when it came on to rain. A little later the weather improved and the lady caught the dramatist sneaking out of the house by himself.

"Ah, Mr. Sheridan," she said, "I see it has cleared up."

"Yes," he responded promptly; "it has cleared up enough for one—but not enough for two."

SHAW BEFORE THE CURTAIN

Irish impudence, if we choose so to regard it, and paralleled by another Irish playwright, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, on one occasion. At the first night of one of his plays he was called before the curtain with cries for him to speak. As he came forward a voice from the gallery roared out boldly, "No speech."

Absolutely unabashed, the Irish dramatist looked up at the objector and

said, "I quite agree with you. But what are we two against so many?" This has the pleasing unexpectedness of the true epigram.

There is a merry jest of another comic playwright, Foote, at the expense of Sheridan's predecessor in the management of Drury Lane. Garrick was liberal enough, but he was careful, so he was often accused of parsimony. On one occasion he dropped a guinea, and failing to find it, he cried in disgust, "I believe it has gone to the devil!" At which Foote broke in. "Trust you, Davy," he said, "for making a guinea go farther than anybody else."

Oddly enough this same joke was perpetrated a century later and quite independently by William M. Evarts. Visiting the Natural Bridge in Virginia, he was told that Washington had once thrown a silver dollar over it, whereupon he dryly remarked that "a dollar went farther in those days."

This epigram—if indeed it may claim to be considered a true epigram—was apparently as original with Evarts as it had been with Foote. To every noted wit, however, many smart sayings are ascribed without warrant. At the end of the eighteenth century the floating epigram attached itself to Sheridan; and in the middle of the nineteenth century the witticism at large is fathered on Sydney Smith. Sheridan and Smith were not only witty themselves, but they were the recipients of the wit of others; as the French proverb says, "We lend only to the rich." Many a merry jest has come scintillating down through the centuries tagged now to this wit and now to that. It is a wise joke that knows its own father; and it is never easy to trace the family tree of an epigram.

THE MENACE

SHE leaves her babe to others
To climb the factory stair;
She creeps home at night to her children,
Too weary to bind her hair.
With the sacred chrisom of motherhood
In her tired and careless hands,
Through her they must come
With souls born dumb—
The men who shall rule our lands!

Grace MacGowan Cooke

THE SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE HARDY AND HIGH-NATURED PEOPLE WHO HAVE BECOME AMERICANS—THE WONDERS THEY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED AS CIVILIZATION BUILDERS IN MINNESOTA AND OTHER PARTS OF THE UNION—AND THE MEN AND WOMEN OF GENIUS WHO BEST REPRESENT THE THREE BRANCHES OF THE SCANDINAVIAN RACE

IT is commonly said that there are three Scandinavian countries—Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. But why omit the United States, which contains nearly three million Scandinavians—more than there are in either Denmark or Norway? Every fourth family of this Northern race is now living under the American flag.

The Scandinavian centers in America are Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Brooklyn, and Omaha. Minneapolis, especially, is the home of the Americanized Norseman. This great city of the Middle West, spreading far on all sides of its magnificent new Capitol, is one of the main pillars of our national pride. If the Scandinavians had only given us Minneapolis and St. Paul, they would have done enough, surely.

The whole State of Minnesota might almost be called Scandinavian. In no other part of the country are the Swedes and Norwegians massed so thickly. Coming from a land where Nature thought of scenery first and of agriculture second, they find that Minnesota is a farming paradise, with its vast level prairies and convenient rivers.

To the American of Scandinavian blood, there is no place on earth like

Minnesota. He never tires of telling you about its ten thousand lakes and its flour-mills, which are the largest in the world. Where is there richer soil? he will ask you. Where is there a more honest and straightforward climate—a climate in which summer is summer and winter is winter? Where are there such forests of white pine or such treasuries as the iron mines of the Mesaba? Best of all, where is there another State in which the average man has so comfortable a home?

Minnesota has grown in recent years with almost the suddenness of an explosion. Fifty years ago there were only six thousand people scattered over its fields and forests. To-day it is a country in itself—six times as big as Denmark, and with almost the population of Norway. It is no longer a frontier State. The westward trek of the American nation has made it central; and its towns and cities are busy with manufacturing. This one fact, that there is now more than sixteen million dollars in its public school fund, piled up from ore and lumber royalties, shows the wonderful progress of Minnesota, the home of half of our Scandinavians.

To speak of the Scandinavians as

EDITOR'S NOTE—The series of articles—in which this is the eighth—dealing with the leading racial elements in the population of the United States, is attracting wide interest and attention. "The Jew in America" appeared in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for January; "The Sons of Old Scotland" in the February number; "The Germans in America" in the March number; "The Irish in America" in the April number; "The English in America" in the May number; "The French in America" in the June number; "The Canadians in the United States" in July. Next month's article will be "The Welsh in America." In later articles other nationalities will be treated, including the Italians, the Dutch, the Spaniards, and, finally, the Americans.

though they were one race is, of course, not strictly correct. They have in Europe the same religion, the same basic language, the same currency, and, to a large extent, the same ancient history. All three are proud of Ole Bull, the Norwegian; Linnæus, the Swede, and Thorwaldsen, the Dane. As Ibsen has said, the Scandinavians are a "spiritual unit." But in a great many matters of national sentiment, the three nations stand to-day widely apart. There is no hostility. Each respects the other, but has a strong preference for his own branch of the Scandinavian family.

THE DANISH AMERICANS

Taking the three countries in alphabetical order, we come first to Denmark, which has given us as many Americans as there are in the State of New Hampshire. It is not generally known that there are so many Danish Americans. They do not flock together, as some of the other races do. That they have often been pioneers is shown by the fact that we have fifteen post-offices named Denmark.

The Danes are a peace-loving, good-natured people. You will search through many a public institution before you find one. They are seldom winners of the big prizes in the race for wealth, not because they lack force, but because their energies are used for higher things. Their bumps of acquisitiveness are low.

Where there are several Danes holding an earnest conversation, you will seldom hear the everlasting word "dollars." In most cases the subject of their discussion is likely to be a poem, a play, or a romance. Those who come to America are naturally more practical and enterprising than the ones whom they leave behind; but taking the Danish people as a whole, they are inclined to value life itself more than the gilded upholstery of life. For this reason they are a highly valuable ingredient in the making of the United States.

In an article like this, which deals mainly with leaders of action and thought, it is impossible to do full justice to the Danes. With the exception of Captain Bering, who explored and named the strait between Asia and

Alaska, in 1741, there were few Danes in the earlier history of America. At the present time, in the great army of eighty million Americans, there are not many Danes who wear the gold lace of generalship, but no country has given us a more brilliant rank and file. It would be hard indeed to find an American Dane who is not an intelligent and worthy member of our big family.

JACOB RIIS, THE "MOST USEFUL CITIZEN"

The best known Dane in America is Jacob Riis, who has for years been spoken of as "the most useful citizen in New York." Jacob Riis is self-made. Better still, he has helped tens of thousands of other immigrants to make themselves into the higher brand of Americans. Sixteen years ago, when he was a police reporter, he wrote a book which made a sensation. He had explored the abysses of slumdom, and mapped out the misery that existed under the shadow of New York's skyscrapers. "How the Other Half Lives," he called his book.

This book was a revelation and a warning. It was journalism of the highest class. Many an author had written about the poor, but Jacob Riis was the first man who had the courage and the patience to get the facts. He was the Christopher Columbus of the slums. Since then, the sunless tenements described by him, which were fireproof because they were too dirty to burn, have been in scores of cases torn down. Parks and playgrounds, music and recreation piers, have been provided. And millions of dollars have been spent in American cities to give the poor a fairer chance for health and happiness.

As we might expect, there are few men of finance or trade among the famous Danes of America. Most of them are like Jacob Riis—men of ideals and social purposes. There is one engineer and inventor, who has become well known in Chicago and Milwaukee—Niels A. Christensen. There are three professors, and, strangely enough, they are all connected with the United States Department of Agriculture. If a farmer wishes to get information about tree-planting, he may write to Professor Niels E. Hansen. If he wants to know

the scientific way to kill any particular kind of beetle, he may ask Professor August Busck. And if he has any curiosity about Arctic plants, he may inquire of Professor H. T. Holm, who was a member of the Danish North Pole Expedition in 1882. The busy city of Racine has a Danish mayor—Peter Behring Nielson; and one of the leading business men of Brooklyn is Niels Poulson, president of the Hecla Iron Works. As a man of large affairs, Mr. Poulson is undoubtedly our foremost Dane.

From Kansas City comes the name of Carl Busch, a musical Dane who was born and educated in Denmark. And in Lincoln Park, Chicago, there is now standing a monument which marks the genius of two Danes—the statue of Hans Christian Andersen by our New York sculptor of Danish birth, Johannes S. Gelert. Of Danish actors and singers, there are many in Copenhagen, but none in the United States who have achieved a national reputation. As yet, we have never had the pleasure of seeing an actor from Denmark in the part of *Hamlet*, the melancholy Dane.

THE NORWEGIANS—DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA

Next come the high-spirited Norwegians. They number about twice as many as the Danes and two-thirds as many as the Swedes. No race makes a nobler type of American than these proud, free-natured people. In the isolated valleys of their home-land they have learned to be independent of authority. They think their own thoughts and live their own lives. They have fought for centuries with the mountains and the sea, and finally have developed a type of national character which all the world respects. In the cold, clear air of Norway the germ of servility sickens and dies.

According to Norwegians, the proper name of this continent should be, not America, but either New Norway or Eriksonia. From their point of view, Christopher Columbus made his voyage nearly five hundred years too late to deserve the credit of being the first European in this part of the globe. Did not Leif Erikson, they say, set sail with thirty-five other Norwegians in the year 1000

and discover North America? Were not several colonies of Norwegians established in this new country of Vinland, as they called it? And was not the first white baby born in America a Norwegian who was given the name of Snorro?

I find no record of Norwegians in the days of George Washington. Although they made the earliest beginning, they seem afterward to have forgotten America entirely until 1825, when fifty-three of them arrived under the leadership of Lars Larsen. These are called "Sloop-folks" in the Norwegian histories.

Seven years later, a Norwegian made a famous horseback ride through the Western States, ending in Texas. He sent home the story of his exploits, and as a result two parties of immigrants crossed the ocean, one settling near Rochester, New York, and the other pushing on to Texas. In Wisconsin, which is now a favorite State among Norwegians, there were none until 1839. And it was eight years later before their first newspaper, the *Nordlyset*, took its place among American weeklies.

The first Norwegian who compelled the whole American nation to applaud his genius was Ole Bull, the violinist. In view of the two important facts that he married and made most of his money in the United States, we may lay claim to him as an American. At one time he owned about two hundred square miles of land in Pennsylvania, and had a dream of establishing there a little Norway of his own; but he was a man of music, not business, and the plan failed. As a master of the violin, Ole Bull has in many respects never had an equal; and those who heard him at his best cannot be persuaded that he will ever be surpassed.

To-day we have only one famous Norwegian who represents the world of music—Olive Fremstad, who has sung for three seasons in grand opera. As an artist of the highest rank, her position is now well established. As *Carmen*, *Venus*, *Sieglinde*, and *Kundry*, she has won golden opinions.

The three most conspicuous Norwegians in public life are Andrew E. Lee, who was for two terms the Populist Governor of South Dakota; Nils Hangen,

who began with an ax and a dictionary, and who is to-day one of the foremost public men in Wisconsin; and Knute Nelson, one of the United States Senators from Minnesota. Both men are thorough Americans, as they were brought to this country in childhood. Both are self-made. Lee was a clerk in a country store and Nelson was a tiny newsboy on the streets of Chicago. The latter, who is several years older than Lee, took a short cut to fame by making a Civil War record. At twenty-five he was in the Minnesota Legislature. At fifty he was governor—the first American governor of Scandinavian blood. And to-day he is politically the foremost of our eight hundred thousand Norwegians—a man of high character and unusual ability.

There is another Nelson who has reached fame by the rocky road of commerce, and who has done his best to make that road a smooth one—N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis. This remarkable man has become widely known because of his plan of dividing the bulk of his profits among his customers and employees. Last year, for instance, he gave away sums that amounted to more than a hundred thousand dollars. For his own services he takes no more than a fair salary and interest on his invested capital. "I will not pile up a lot of money that I have no use for," he says.

LEADERS IN THE PROFESSIONS

There are half a dozen Norwegian professors who are leaders in their various lines—Storm Bull, who teaches engineering in the University of Wisconsin; Leonhard Stejneger, of the Smithsonian Institution, who has written a dozen learned books on zoology; Henrik Gundersen, a theological professor in the Chicago University; John N. Kildahl, now President of St. Olaf College, Minnesota; Emil G. Lund, of the United Church Seminary, Minneapolis; and the venerable Laur Larsen, who was for over forty years the President of the Norwegian Luther College, of Iowa.

There are two other Norwegians whom we cannot describe as Americans in any sense, and yet whose names and writings are very familiar to us: the late dramatist, Ibsen, who has set the whole

civilized world debating over the social surgery of his plays; and Björnson, the poet and politician, whose name is to the Norwegians a sort of national war-cry. Björnson became personally acquainted with a large number of Americans during a lecture trip through the United States about twenty-five years ago.

THE ENERGETIC SWEDES

Passing on to the Swedes, we find a great army of thirteen hundred thousand, half of whom were born in Sweden. Next to Stockholm, Chicago has more Swedes than any other city in the world. New York has nearly fifty thousand—as many as its total population a century ago. And Minneapolis has forty thousand or more.

It is simple fact, and not flattery, to say that prosperity follows the Swedes. They are never lazy and seldom unskilled. They mix brains and muscle. No people produces a smaller proportion of drudges or kickers. They go at their work with vim and cheerfulness, whether the pay-envelope be thick or thin. And as for energy, any one who has seen Stockholm, that city which is half hewn out of the rocks and half built into the sea, will always regard the Swedes as a most masterful and indomitable race.

When the colonization of America began, the Swedes were among the first to arrive. They founded Wicaco, which grew into Philadelphia. Many a Philadelphian deed, it is said, dates back to a certain Swen Swenson. For seventeen years the Swedish flag floated over a prosperous colony in Delaware; then the flag of Holland took its place; but the Swedes remained and did their share in the making of the United States. Captain Robert Anderson, who met the first shock of the Rebellion at Fort Sumter, was the descendant of a Delaware Swede.

JOHN ERICSSON AND JENNY LIND

Probably if a vote were to be taken upon the question, who have been the two best-known Swedes in the United States? the answer would be, in almost every instance, John Ericsson and Jenny Lind. It was the genius of these two that first taught us to welcome and respect the Swedes. Both were typically

Swedish, although they differed so widely in the nature of their abilities.

John Ericsson! How can we take a snapshot of that mighty engineer? His life was so intense, and so fruitful of great results, that a single week of it would fill a book. John Ericsson was a man who took no interest in doing what other men had done. It was his work, or rather his recreation, to achieve what was believed to be impossible. He was a pathfinder in mechanics. In most respects he was ahead of his age; in some respects he was ahead of ours. By his invention of the screw propeller, for example, he revolutionized navigation; and by his designing of the United States battleships Princeton and Monitor, he compelled the reconstruction of the navies of the world. His long life was packed with achievement and enriched with many honors. In Battery Park, New York, his statue is now standing, with its face toward the sea.

As to Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," her debut in America was a big event. Seven thousand people greeted her at her first concert in New York in 1850. Next day one of the New York newspapers said: "Such a heartfelt welcome was never before given to a living being in this country. People who had a moment before been reasonable and quiet, suddenly became frantic. They clapped their hands; they stamped; they shouted; they roared; they waved their hats, their walking-sticks, handkerchiefs, and umbrellas; they showered bouquets upon the stage."

It was her voice, we may say, that first made Sweden famous in the United States. John Ericsson had been here for several years before her arrival; but his great abilities were known only to a few. Jenny Lind, on the contrary, was spoken of everywhere. For years it was the custom to call Swedes the "Jenny Lind men"; and every school teacher alluded to Sweden as "the land where Jenny Lind came from." Twenty years after Jenny Lind's American debut, came Christine Nilsson. She, too, with her wonderful three-octavo voice, made her name so well known that we are often apt to claim her as an American.

There were three others, not now living, who helped to form our idea of

the Swedish people: Admiral John A. Dahlgren, whose father was the Swedish consul at Philadelphia, and who made some very valuable improvements in our navy; Fredrika Bremer, a talented novelist, who spent two years here and wrote a book about us entitled "Homes in the New World"; and Baron Posse, of Boston, who was perhaps the first to establish here the Swedish system of physical culture.

To-day, if a Swede is not a farmer, we have learned to expect him to be some sort of an engineer. The inventive spirit of John Ericsson seems to be marching on in his whole race. In New York there is a Swedish Engineers' Club of more than three hundred members, with John E. Franzen as its president. Ask a Pittsburgher, and he will tell you of the big jobs that were carried through by Andrew Carnegie's two Swedish partners—P. T. Berg, the rolling-mill inventor who went back to Sweden as soon as his fortune was large enough; and Emil Swenson, who has become a national authority on the subject of structural steel. What these two men have done, for the United States and for themselves, is told in this month's instalment of the "Romance of Steel," now being published in this magazine.

There is a John Erickson the Second in Chicago, superintending a number of extensive public improvements. Another Swede, named V. Sylven, is at the head of the United States Lighthouse Service; C. J. Mellin is the chief engineer of the Schenectady Locomotive Works; and John F. Anderson, who left Sweden as a penniless sailor boy, has since earned both fame and wealth in all parts of the country.

In business ability the Swedes rank higher than the other Scandinavian nations. They are saving and persevering. When they become rich, it is more likely to be by adding dollar to dollar than by taking big chances of loss or gain. In Greater New York, their two best-known men of affairs are E. A. Johnston and J. Edward Swanstrom.

Johnston, who is the Swedish consul and agent of the Scandinavian-American Line, has been the means of bringing tens of thousands of his fellow-countrymen across the ocean. He himself ar-

rived in a sailing vessel fifty-two years ago. He went to work as a boy for two dollars a month, and rose with Swedish persistence until he reached the top of the ladder. Swanstrom was born in Brooklyn of Swedish parents. He became a political and financial leader, and was for a time the President of the New York Board of Education. To-day he is best known as the head of the Home Trust Company.

BANKERS AND JOURNALISTS

Other men of money, too eminent to miss, are John A. Lindgren, of Chicago; N. O. Werner, of Minneapolis; and C. J. A. Ericson, of Boone, Iowa, who stand high among American bankers. Charles A. Smith, the Minnesota lumber king, arrived here as a boy of fifteen, and was the first Swede to enter the University of Minnesota. Victor F. Lawson, too, is a Chicago publisher of wealth and influence.

One judge, and one only, I find in the list of famous Swedish Americans—Judge Axel Chytraus, of Chicago. John Lind, who is in many respects the foremost Swede in America, is not at the present time in any public office, but his name is a household word in every Swedish home. Although he is a Democrat and the vast majority of Swedes are Republicans, he is everywhere regarded with the highest respect.

The veteran among the journalists is John A. Enander, editor of the *Hemlandet*, of Chicago, the first born of the Swedish press in the United States. In New York the leading editor is C. K. Johansen, who is not only the editor of a monthly magazine, but also the president of the National Union of Swedish Singers. Among the writers, there are several dozen who are more or less well known. The two most representative ones, perhaps, are the learned Josua Lindahl, of Cincinnati, and Ernst Skarstedt, of San Francisco, who is a sort of Swedish John Burroughs.

In art, the Swedes have given us our marine painter, Henry Reuterdaahl, and the following distinguished artists: Arvid Nyholm and August Franzen, of New York, and L. S. Sellstedt, of Buffalo. In education and religion our Swedish communities are second to none.

In the last half century they have spent fifteen million dollars on churches and colleges. They have four universities, in Illinois, Kansas, New Jersey, and Minnesota. The Swedish ministers have invariably been men of worth and learning, who have taken a sincere interest in the welfare of their people. Officially, the foremost Swedish minister at present is Rev. Eric Norelius, of Vasa, Minnesota, who is President of the Augustana Synod.

While the Swedes are quick to become citizens, at the same time they have always preferred to live by themselves in a number of "Little Swedens." Some American cities, such as Jamestown, New York, and Rockford, Illinois, are almost entirely Swedish. These colonies are widely scattered. There is one, for instance, in Seattle, and another in Aroostook County, Maine, with which we always connect the name of W. W. Thomas. Mr. Thomas is an American who married a Swedish wife, became United States Minister to Sweden, and has so thoroughly identified himself with the Swedes that he is often supposed to be one of their blood relations.

A WHOLESOME RACE

Such are the Scandinavians—the artistic Danes, the practical Swedes, and the independent Norwegians. They have won the highest respect from all other Americans, by deserving it. They are honest, industrious, wholesome people. They make no trouble. There is not a Scandinavian slum in any American city. In morality and in intelligence they rank with the best of us. They are all readers, not only of their own newspapers, of which there are a hundred and forty, but of papers and magazines in general.

We have been obliged to raise the barriers against certain classes of foreign immigrants; but so far as the Scandinavians are concerned, they have a standing invitation to come across the water and join the three millions of their own people who are here now. In fact, it is safe to say that if the whole three nations decided to move, bag and baggage, to the United States, we would throw all the gates wide open and give them a hearty welcome.



PORTRAIT SKETCH OF IGNACE PADEREWSKI, THE FAMOUS PIANIST, MADE IN 1899
 AT PADEREWSKI'S SUMMER PLACE ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA
From a crayon drawing by Emil Fuchs

EMIL FUCHS, SCULPTOR AND PORTRAIT-PAINTER

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON

A YOUNG AUSTRIAN ARTIST WHO, THOUGH TRAINED AS A
 SCULPTOR, HAS RAPIDLY MADE HIS WAY TO THE FRONT
 AS A PAINTER OF PORTRAITS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK

THE name at the head of this article is practically unknown to the American public at large: even to those who follow the movements of the world of art, it is as yet unfamiliar. Emil Fuchs is a newcomer here, but at his first visit

he has taken a prominent place among the foreign portrait-painters who have found it pleasant and profitable to spend part of the year on this side of the Atlantic. More remarkable still, he has been a portrait-painter for only half a

dozen years, but in that brief time he has established himself as one whose skill is of the first order.

Of the pictures that this young Austrian artist painted in New York

Distinctly less ethereal than Shannon, his canvases have that clever painter's smoothness and suave charm. His command of the human figure is what might be expected from his thorough training

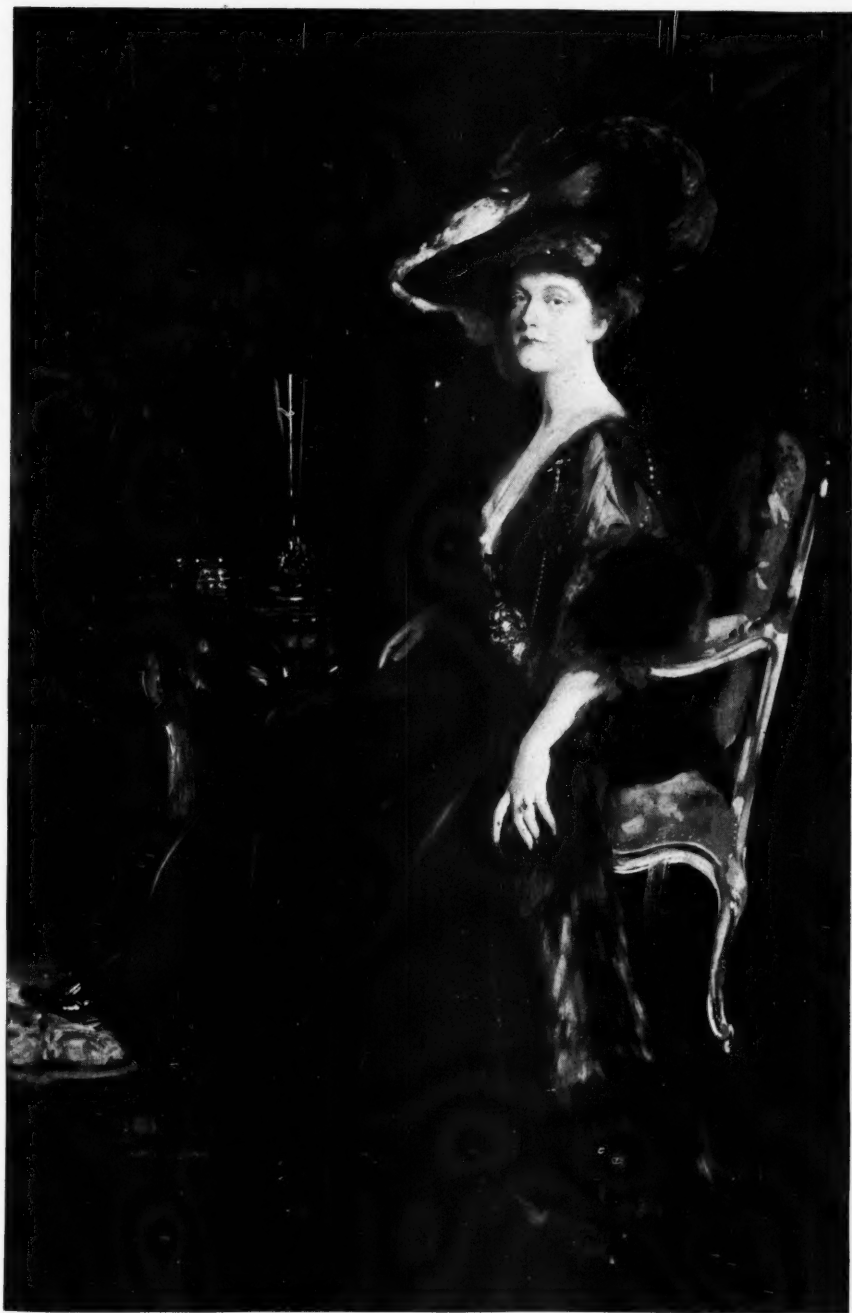


PORTRAIT OF MISS EVELYN MARSHALL, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES H. MARSHALL,
OF NEW YORK

From the painting by Emil Fuchs—copyright, 1906, by Hagelstein, New York

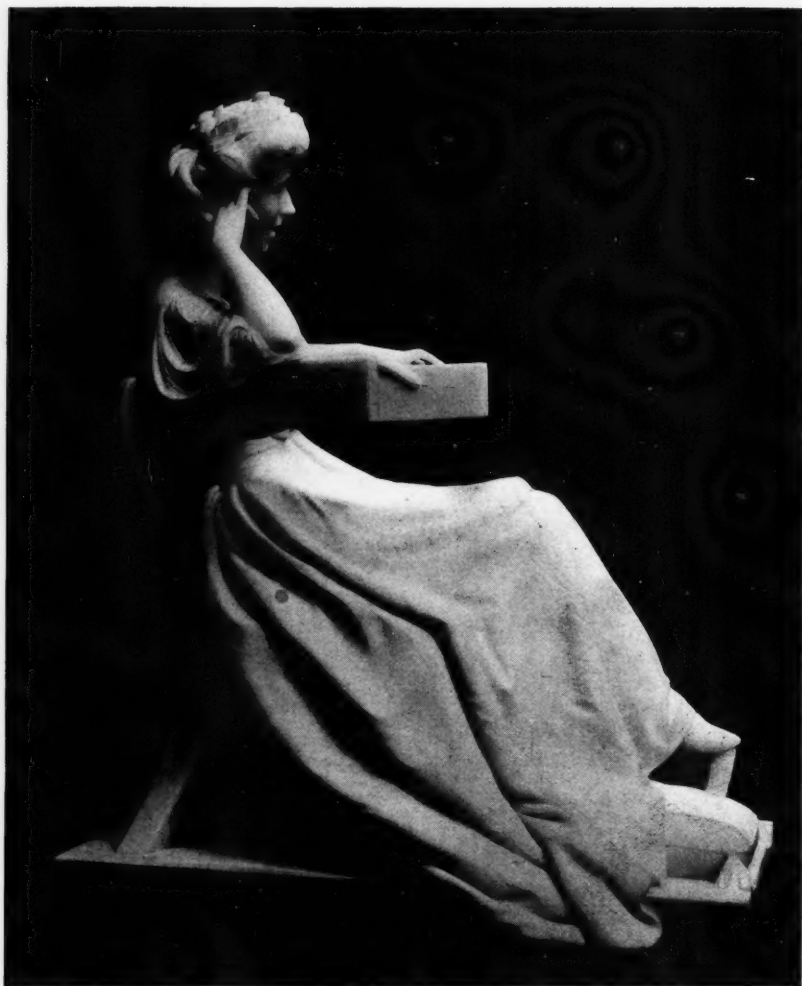
last winter some of the best and most interesting appear on these pages. They give as fair an idea of his work as can be done in black and white. Somewhat less virile and dashing than Sargent, he strongly suggests that master in his brilliance of style and coloring.

as a sculptor. He has made divers experiments, not all of them entirely successful; but by that very fact he shows that he is a student, that his possibilities are not yet exhausted. His latest portraits are his best, and it seems safe to say that still better ones are to come.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. EDWARD R. THOMAS, OF NEW YORK

From the painting by Emil Fuchs—copyright, 1906, by Hagelstein, New York



PORTRAIT STATUETTE OF LADY VICTORIA GRENFELL, DAUGHTER OF EARL GREY, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

From a marble statuette by Emil Fuchs

It was partly his love of color, no doubt, that turned him from sculpture to painting—as was the case with Mac-Monnies, but he frankly admits that his principal reason for the step was a commercial one—the same that kept Gérôme toiling with his brush when he longed to be amusing himself with his modeling tools. Monumental sculpture may bring fame, but it is not remunerative; there is practically no demand for portrait sculpture, and but very little for the higher forms of decorative work.

When he first settled in London—to which city he came with the prestige of a prizeman in the Berlin Academy, and after nine years of study at the German capital and in Rome—Mr. Fuchs found occasional commissions; but a couple of years later there came the South African war, monopolizing public attention, dislocating society, and bringing hard times to the brotherhood of art. He passed some of his idle hours at an artists' club, sketching and painting from models; and from this it was an easy transition to

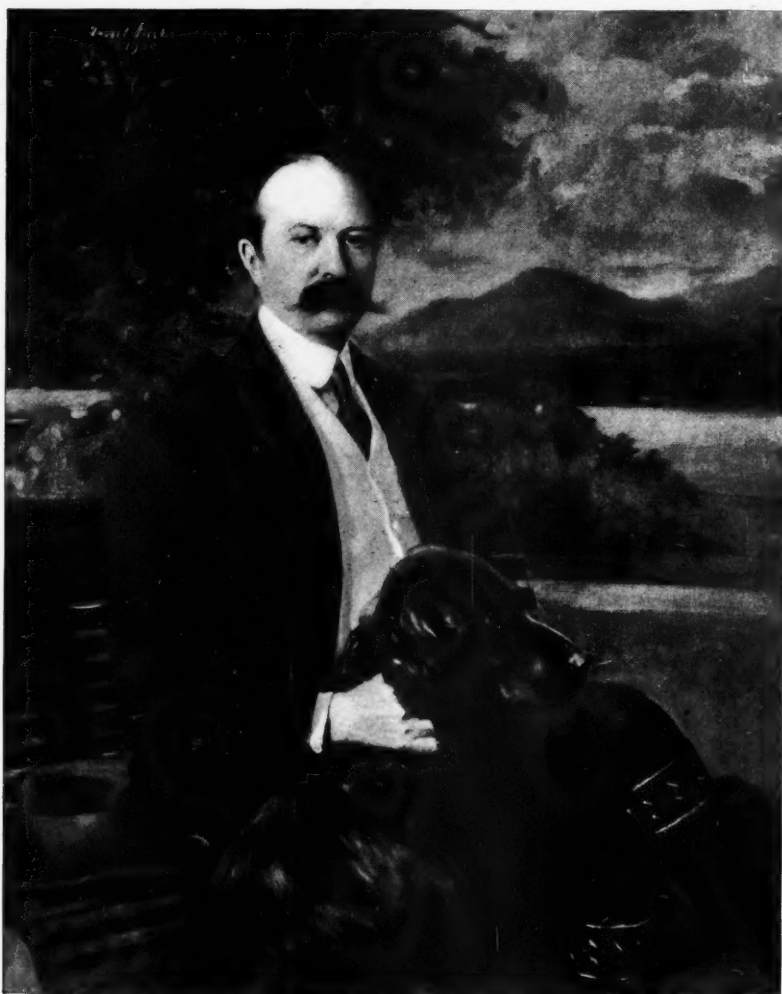
portraiture. His work elicited praise, and won him clients—among them some Americans, notably James Henry Smith, of New York, who suggested that he should visit the United States.

The idea of wintering across the Atlantic attracts the London artist for one reason, at least, which has no direct connection with American dollars. It gives him New York's clear air and brilliant sky instead of the gloom and darkness of a foggy metropolis where for days together painting is practically impossible. Last winter, with its unusually mild and

sunny weather, delighted Mr. Fuchs, who expresses his intention of becoming a regular visitant.

MR. FUCHS' NEW YORK STUDIO

In New York he established himself in a studio-building overlooking Bryant Park, with Chartran as his next-door neighbor; and here he worked assiduously, executing a series of commissions for portraits, and modeling and sketching for his own amusement. A visitor needed only to glance around the painter's workshop to see his versatility. The



PORTRAIT OF JAMES HENRY SMITH, OF NEW YORK

From the painting by Emil Fuchs—copyright, 1906, by Hagelstein, New York

big room was a veritable storehouse of the usual artistic "properties" and of some distinctly unusual ones. Besides the unfinished portraits standing on their easels, and completed canvases hanging on the walls, there were studies, a bust

of Marlborough; yet another, a head of Paderewski, modeled during a visit to the great pianist's country place at Morges, on the Lake of Geneva.

Mr. Fuchs is a man who has no greater pleasure than to toil from sun-



"MOTHER AND CHILD"—ONE OF EMIL FUCHS' MOST SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS IN RELIEF SCULPTURE

or two, decorative sculptures in high and low relief, a number of clay models, a frame of designs for medals, landscape studies, and sketches in oil and crayon. One of the most striking features of the collection was the beautiful relief "Mother and Child," shown in the illustration on this page; another, a charming marble portrait of a little boy, one of the children of the Duke and Duchess

rise till late in the evening, seeing some beautiful creation grow under his hand. His only other pastimes are music, skating, and fencing—which last he thinks the finest of all exercises as an alternative after long hours in the studio. He has even given up smoking—"for the pleasure," he says, "of waking up in the morning absolutely clear-headed and fresh for work."



PORTRAIT OF MISS MARJORIE GOULD, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD,
OF NEW YORK

From the painting by Emil Fuchs—copyright, 1906, by Hagelstein, New York



"ROSIE"—PORTRAIT-STUDY OF AN ENGLISH GIRL

From the painting by Emil Fuchs

Thus happily wedded to his art, he is otherwise a bachelor. In London he lives with his sister in a house on Park Road, Regent's Park, which he bought from Sir Maurice de Bunsen, now British ambassador at Madrid. It is one of those quiet residences that abound in the west and northwest of London—unpretentious without, roomy and comfortable

within. Mr. Fuchs has built a studio in the garden; this year he intends to install another feature in his house—an organ.

A SINCERE AND CAREFUL WORKMAN

In all his work he is characteristically thorough and conscientious. Even in sculpture, in which the more mechanical processes are usually left to assistants, he

will not intrust a single detail to any hand but his own. "I do all my own chiseling," he told the writer. "The fact that others do not is one great reason for the present discredit of portrait sculpture."

A feature of Mr. Fuchs' painted portraits is the careful study he gives to the hands of his sitters. This is a subject on which he has views.

"In classical times," he says, "the Greeks, in their warm climate, and with their fondness for baths and games, were accustomed to see the whole figure—a fact which is one secret of their marvelous sense of form and the wonderfully correct modeling of their sculptures. We moderns see but two parts of the body—the head and the hand—and it is from these that we get our impression of a personality. While most artists have centered their attention wholly or mainly on the face, to my mind the hand possesses almost an equal amount of character, and a portrait is incomplete without it."

The doctrine of hard work, which Mr. Fuchs consistently preaches and practices, was a favorite precept of his old teacher at Berlin, Anton von Werner, the historical painter, of whom he speaks with respectful and affectionate remembrance.

"As head of the Academy," he says,

"Von Werner used to make regular addresses to the pupils. Once he told us:

"Our school is not intended to bring exceptional geniuses to the front; exceptional geniuses will come to the front of themselves. It is an institution to give the learner crutches, which he may need for a short time or for a long time, according to the development of his powers. It is a place—in a sense I am sorry to confess it—for the average student, for mediocrity."

"Another of our old master's little lectures was to this effect:

"Talent is something—let us represent it by the figure 1. Industry, alone, is nothing; for without some talent you will not achieve anything worth while. So set down industry, by itself, as a cipher, 0. But now combine talent and industry, and we have something vastly greater than either of them alone—the figure 10."

On the much disputed question as to the best place for art students, Mr. Fuchs has a decided opinion in favor of Berlin. "The training there is more thorough than at any other school," he says, "and the discipline is excellent—in marked contrast to conditions in Paris."

Mr. Fuchs' old school may well value such a tribute from so successful an alumnus.

A SEA THRALL

THE murmur and the moaning of the sea,
They master me;
I am the serf of sound,
Bondslave to aural beauty grave or gay;
Happy to be so bound,
I hang upon the lyric tides that sway
Night's swimming satellite of ice and fire
Compacted, and although I flee away,
Upon the falcon pinions of desire,
Into the wood's most secret sanctuary,
Or hide amid the mountain's mightiest rocks,
Where, in a mood maniacal, the wind
Mouths like old doddering Lear, and mocks and mocks
At all of lower earth, I may not find
Escape from those vast fugues that veer and vary
As do the moods and mazes of the mind.
Yea, I am thrall complete
(Finding the thralldom sweet)
To thee, to thee,
O all-embracing and most sovereign sea!

Clinton Scollard

THE BLACKMAILER

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "FOLLANSBEE'S PLAY"

N OBODY in the gambling profession had a meaner tongue than Slippery Wyman's. Under its abuse, young Kenny's chin twitched; but he pushed the cheap gold watch persistently across the table in the dingy and deserted restaurant.

"Yes, I do mean it," he repeated. "This is yours. I am going to quit."

Wyman clumsily counted the links of the watch-chain. He was a heavy man, and his fingers were stiff and unwieldy.

"Well, Kid," he said in a voice which suddenly became smooth as silk, "is this a square deal to me? I put it right up to you."

"Oh, square!" protested Kenny. "Is anything square in our crooked business? Leave that out."

"Listen," said Wyman, bending forward. "Haven't I given up the best of a year to learning you, Kid? Haven't I made you what I used to be before rheumatism crippled me—about the slickest card-handler in New York City? And now what? You go back on me just when we're getting on velvet. Is that fair? When I found you, Kid Kenny, and took you for my partner, you were shooting craps for nickels in a Bowery cellar. Last night at Chris McGee's we won out a couple of hundred—and this—"

He held up the watch. Kenny shook his head with an obstinacy oddly at variance with his girlish, innocent face. The Kid needed only a cassock and hymn-book to pass for a choir-boy. Wyman's wrath again got the best of him.

"Don't think you can throw the old man down so easy," he sneered. "You're a pretty one to talk about reforming, all of a sudden!"

"My reforming isn't so sudden," said Kenny; "but it was winning the watch off that fellow last night that clinched

it. I don't know—cheating a fellow out of a watch seems more like stealing, somehow, than cheating him out of a cash bet does. I'm through, Wyman. To-night I'm going to nail that position in the machine-shop I was telling you of. There's no hard feeling, Wyman, is there?"

He held out his hand timidly. Wyman struck Kenny's knuckles with the flat of the carving knife.

"Machine-shop!" he echoed scornfully. "Don't I know your game, Kenny? Don't I know what becomes of your winnings? You won't tell me where you spend 'em, but I know. You spend 'em on some woman. You're quitting me for a woman now, you little masher. Reform be hanged! You've tied up to a partner in skirts, after all I've—"

"That's not true," said the boy, flushing. "I've been thinking it over for a long time. I'll never touch another card!"

After Kenny had gone, Wyman studied the mottled table-cloth morosely. An hour in a pool-room that afternoon had bankrupted him. Wyman was afflicted by the rakish improvidence of a gambler of the antiquated school. He was not one of the modern practitioners who invest their plunder in government bonds or rare pictures. When he picked up Kenny on the Bowery, he was nearly as poor as the lad whose angelic face, clever eyes, and supple fingers had engaged his expert approval.

He had not exaggerated the wonderful proficiency which his patient instruction had imparted to his pupil. He glowed with pride when he began to see in Kenny a duplicate of that Slippery Wyman whose inscrutable poker-playing, in the later sixties, had puzzled the saloon of every steamboat of consequence

on the Mississippi. Old Wyman, with his unscrupulous nerve, and young Kenny, with his brilliant skill, made a gambling combination hard to beat. During the last month, Slippery Wyman had allowed himself to dream of the smoking-rooms on the big liners and the American clubs in Paris. And now? He contemplated his gnarled, twisted hands, and knew that he would be lucky if he could get a job turning a spindle behind the horse-shed at a country fair.

A waiter cleared the table. Wyman pocketed the watch, which was now his sole bulwark against penury, and went to the street.

"I'll show the little fool!" he muttered as he unlocked the door of the lodging-house room which he and Kenny occupied. "I'll get even, all right. A lady's pet, hey? I wonder can I find out who——"

Kenny's extraordinary good looks had always convinced Wyman that his protégé was constantly engaged in amorous conquest. He highly respected the Kid for denying this, and for keeping secret the names of his *Dulcineas*. Wyman's belief was solidified by the fact that Kenny's share of their winnings usually disappeared in a mysterious way the Kid declined to explain.

Kenny's trunk was open, and Wyman ransacked it. Beneath a pile of neckties in a handkerchief box he found a narrow book, which he had never seen before. It was a thin volume of poetry, gaudily bound. Wyman barely glanced at the verses. He had a low opinion of poetry, associating it vaguely with love-sick girls and St. Valentine's day. He whistled reflectively and held the book under the gas-jet.

"To my own Ken, from his dearie," was written on the fly-leaf, and below this, and in the same refined, feminine script: "Margaret Laidlaw, The Rectory, Antonyville."

The gambler's whistle was suddenly suspended.

"My own Ken!" he ruminated. "What license has a lady in a parson's house to give love poetry to Mr. Kid Kenny, the crook? From his dearie! Margaret, maybe you're worth while!"

He threw the book, with some clothes, into a valise, and proceeded to Mullaly's

saloon. Mullaly's close-mouthed, shifty-eyed patrons were of an inquiring nature as to various things, and for their convenience the proprietor kept a postal directory and a railroad guide. There was but a single Antonyville, a small town on Long Island, about an hour's run from New York.

When Slippery Wyman descended to the platform of the little station the next morning, he blinked irritably at the sunny landscape. He had spent the night in Mullaly's back room, and Mullaly's whisky still buzzed in his gouty veins. Wyman cursed the whisky and the rosy recollection which it had inspired, of how his friend Natchez Dick had blackmailed a planter's silly, love-letter-writing daughter in Baton Rouge. His scheme of a lucrative revenge on Kenny by means of this Margaret Laidlaw seemed more promising when considered in the squalid semi-darkness of Mullaly's than when he thought of it by the golden light of a June morning in the country. The old night-hawk was unused to the freshness of the air and to the free flood of sunshine.

The talkative clerk of the Antonyville House thought that Wyman was a surly sort of a drummer to be selling books to ministers, but nevertheless he described volubly to the stranger the clergymen in the village.

"And Dr. Laidlaw, he's 'Piscopal," concluded the clerk. "But he won't be looking at no books to-day, mister. You see, the parish folks is giving the Laidlaws a kind of donation party. It's a anniversary of them taking the church."

"That so?" remarked Wyman, clipping a finger-nail thoughtfully with his penknife. "Big family, I suppose. Lots of daughters? Parsons usually have."

"Laidlaw ain't ever had no children," said the clerk affably. "But Mrs. Laidlaw, she looks some like his daughter—'most young enough."

"Ah!" grunted Wyman, and clicked his knife.

The rectory was a low, cuddling, comfortable house; but the sight of it touched Wyman's memory uncomfortably. The last time he had entered such a house was the last time he emerged from the dens of his kind in the city, years and years ago, to see his favorite

brother buried. The rectory porch was crowded with flowers and palms, and a cheerily rotund, middle-aged lady with shining cheeks appeared on the threshold.

"Mrs. Laidlaw?" said Wyman.

It flashed into his mind that if this elderly lady was Margaret Laidlaw, his blackmailing expedition was a wild-goose chase, and he felt for a moment queerly relieved. The lady laughed.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed good-naturedly. "The Laidlaws have moved out this forenoon and the committee's moved in." She noticed his valise. "If you're one of the gentlemen," she added, "from the Ploverby church——"

An unconsciously emphatic shake of Wyman's head assured her to the contrary.

"Well, the doctor and his wife are out in the garden somewhere," continued the lady. "Come right this way."

Slippery Wyman took off his hat sheepishly and followed her. The house was filled with women bustling about from room to room. Their contented chatter discomposed Wyman. The few women of his acquaintance did not laugh like this. Two pretty girls, carrying a table, brushed by him. He retreated as close against the wall as he could.

"This is for the presents, Miss Quinton," said one of the girls.

"Front parlor, then," directed Wyman's guide. "I'll fix it in a minute," and, making a trumpet of her hands, she called through an outer door which stood open. "Margaret!" cried Miss Quinton. "Gentleman to see the doctor."

A lady rose from a bench under an apple-tree as Wyman advanced slowly along the path. A flat, old-fashioned garden hat hung low over her forehead. She had a placid, delicately tinted face. Her gown of sober violet was simply made; her figure was slight and graceful; and, when she came nearer, Wyman perceived that she was not young. "No fool like an old fool," he reflected, and imagined her romance—a visit to New York, a chance encounter with Kid Kenny on the street, and so forth.

"Perhaps you wish to see my husband," she suggested.

"Not yet, ma'am," said Wyman. "Not if you're Margaret Laidlaw."

"Why, that's my name," she replied.

The gambler stroked his chin, sniffing uneasily. The peace of the orchard and the perfume of its blossoms were getting on his nerves.

"Might as well drop down to business," he began. "I've been sent here by a friend of yours. He wants"—Wyman hesitated and ground his heel into the turf. "I've been sent here by a particular friend of yours," he reiterated. "Guess who."

"I'm sure I can't," said Mrs. Laidlaw pleasantly.

"Oh, yes, you can," insisted Wyman. "By Kenny!"

He turned upon her squarely, so as to lose no sign of agitation, and he was not disappointed. Mrs. Laidlaw leaned against the bench, twining her fingers.

"By my darling Ken?" she gasped.

"Sure!" said Wyman with an exultant chuckle. "The Kid sent me here, ma'am, on a very special errand."

All at once the lady looked over his shoulder. Wyman had been so intent on his victim that he did not hear the footsteps of the clergyman, who was now close behind him.

"My dear," said Mrs. Laidlaw, "a friend of Ken's—Mr.—Mr.——"

"Lincoln," supplied Wyman, after some perplexed hesitation.

"Really!" cried the minister, and offered his hand heartily. "Margaret," said he, "Miss Quinton demands you in the house."

"I must go, then," she answered. "You'll excuse me, Mr. Lincoln? Only for a few minutes. I must have a long talk with you, even on this busy day."

She nodded prettily, and Wyman bowed. The situation was quite beyond him. He stared at a rose-bush, and wished that he was back in a grimy New York card-room, where he could feel at home.

"Sit down, sir," said Dr. Laidlaw. "And what of Ken, now? He does not write long letters."

"No, I guess not," faltered Slippery.

The kind-faced rector remarked Mr. Lincoln's hesitancy and hospitably determined to set him at ease.

"But he writes us enough to make us as proud of him as if he were our own," pursued the doctor.

"Your own?" mumbled Wyman. "I thought——"

"Ken is my wife's nephew," the clergyman rambled on. "When the poor boy was orphaned, we adopted him and gave him our name—Kenston Laidlaw. It was a great sorrow to have him leave us a year ago; but of course this was no place for him, with his mechanical talent. At first his letters worried us. He is very young to face the temptations of a city. Of late we have been encouraged. And besides, he is making money—as you doubtless know."

"Yes," agreed Wyman gravely.

"Some patent or other," said Dr. Laidlaw. "I do not understand much about such things. I judge from the remittances he sends us—bless his generous heart! And yet, we would rather see him than his letters."

Wyman shifted sideways on the bench.

"I sort of reckon you're likely to see him soon, sir," he murmured bashfully.

"That's the best of news!" exclaimed the doctor. "Margaret! What do you think? A message from Ken!"

He called to his wife, who was hurrying over the grass of the orchard. The picture of a robin, hopping fearlessly near her dainty feet, stuck curiously in Wyman's mind for long afterward.

"There's not a second to lose, dear," she said to her husband. "The presents are ready. And the people are beginning to come. Change your clothes immediately"—for the rector was in gray flannel and slippers.

"All right! All right!" he assented humorously, and departed in burlesque haste.

"I guess I'll be going, too, ma'am," said Wyman, and moved toward the garden gate near by.

Mrs. Laidlaw stared at him in astonishment.

"But you'll stay for the dinner!" she urged. "You must stay. A friend of Ken's here to-day of all days, and running off like this? No, you *must* stay."

Wyman blurted an unintelligible reply. The minister's wife laughed, but stood between him and the gate with the determined resolution of a sentinel.

"You shall not stir!" she reiterated. "You have no excuse. As for your errand, that shall be postponed until——"

"Oh, yes, the errand," Wyman interposed hopefully.

"Well?" said Mrs. Laidlaw.

"The errand won't wait, ma'am, and I've got to hurry." Wyman buttoned up his coat briskly, and his thumb caught in his watch-chain. "Yes, ma'am, I must hurry, sure," he added.

Mrs. Laidlaw laughed again. It was quite obvious that the visitor was making a desperate summons on his invention.

"Really, we must go to the house," she said. "You see, you can find no excuse. I believe that Ken sent you on no errand, except to give us the pleasure of entertaining one of his friends—which we propose to do;" and she laid her hand lightly on his wrist.

Slippery Wyman drew back his arm. What right had this good woman to touch a seasoned scoundrel such as he? The pressure of her hand was the winning stroke of all the incidents of that morning which had conspired so cunningly to defeat him.

"I'll tell you, ma'am," he said, clearing his throat. "Kenny—Kenston had word how folks were making presents to-day to—to the parson. He knew I'd be passing through, so he asked me to leave this." Wyman dropped the watch into Mrs. Laidlaw's fingers. "I can't wait, ma'am—my train—no, don't thank me, thank him. Good-by. Thank him."

He took advantage of the lady's helpless and delighted surprise, snatched his valise, slipped by her, and was out in the lane before she recovered. He almost ran; a policeman might have been at his heels. Breathlessly, and with his gaze fixed on the ground, Wyman circled the tall hedge beyond the rectory and came into collision with a pedestrian who was walking rapidly up the hill from the station.

"Good morning, Mr. — Kenston — Laidlaw!" panted Wyman, backing against the hedge.

"You?" blurted Ken. "You? My Lord!"

"Better let me by, Kid," enjoined Wyman.

"No!" cried the boy. "You've hunted down those two good people of mine, have you? You've broken their innocent hearts with my miserable story, have you? You low-lived dog! I'll——"

Wyman clutched Ken's fist and bore it downward.

"Look out!" he said dangerously. "I won't stand everything. I'll ruin the three of you yet. Look out!"

"What worse can you do than you've done?" snarled Laidlaw, crazed by a flash of fury. "I'll kill you if I can."

In silence he strained madly, but the other's heavy weight locked both of them motionless. Quick footsteps pattered down the lane, and the men heard the voice of a woman.

"Where are you, Mr. Lincoln?" she called. "I've not half thanked you."

Wyman loosened his grip. Ken staggered away. "Aunt Margaret!" he groaned; and the next moment she was laughing and sobbing in his arms.

Wyman edged off and became discreetly absorbed in the foliage of the hedge. Botanical research, however, was futile. He was obliged to abandon it when Mrs. Laidlaw addressed him. She was rubbing her cheek happily against Ken's shoulder.

"This is the best present of the day, Mr. Lincoln," said she. "You knew he was coming all the time, didn't you?"

"Yes'm," affirmed Wyman unblushingly.

"Mr. Lincoln has been telling us such fine, friendly things about you and your work, Ken," Mrs. Laidlaw said. "Your gift of the watch he brought will stupefy your father with pleasure."

"Watch?" stammered Ken, stupefied himself.

Wyman's elephantine wink was something to see.

"I'll leave you, ma'am," he declared. "I'm bound to. Ken knows I'm bound to. So long, Ken. Good luck!"

Laidlaw took Wyman's hand tremulously. Ken's downcast eyes fell on his linen cuff, torn in the grapple, and his face turned very red.

"So long, Wy—Lincoln," he responded slowly. "I'll always remember this. I thank you. I'm sorry I——"

"Oh, it was no trouble," said Wyman, with an indifferent swing of his satchel. "You needn't bother your head about trouble, young fellow, now you've found the way to your folks again."

He stumbled ponderously down the hill. On the platform of the station, he paused and felt absently in the empty watch-pocket of his waistcoat.

"Held up by a lady!" commented Slippery Wyman grimly. "By thunder, she's what I call a regular blackmailer!"

AZURE EYES

RIPPLING pools of sunlit water,
 Magic mirrors, which Eve's daughter,
 Ever since the days of olden,
 Has employed in forging golden
 Links of love for our enchaining;
 And when summer short is waning,
 All the flowers lost I find
 In these gardens of your mind:
 Roses red and lilies, too,
 Myrtles, laurels, pansies, rue;
 Vistas cool and glades entrancing,
 Where the nymphs of love are dancing.
 When your lashes black are falling
 I can hear Pan's pipes a-calling,
 Liltng music down the glen,
 Wringing all the hearts of men.
 Sweet! the summit of my skies
 Lies within your azure eyes.

Isabelle D. Cameron

THE VALUE OF TITLES

BY F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN

THE SPECIAL PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES WHICH BELONG TO RANK IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE COUNTRIES OF EUROPE—THE VARYING IMPORTANCE OF SIMILAR TITLES IN DIFFERENT MONARCHIES—THE GERMAN FÜRST, THE RUSSIAN KNYAZ, THE GERMAN MEDIATIZED HOUSES, AND THE SPANISH GRANDEZA

GREAT is the distinction between aristocracy and nobility. Aristocracy implies the possession of blue blood and of ancient lineage, whereas all that is needed in order to belong to the nobility is a title. Many aristocrats are so proud of having no handles to their names that they would decline with something akin to scorn the proffer of a new-fledged coronet. There are, on the other hand, plenty of plebeians who are dukes, princes, marquises, earls, and counts. In Spain I have known a successful hatter who was created a duke, and a retail butcher of Madrid who received the title of marquis. Czar Paul made his barber a prince. In England there was a village cobbler's son who became an earl, and for many years presided over the deliberations of the House of Lords as lord high chancellor.

Another legal light, the late Lord St. Leonard's, was the son of a hair-cutter. In his mid-career he stood for Cambridge at the Parliamentary general election. While he was speaking at the hustings, a man in the crowd interrupted him by asking the price of soap, the composition of the same, and the general nature of suds.

"I am particularly obliged to that gentleman," replied Sir Edward Sugden, as he was then, "for reminding me of my lowly origin. It is true that I am a barber's son, and was once a barber's apprentice myself. If the gentleman who so courteously reminds me of these facts had been a barber, he would probably have remained one to the end of his life."

There is a great deal of confusion and misapprehension with regard to the relative value of titles. Even in the monarchical countries of Europe it is often difficult to get people to understand that a mere count, if he belongs to one of the mediatised houses of Germany, Austria, or Belgium, outranks a marquis, a prince, or even a duke of the ordinary nobility; that a Spanish grandee, with no title except the prefix of "Don," outranks most of the dukes created by the various sovereigns who have occupied the throne at Madrid during the past hundred years; and finally that, save in England, the grant of titles of nobility carries with it no prerogatives that are of any value.

PARVENU TITLES IN ITALY AND SPAIN

In fact, nowadays, titles are at a discount; that, however, does not prevent their extraordinary increase in number. Perhaps it is because of the increase that they are held in less high regard than formerly. Indeed, both in Italy and in Spain, where titles abound—Spain being able to boast of some two hundred dukes, nine hundred marquises, and several thousand counts—the members of the old aristocracy have completely abandoned the use of the titles which they possess. They merely prefix the word "Don" to their Christian names, and address one another as "Don Emilio," "Don Fernando," or "Doña Angela." Mrs. Mackay's Roman son-in-law would never be spoken to by equals as "Prince Ferdinando Colonna," but as "Don Ferdinando." At Madrid the Duchess of

Alba is invariably addressed as "Doña Maria." These aristocrats of ancient lineage are most punctilious in conceding to parvenu dukes, marquises, and counts, their titles. Their courtesy in the matter is so pointed as almost to be insulting.

PRIVILEGES OF THE MEDIATIZED HOUSES

Of all the titles of nobility in the Old World the most valuable are those of the so-called Mediatized Houses. The heads of these families, some of them dukes, some princes, others counts, formerly enjoyed the rank and power of petty sovereigns, though they were vassals to his apostolic majesty, the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, at Vienna. The Napoleonic wars swept the majority of the small states away, and the Congress of Vienna set its seal to their disappearance. But, as compensation for the loss of their dominions, and as balm for their wounded pride, these petty sovereigns and their lineal descendants were invested with a number of privileges, including the right of marrying on a footing of equality with the reigning dynasties, immunity from all taxation, and exemption from military service.

If of their own accord they enter the army, they are entitled to an officer's commission at once, instead of having to go through the ordinary procedure to obtain it. Up to 1878 they were not amenable to the ordinary tribunals of the land, even when engaged in legal disputes with persons who did not belong to their caste, but were subject to a court of their peers, organized for the occasion. Even to this day they are not obliged to take the ordinary form of oath in court, their mere word being held sufficient—a privilege which, by the by, is shared in English law-courts by British peers of the realm. What renders their standing so altogether exceptional in the ranks of the Old World nobility, is that no sovereign has it in his power to add to their number; for the Holy Roman Empire no longer exists, and it is impossible for any one of the now sovereign houses of Europe to usurp the functions that once belonged to the Holy Roman Empire.

The one ambition of the late Prince

Bismarck was to be raised from the rank of a mere noble to that of a mediatized prince, as Duke of Lauenburg, and he took the ground that either old Emperor William or his grandson, the present Kaiser, could have fulfilled his wish, if they had been willing to go to the trouble of securing the consent of all the other sovereign states of the new German Empire. But neither of the two emperors would take the requisite steps, and when, on his retirement from the office of chancellor, Prince Bismarck received the title of Duke of Lauenburg, it was without the accompaniment of mediatized rank.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S POSITION

Even as Duke of Lauenburg, Prince Bismarck remained inferior, socially and officially, to every mediatized noble—as, for instance, Count Maximilian Pappenheim, before he surrendered his rights as the member of a mediatized house in order to wed Miss Mary Wheeler, of Philadelphia. Had this Count Max Pappenheim married the daughter of Prince Bismarck, he would have been obliged to sacrifice his status as scion of a mediatized family in precisely the same way as when he made Miss Wheeler his wife. The men of the mediatized families cannot wed women who do not belong either thereto, or else to the now reigning houses of Europe, unless they forfeit all their rights and privileges, merely retaining their titles.

UNPRIVILEGED GERMAN NOBLES

German nobles have, as such, no prerogatives or legal immunities beyond those of their plebeian-born fellow citizens. Some are dukes, as, for instance, the Duke of Trachenberg, who is likewise Prince Hermann of Hatzfeldt, and the Prussian Duke of Sagan, who is likewise French Duke of Talleyrand-Périgord and of Valençay. Others are princes, as, for instance, Prince Eulenburg, Prince Kinsky, the Prince of Battenberg, and Prince Radziwill. Then there are the margraves, or marquises, the counts, the barons, and the hereditary nobles. If these classes enjoy any privileges, it is not as nobles, but in connection with the lands which they own, often by means of tenures which retain much of medieval feudality.

There is a distinction between nobles whose titles were conferred two or three centuries ago by the sovereign of the Holy Roman Empire and those whose coronets are of recent origin. The possessors of the older titles are known as *Reichsgraf* ("count of the empire"), and *Reichsfreiherr* ("baron of the empire"). Titles such as these are justly prized, and enjoy a prestige superior to those granted during the last hundred years. For it must be borne in mind that not merely Emperor William, but every other ruler of the sovereign states comprised in the German Empire, retains the right to confer titles. While the late Elector of Hesse-Cassel created princes, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar distributed coronets. Mere patents of baron are scattered broadcast, principally among financiers, in return for loans, by the rulers of those small German states which were so often the theme of Thackeray's satirical humor.

THE MULTIPLIED SUCCESSION OF TITLES

In the German states all the legitimate children of counts are themselves counts and countesses. The progeny of a baron inherit in the same way the honors of the father. In some of the princely and ducal houses, however, only the eldest son inherits the father's title, the brothers and sisters being obliged to content themselves with the rank of count and countess. Thus, the eldest son of the Prussian Prince of Pless is Prince Henry of Pless; his little boy, however, is merely Count Hochberg, a title likewise borne by Prince Henry's younger brother. A similar rule prevails in both branches of the princely house of Hatzfeldt. Prince Alfred's son, Francis, the husband of Miss Clara Huntington, of New York, is a prince, like his father, as is also the eldest son of Prince Hermann Hatzfeldt, Duke of Trachenberg, whereas all the other members of the House of Hatzfeldt are counts and countesses. On the other hand, all the members of the Radziwill family bear the title of prince and princess, the head of the house being usually styled *Fürst* in order to distinguish him from its younger members. I am often asked about this title of *Fürst*, and can convey some idea of its value only by stating that, al-

though its correct translation is "prince," it is something more than an ordinary non-royal prince. Its possession generally implies the chieftainship of the house.

The coronets of the mediatised houses of Germany, which alone on the Continent carry valuable legal immunities and prerogatives, as well as immense social prestige, are beyond the reach of the American heiress. But there is no obstacle in the way of her becoming the wife of an English peer, who retains privileges, dating from the Middle Ages, that are in some respects almost as great as those of the mediatised nobles on the continent. All told, there are about eight hundred British peers, five hundred of whom occupy seats in the House of Lords, and are members of the national legislature either by inheritance or by favor of the sovereign. They are free to marry whom they please, and their wives become invested by marriage with immunity from the jurisdiction of the ordinary criminal courts. If guilty of felony, peers and peeresses can be tried only by the House of Lords, specially constituted into a tribunal for the occasion; as, for instance, when the Earl Russell was tried a couple of years ago for bigamy. The wife of a peer gains, too, a certain legally defined precedence, not merely in society, but likewise at court and at state functions. In fact, she becomes possessed of all sorts of privileges and immunities which distinguish her and the other peers and peeresses of the realm from the remaining three hundred million subjects of the British Crown.

PECULIARITIES OF THE BRITISH PEERAGE

Among the peculiarities of the British peerage the following points must be borne in mind. The crown can create peerages of the United Kingdom, which carry with them a seat in the House of Lords, and Irish peerages, which do not possess that advantage; but the sovereign is debarred by statute from creating any Scottish peerage, although he may revive ancient honors of this kind which have been dormant and in abeyance. Although the Irish peerage of itself confers upon its holder no seat in the House of Lords, he is not only

at liberty to take part in the election of the twenty-eight members of his order who are chosen for life to represent the Irish peerage in the House of Lords at Westminster, but is free (if not himself one of the representative peers) to seek a seat in the House of Commons.

Thus, the late Lord Palmerston, who was for so many years foreign minister and premier of England, sat until the day of his death in the House of Commons, although he was an Irish viscount and a Knight of the Garter. The present Lord Curzon, too, when Queen Victoria wished to confer a peerage upon him at the time of his appointment to the Viceroyalty of India, requested and obtained from her an Irish peerage instead of one of the United Kingdom, so that on his return to England he might resume his seat in the House of Commons, while enjoying all the statutory, social, and official advantages of a peer.

On the other hand, Scottish peers, and peers of the United Kingdom, are barred from the House of Commons by law. Even if they should wish to waive their inherited honors in order to remain in the lower chamber, they could not do so. This was conclusively shown after the death of the late Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England. His eldest son, who occupied a seat in the House of Commons, had before him a brilliant political future, which he was aware would be sacrificed if he was transferred to the upper chamber. He exhausted every legal means to remain a commoner and a member of the lower house. But it was decided by the courts, as well as by Parliament, that he had no alternative, that he had become a peer of the United Kingdom by the death of his father.

GRADES IN THE BRITISH PEERAGE

The British peerage is divided into the following grades: dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons; and the prerogatives of the peerage belong only to the head of the house, to his wife, and to the widows of his predecessors in the family honors, as long as they have not remarried. But his children have no share in these privileges during his lifetime, save in the matter of precedence, and the eldest son of a peer is not even

entitled to the use of a coronet on his coat of arms during his father's lifetime.

When Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Louise, married the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, and the time came for arranging the armorial bearings of the newly wedded couple, it was found that the Marquis had no right to any coronet as long as his father remained alive, and that he was, in point of law, merely a commoner, his title of Marquis of Lorne being only one of courtesy. A courtesy title is usually one of the minor dignities of a duke, a marquis, or an earl, and is borne by his eldest son and heir, more as a matter of social usage and custom than of law. Thus it is that one finds a number of men and women in England, bearing the titles of marquis, of earl, of viscount, and of lord, who are commoners in the eye of the law, and destined to remain as such until they succeed to their fathers' honors. Baronetcies and knighthoods, though they confer upon their owners the right to the prefix of "Sir" to their Christian names, and a certain defined social precedence, carry with them no other prerogatives or immunities.

TITLES IN FRANCE

In France the nobility lost all its privileges and immunities at the time of the great revolution. An attempt was made by the Bourbon rulers of the Restoration, and also by King Louis Philippe, to constitute a Chamber of Peers recruited largely from the *bourgeoisie*, but the endeavor failed. Napoleon III, on becoming emperor, did not attempt to revive the privileges of the nobility.

As long as France remained a monarchy, the number of titles was, in a measure, restricted to those who lawfully inherited them and those upon whom they were conferred by the ruler. But since the establishment of the French Republic, the assumption of titles has proceeded on a scale of ridiculous magnitude, the government professing indifference as long as the titles are not used to obtain money or goods under false pretenses. At least two-thirds of the titles borne in Paris to-day are based on no right or warrant. If there is less

of this kind of thing in the provinces, it is merely because the pseudo-nobles fear the ridicule of their neighbors.

THE SPANISH TITLES

In Spain an attempt is now being made to restrict the extravagant number of titles by the imposition of a heavy succession tax on every hereditary honor of the kind, and many are being dropped for the sake of economy.

A feature about these Spanish titles is that in the case of male issue they pass from father to eldest son, but in default thereof they are inherited by the eldest daughters, who possess the singular privilege of transferring them to their husbands. One A. M. Rosales, who was fortunate enough to capture the heart and the hand of the heiress of the ducal house of Almodovar del Valle, has become a duke by his marriage; and in the same way the late Don Manuel Falco became, through his wife, the Duke of Fernan-Nuñez. Nobles who have thus obtained their titles are popularly known as *marquesos*, *condesos*, etc.

THE SPANISH GRANDEZA

Only the *grandeza* retains the privileges of olden times. It is limited to about three hundred members, and, as a long line of ancestry is required on the part of the applicants for the honor, it is a dignity that still remains highly prized. It was first instituted by Emperor Charles V in 1520. Desirous of imitating Charlemagne in everything, he created twelve peers, or *grandees*, whose number has gradually been increased to the present figure. Possession of a certain amount of annual revenues, derived from landed property, entitles a grandee to a seat in the Senate, and in addition to this the grandees have the right of waiting upon the sovereign in the capacity of chamberlain, and also of remaining covered on state occasions in his presence.

This seems like a petty prerogative to us, with our American notions of democratic usages, but it is none the less true that one of the principal features of the rare ceremony of conferring the *grandeza* is the donning by the candidate of his hat while seated on a tabouret face to face with the monarch.

In Portugal hereditary titles have been abolished in deference to popular sentiment on the subject, and all peerages and titular distinctions are merely held for life by their present possessors. On account of the singular ease with which they are obtained, they are not held in high esteem either at home or abroad. Quite a number of foreign merchants engaged in the Portuguese trade have been able to obtain the titles of viscount and baron.

ITALIAN TITLES

In Italy titles confer no privileges and but little prestige, owing to the extraordinary liberality with which they were formerly distributed by the numerous petty sovereigns of the peninsula. The present government is endeavoring to restrict their number by instituting laws providing for the punishment of all those making use of titles which have not received the sanction of the crown.

The true aristocrats of Italy are the so-called "patricians of Rome," many of them untitled, the names of whose families were inscribed in the fourteenth century in the great golden book of Rome. Only those were included in its pages who were able at that time to prove two hundred years of patrician ancestry.

In Rumania, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro, nobiliary titles have been abolished by law. The numerous gentry from the Balkan States who adopt the title of "prince" when abroad are not allowed to make use of this borrowed plumage at home. In Denmark the greater portion of the aristocracy is untitled.

TOPSYTURVY CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA

Conditions in Russia are difficult to describe. Titles possess there even less value than in the rest of Europe. They are very common, because the titled families are numerous and all the children bear the titles of their parents, even during the parents' life. There are thousands of so-called princes and princesses who have not the right to appear at court and who would not be admitted into society at St. Petersburg or in that of any other capital. The poor-houses and the prisons swarm with

them. There is a *bona-fide* Prince Krapotkine who is earning his living as a cabman on the Nevskiy Prospekt, St. Petersburg. There is a Princess Galatzin who figures in tights and spangles as a bareback rider in a fourth-rate circus, and there is a Prince Dolgorouki who is a stevedore and porter at Moscow.

THE RUSSIAN "KNYAZ"

Strictly speaking, the Russian title of "prince" is due to a misapprehension and wrong translation. The Russian word used to designate a prince is *knyaz*, the correct English synonym for which is "lord." A *knyaz*, in fact, possesses much the same rank and status as an ordinary English country squire or lord of the manor. During the reign of Louis XIV of France two of these *knyaz* happened to visit Versailles. Inquiries being made by court officials concerning their rank, their interpreters, partly with a view to increasing their own importance and partly through ignorance, translated the word *knyaz* as prince. Since then every Russian squireen has invariably been treated with the title of "prince" from the very moment that he crossed the Czar's western frontier, much as every well-to-do Bombay pedler is greeted as rajah as soon as he sets foot in Paris. The titles of count

and even of baron, therefore, enjoy far higher consideration in Russia than that of prince. Since the days of Peter the Great there have been only sixty-seven creations of counts and twenty of barons. Besides these, there are, of course, a certain number of counts and barons in the Baltic provinces who are subjects of the Czar.

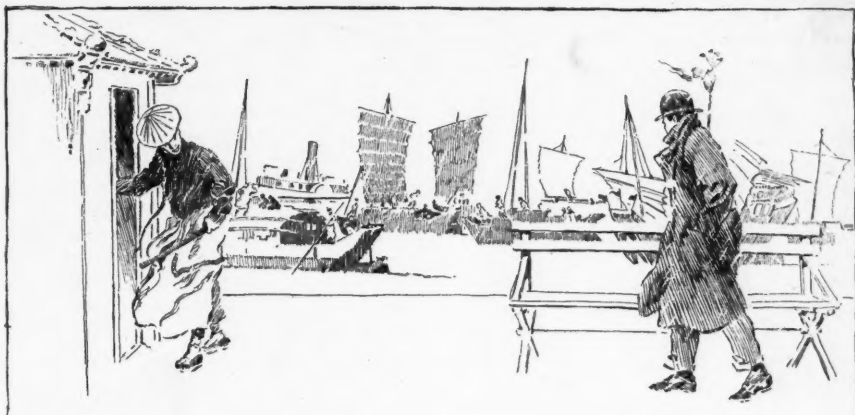
Russian nobles, titled or untitled, when possessed of a certain amount of land in a particular province, form a species of diet of that province which is presided over by one of their number, elected by them for the purpose, who is styled the marshal of the nobility of this or of that province. These assemblies of nobles are allowed a limited participation, chiefly of an advisory character, in the affairs of their province. Nor is blue-blood indispensable in order to belong to these assemblies. The possession of certain orders of knighthood, which may be conferred by the Czar upon whomsoever he pleases, *ipso facto* invests the persons thus honored with hereditary nobility. I may add that in Russia, as also in Spain and in Italy, the trend of the government is toward the restriction of the number of nobiliary titles. Steps analogous to those taken by the governments of Spain and of Italy are now about to be adopted at St. Petersburg.

ROMANCE IS NOT DEAD

ANCIENT minstrel, do not sorrow
 In your earthen bed;
 Though our day is your to-morrow—
 Romance is not dead.
 Songs have we, and eager finger
 O'er piano keys to linger—
 (Harpsichord I should have said).
 Themes quite oft from love we borrow—
 Love is far from dead!

Maids have we in faerie bowers,
 Wooed by ardent hearts and true
 As, of yore, scaled aerie towers—
 (Irate fathers have we too);
 Though 'tis passed—love's silken ladder,
 And our youths—I'll own 'tis sadder—
 Elevators use instead,
 Yet, old minstrel, do not sorrow—
 Romance is not dead!

Leighton Demain



THE MAN FROM HONGKONG

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

CAUCASIANS may stroll on the Bund; men of saffron hue may not. There are benches facing the river-front where one has the privilege of sitting and watching the long procession of *sampans* toiling up and down stream—*sampans* of all sorts and descriptions, from those carrying passengers to the market-boats freighted with vegetables from Whampoa and the adjacent countryside. The smaller craft, manned by slave-girls in pajamas, and decorated with bits of red and gilt, are the most picturesque, perhaps; the larger, heavy-laden and sent along by the brawny muscle of half-naked coolies, bring a truer conception of the brute force of labor.

Occasionally a big lumber boat passes, propelled by a treadmill—a treadmill sent around by the incessant working of the bare feet of coolies, laboring in gangs of six. Wheezy little tugs scream peevishly; big river steamers of the side-wheel type lie in the offing, waiting to return to Hongkong; trim customs cutters flying gaudy yellow ensigns blow imperiously, and sometimes run down

plebeian boats with the lofty disregard of caste. Afar up and around the Shameen stretches the city of house-boats—a million souls subsisting upon and by the beneficence of the river; a network of cordage, stark spars, bamboo masts, lateen sailing, and clumsy hulks.

Looking a bit farther, Canton itself arises, that great city of temples and smells, joss-sticks and officialdom. The Shameen holds the European population, the consulates, the banks, the great merchant houses. It is an island prettily paved, laid out like a Christmas garden, separated from the Chinese city by a bridge which is guarded by iron gates. Blue-bloused, red-lettered soldiers of the Chinese viceroy stand there in lazy attitudes, holding medieval pikes, and scowling upon their brother Chinese from their altitudinous height of minor officialdom.

All this is interesting, no doubt; but Gough had been walking the Bund since nine o'clock that morning, and the air was bitterly cold. He had no other place to go, this Gough. It seemed to him that the mental photograph of this

busy scene was one that would ever appear kaleidoscopically before him, the background of the most hopeless day he had ever known.

Five separate and distinct times he had started toward the American consulate, whose flag-pole—"The smallest consulate on the island, but the biggest flag-pole, sir!" as the consul-general was wont to exclaim)—caked with the drifting snow, was a white finger stretched heavenward, and perhaps an omen.

"You fool! You've simply got to go," he said when indecision first came; but it was several hours before he summoned enough courage to pass through the gate of the consulate into the garden, ascend the steps, and ring the bell at the door. A Chinese servant, appearing, delivered himself of a genuflection, and led the visitor into an office where a Portuguese clerk sat writing busily.

"The consul-general," Gough said.

The Chinese "boy" bowed again.

"Me go find missee can do," he replied.

The Portuguese looked up from scribbling his signature for the sixtieth time, and inspected Gough. Apparently concluding that the stranger was one whose word as to the clerk's industry might carry a little weight on the promotion side, he continued writing his "Manuel da Silva" with the appearance of being busily engaged on work which required instant, speedy, and thoughtful execution. At the sixty-seventh repetition, he managed a new flourish, and eyed it admiringly.

"You would like to see the consul-general?"

Gough turned, with a start. It had been some time since he had heard the even tones of breeding—and from a girl. She looked very clean and fresh; and her hair, chestnut and slightly waved, was parted in the middle and combed smoothly back from her broad, white brow. Her eyes—clear, hazel-brown, long-fringed—welcomed him.

He was quickly on his feet. Somewhat awkwardly he took the proffered hand; and as the delicate fingers were inclosed in his, he felt a sudden glow. For a moment he was silent. He had not been used, of late, to women of her kind.

"Come into the private office, won't you?"

The room which Gough entered was simply furnished, as any private office of a business firm might be. The girl waved him to a revolving chair, while she sat on the edge of a leather divan, her chin on her hand.

"Now!" she said pleasantly.

The man twisted at a button on his coat.

"I—er—the consul-general, you know? Really, I beg your pardon—"

He looked away from her. She nodded at him, quite seriously.

"I am the consul-general, *pro tem.*," she assured him. "I am Miss Livingstone. My father is in Manila, looking into some affairs there; and the vice-consul-general is away on sick leave—so you see—"

She smiled again, with the perfect assurance of a woman in the presence of a man of the right sort. Women make few mistakes of this kind. Whatever Gough may have done or might have been, it was plain that he was a man of breeding. His clothes, beginning to turn shabby, had given the girl a clue as to his errand.

"You mustn't hesitate in treating me just as you would my father. I'm here to look out for Americans, and—"

Her glance was one of inquiry. Gough's eyes wandered away from her.

"I'm a stranger here—came in on the Kai-Ping this morning from Hongkong. I need"—he hesitated—"I need something to do."

"Yes?" Her tone was encouraging.

"In fact, I must have employment pretty soon, or—I tried to make it in Hongkong—no go. This was the nearest—"

Miss Livingstone pursed up her pretty mouth and wrinkled her brows.

"Now tell me," she said, in what she considered quite a businesslike way, "what would you like to do?"

"Anything!" he burst out; then, more soberly: "I'm a college man; failed at the law, back in the States; took up expert accounting; had a place in a bank." He paused, and anticipated the question trembling on her lips. "My bill-roll, containing my letters of recommendation and most of my money,

was stolen from me in Hongkong." Her eyes did not lose their sympathetic light, he noted. With an effort, he finished: "My name is Gough—James Dinwiddie Gough. I'm from Virginia—Richmond—my college was the University of Virginia."

He spread out his palms with an air of having completed his history. The girl looked at him thoughtfully.

"I see," she meditated. "You've had awfully bad luck, haven't you?" She smiled that rare, encouraging smile again, and her air was one of confidence. "I tell you what to do, Mr. Gough. You come back here in an hour's time, and I may be able to do something—or will you remain here and wait?"

"I'll come back," said Gough quickly.

The girl arose, and the man followed her example.

"You see I want to do all I can," she said. "Of course, there's always the customs—but maybe something better. Shall we say an hour, then?"

The man fumbled about for some words and found none adequate.

"You're most awfully kind," he stammered. "I don't know how——"

She gave him her hand.

"In an hour!" she said.

She saw him to the door. When he had gone, she quitted the office; and presently went out into the garden, attired in a long coat and a walking-hat. Her way took her to the local branch of the New York, Manila, and Hongkong Banking Corporation; and on arriving at the building, she knocked at the door marked "Manager." A cheery American voice invited her to enter; and she was warmly greeted by Mr. Peter Harkins, slightly bald, more than slightly fat, and from Vermont.

"Well, now!" said Mr. Harkins. He pushed his papers from a chair to the floor, dusted the chair with a slouch hat hanging on the wall, and waved her toward it. "This is something we don't get often. How's the Princess Kitty this morning, eh?"

Her little gloved hand rested in his for a moment, and her earnest eyes questioned him.

"I've come to ask a favor, Mr. Harkins," said she.

"Ask away," commanded Harkins,

much pleased. "You can have the bank if you like. Favors, indeed! Wish you'd ask more of them."

"You wait until you hear this one," she said. "Then you'll open your eyes, Mr. Harkins. I heard from Alice yesterday that Mr. Carson left the bank suddenly and went to Shanghai, and that you need a new cashier. Is that so?"

Mr. Harkins nodded gloomily.

"What I call pretty low down in Carson. The H. K. & S. offered him a big chance in Shanghai, and he took it without saying 'by your leave.' Now I'll have to wait months until they send another man out from the States. Can't get 'em out here."

"If you could get one out here, would you take him?" asked Miss Livingstone.

"Would I? Like a shot, if he had the right references. Not fair to the bank, otherwise. Man could loot a hundred thousand if he was dishonest. Have full charge when I'm away. Rest of the people Chinese."

Very slowly and concisely, Miss Livingstone told him about Gough. When she had completed her narrative, the manager looked somewhat troubled and perplexed. For some time he did not speak.

"Won't you give him a chance?" she begged. "I can see he's just the man you want—he is a gentleman; don't you think I can tell? He's honest, too. I know he's honest!"

After twirling about the paper-cutter for some little while, Mr. Harkins spoke:

"Now, Princess Kitty, you've put me in a hole. You say the man's all right; but appearances—you know the rest of it. I'd have to watch him if I didn't trust him—and how could I trust him? Would it be fair to the bank?" In his embarrassment Mr. Harkins broke the paper-cutter. "Think of it—he could loot a hundred thousand if he wasn't honest!"

He meditated.

"Please do give him a trial," begged the consul-general *pro tem*. "I know he's all right—I know he is!"

Mr. Peter Harkins narrowed his eyes and thought deeply. Then he took a cigar from his case, fingered it, and bit

off the wrong end. When he looked up there was a triumphant gleam in his eye.

"Well, Miss Kitty," said he. "We'll try him. If he qualifies, all right!"

II

GOUGH, his face very white, his fingers holding the note and trembling, turned his eyes on the sallow Portuguese clerk at the American consulate. It was exactly one hour later, and when he had come, he had received the missive from the clerk.

"This—this——" Then his voice became firmer. "Where is Miss Livingstone?"

"Out!" said the Portuguese insolently. Da Silva was sure, now, that Gough was of no importance.

"Ah!"

Something like a sobbing sigh escaped Gough. He read the note again, the letters running themselves together before his eyes, the faint woman's perfume of it smiting him as a severe blow:

DEAR MR. GOUGH:—I don't just see what I can do for you to-day. Call to-morrow morning, and we'll try to arrange things.

KATHERINE LIVINGSTONE,
For the Consul-General.

Gough thrust the note into his pocket. Paying no further attention to the sallow clerk, he let himself out of the office, and hurried to the street. He walked rapidly, for it was very cold. He was tired; he had been striding about all morning.

The snowfall had begun again. The wind from the river blew in his face; it was a cold wind, and he beat his hands together and rubbed his nose gently.

"Why didn't I tell her how I stood?" He was speaking aloud, apparently to the snow-birds who were chattering and flying about in circles, greatly excited. "She thinks I have some money. What a fool I was!"

His last dollar had been paid out for his passage up from Hongkong in the second-class Chinese compartment of the Kai-Ping. The soles of his shoes leaked, and his feet were wet and cold.

"Well!" he mused bitterly. "You have let yourself in for a mess, my friend. You've bungled this as you bungle everything. The girl only means

to be kind—she can't do anything for a man without references."

He was on the Bund again. He passed several policemen—little Chinese in a queer admixture of European and Chinese clothes. They bobbed in and out of their little sentry-boxes like so many squirrels. He noted that each box had its fire of charcoal. Several times he half paused, trying to make up his mind to ask one of the policemen to let him go within; but his unholy pride revolted at the idea.

"Glood mlawning," they cooed to him affably.

He walked around the island three times. The snow was coming down in broad, white concatenations. It no longer melted on the ground, but piled up in little drifts. The boats on the river were seen through a haze. Lanterns bobbed to and fro in the white silence. The trees stood out white silhouettes, ghostly, ill-omened.

Gough was getting quite tired and sleepy. His limbs ached. A thousand and one little pin-pricks assailed his body, as if he wore underclothes of hair. The cold had made him active, the snow was bringing on drowsiness. He collapsed in a heap on the bench.

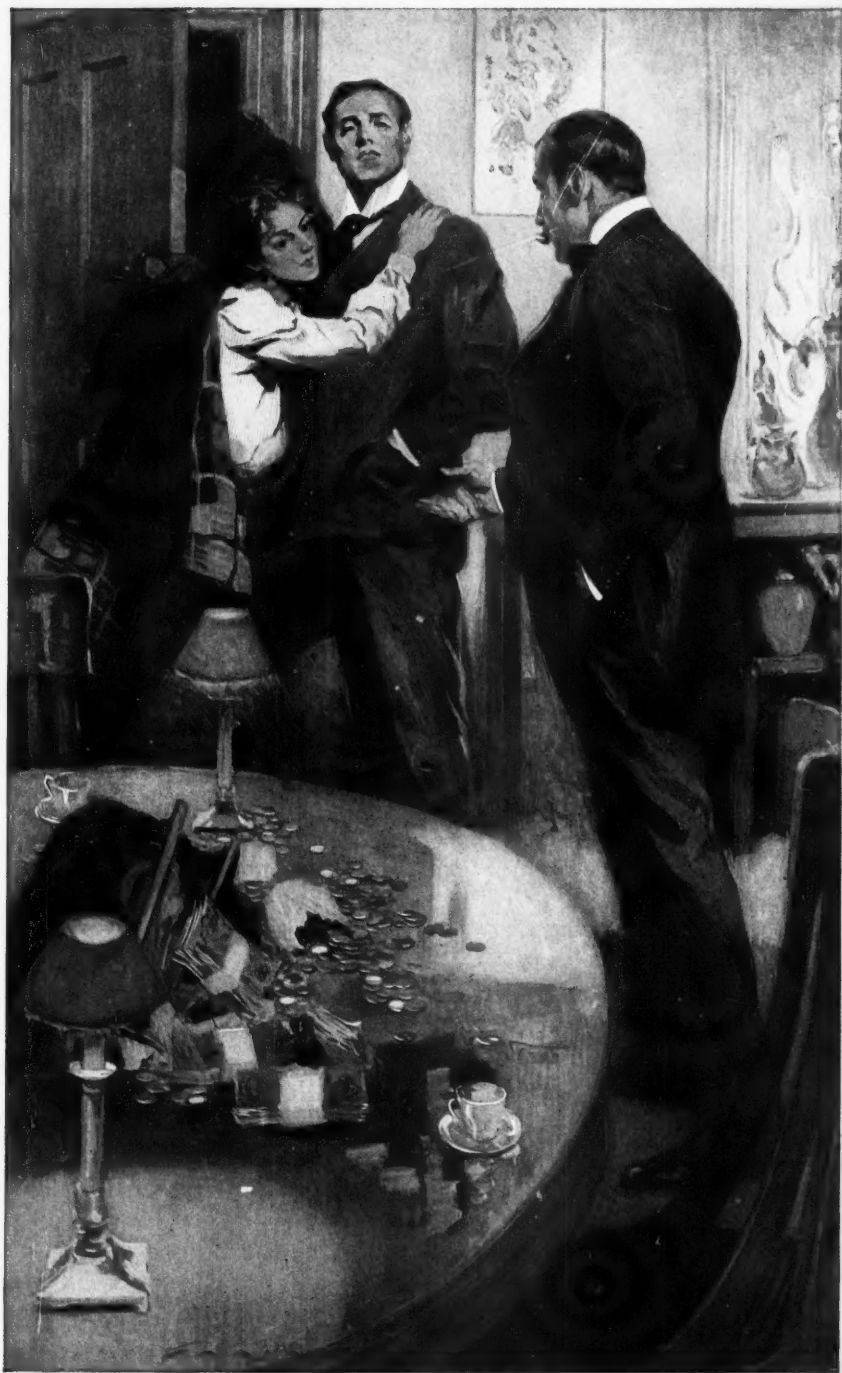
He must have drowsed. His dreams were quite beautiful. Then he was aware that something horrible had happened; and awoke to the realization that some one was clapping him on the back. He staggered to his feet, aching. His knees collapsed.

"Well!" came a cheery voice out of the silence. "So you've gone on a little bout all by yourself, eh, Captain Fane? I'm ashamed of you. Why didn't you come to the house? I've got the best whisky in the place. Come on now, you disreputable person!" The laugh took the sting out of the words. "I've been looking for you ever since the Kai-Ping docked."

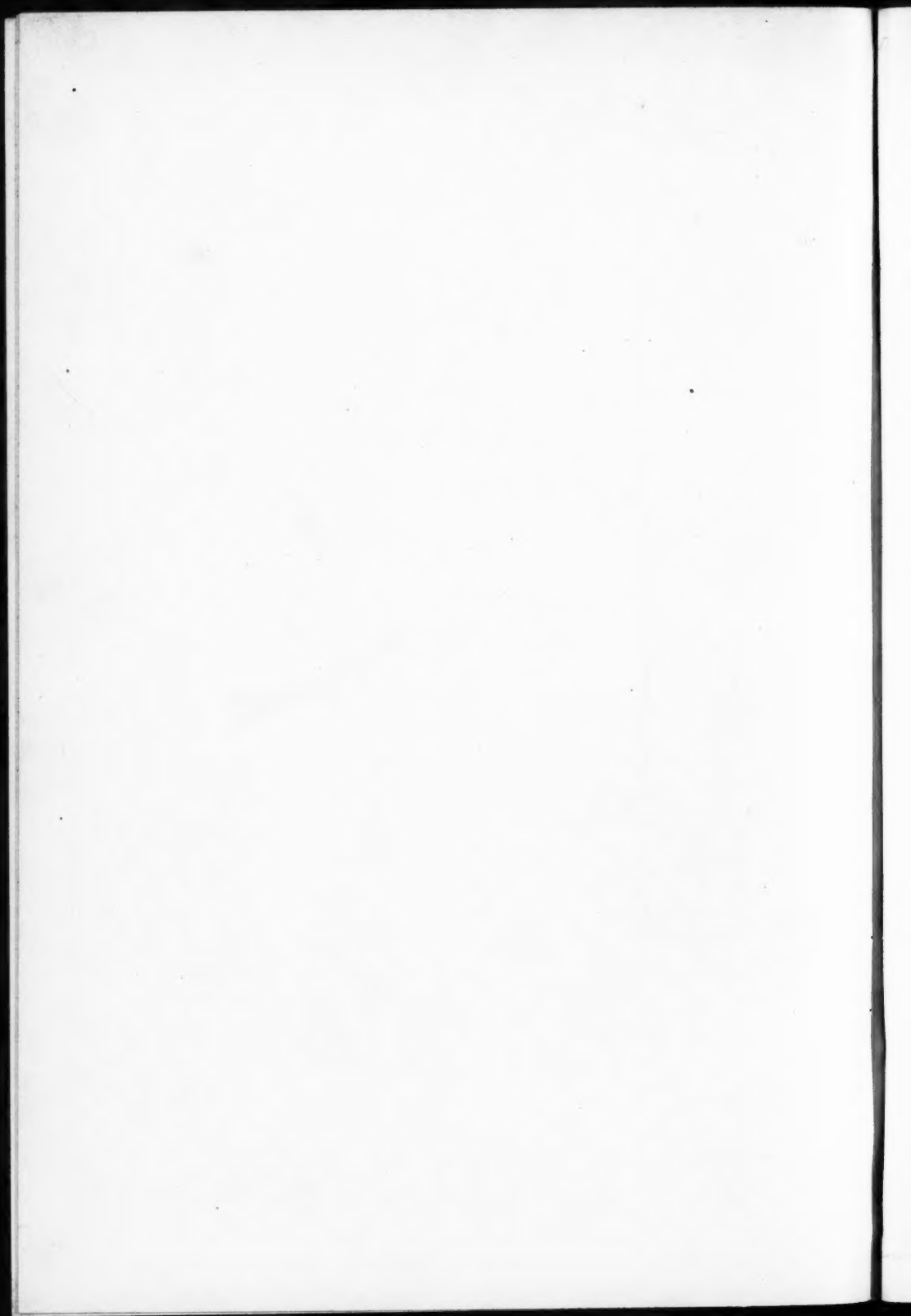
In a dull sort of way, Gough realized that he had been mistaken for some one else; but he was too cold to argue the question.

"I'm not feeling very well," he gasped; and swayed in his place.

Immediately he was braced and supported, the man by his side walking him hurriedly off.



THE NEXT MOMENT, THE GIRL HAD CROSSED THE ROOM. HER HANDS RESTED, EVER SO GENTLY, ON GOUGH'S SHOULDERS



Presently they ascended some steps. A warm gust of air blew in Gough's face; and a door was shut on the wintry blast. A quiet, peaceful unconsciousness came over him.

III

WHEN he awoke, he was aware that he was quite comfortable. He was between soft sheets, and one hand clutched a blanket. Outside, the snow was piled up on the window-ledges.

A cheery glow came from a wood fire on the hearth. It was growing dark without. When last he remembered, it had been scarcely past noon.

The room was burlapped in green. There was a dressing-table near one window, with silver-backed military brushes and other toilet articles.

The green holland window-curtains, pulled half-way down, obscured most of the view outside; but for all that he could see the remorseless snow and hear the sigh of the wind. He shuddered and looked at the fire; then he got out of bed and went over to it.

The door opened without noise. A Chinese servant came into the room.

"Master have got luggage here?"

Gough was suddenly brought back to his real condition. He remembered that he was an unwitting impostor.

"No," Gough said.

"Velly well. Me catchee some master's cloes." As Gough would have interposed, he nodded with understanding. "Him all light—master say can do. Likee one piecee bath, master?"

"Yes," said Gough involuntarily.

The servant opened a door on the right, clicked on an electric arc, and began to run water. Gough sat quite silent. His eye wandered from the snow outside to the fire. Also he was very hungry.

It was an alternative that would commend itself to no man. Under the name of Fane, he might remain here, man to man with his host, a welcome guest, with clean clothes, warmth, food, a clean bed for the night. On the other hand, there was only the snow. No doubt if he told this fellow he was not Fane, he would be allowed to remain, but only out of sufferance and pity. Gough's false pride rose at the thought; his lips set grimly.

He did not care for the pauper's share. It was his host's fault, anyway. He had not claimed to be this Captain Fane, whoever he might be.

"Bath him leady," said the boy.

He held open the swinging door to the bath-room. Gough passed in. The warm water was soothing. He soaped and rubbed himself into a splendid glow. When he came out, he found clean linen, another suit of clothes, another scarf, and another pair of boots. With the assistance of the Chinese, he dressed himself carefully.

Gough's appetite positively pained him. Clean and comfortable, he realized that all he needed was a hearty meal.

"Chow him all leady, master him wait. Me show you way."

Gough followed the boy meekly into the hall and down the stairs. He was a little dazed when he entered the dining-room, and saw the clean linen and the man who sat at the head of the table.

The man in question hastily arose and came over to Gough, taking the impostor's hand in a good strong American grasp, and shaking it vigorously.

"Well, well!" said he. "You've played us a shabby trick, you have! Here you come in this morning, got to go back to-night, and all I see of you is at dinner. I must say, Fane, you haven't treated me right!"

The Chinese boy pulled back a chair for Gough, and guest and host seated themselves.

"I was—ill," stammered Gough. "I—er—didn't leave the boat—until nearly noon—and then I got faint—and—" Gough was not a good liar. His invention gave out. "You see," he added, with a wave of his hand.

His host's tone was sympathetic.

"Sorry — mighty sorry — thought you'd gone on a joyful little toot all by your lonesome." His tones took on anxious interest. "All right now though, aren't you? You look well enough."

"Oh, I'm fine now," laughed Gough, glad to be on solid ground again.

The servant brought the soup. The host continued to talk, and mostly about people in Hongkong whom Gough did not know. He maintained a discreet silence, only replying in monosyllables

when asked questions; trusting to his luck that his affirmations and negations were in the right places.

When Gough finished his dinner, his eye was bright and he was almost forgetful of the fact that this man was an entire stranger whose name, even, he did not know. The warm blood coursed through his veins. He was merry and satisfied. Several times he blossomed forth with good stories that set his host to laughing uproariously and caused the Chinese servant to conceal a respectful grin. Gough was feeling at peace with the world, and very friendly to his host.

And now they sat, stirring their after-dinner coffee and smoking cigars. They had been talking quite aimlessly. Gough's host had recalled some adventures in the heart of Kwang-Tung province when he had been establishing local branches. As if they reminded him of something, he began to chuckle. Presently he patted Gough's shoulder.

"But the best of all was the way you got around old Tai-Luan-Shi!" His chuckles were positively explosive. "I say, Fane, tell me that again—it's about the funniest thing I ever heard or read. Fire ahead with it, you artful dodger!"

Suddenly Gough came out of his dreams. He stared at his host quite miserably. No longer was he Fane the equal, but Gough the pauper, partaking of hospitality which was not his, shamefully imposing on a man of his own kind. He was an impostor, a thing to be despised. There was plainly but one thing to do. It must be done sooner or later. It was best to do it now.

His hands were clinched; his lips set. He cleared his throat.

"Well, you see——" His voice trembled. "I had no intention of——"

His host raised a hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Wait a moment, Fane. Well, boy?"

He was speaking to the Chinese servant, who had entered again. He was answered swiftly in Chinese.

"Ha, exactly! Well, that's too bad. By George! Fane, here's the rottenest kind of luck. All right, Ling, you can go." He leaned over toward Fane, disappointment on his face. "Your boat sails in half an hour. The captain's had a change of sailing orders."

The news came to Gough with the welcome knowledge of relief. He would not be forced to make the painful confession now.

"I'm—sorry—too." His voice was quite shaky. "I'll get up-stairs and shift these togs of yours, and——"

His host touched his sleeve.

"Wait—we've got to fix this money business first. I should have settled all this before dinner, but you were sleeping so quietly I hated to disturb you."

While Gough stood, staring, his host crossed the room, twirled the combination of the safe at the other end, and opened the door of it. Gough, meanwhile, quite sure that this new development boded no good for him, watched the other's movements as one who has been mesmerized.

The man came back with a steel-bound portmanteau in his hand. He laid it on the table and opened it.

"Now, Fane, let's be quick. It's too bad you've got to get back to Hong-kong to-night, but—well, anyhow, here's the money. Wish you'd count it."

He tossed a heavy sealskin bag across the table. It fell with a thud near Gough's hand; and the first packet of gold pieces, by impact with the hard teak of the table, burst their paper covering and fell in a golden, rippling rain over Gough's fingers. He looked at the gold in stupid surprise, and drew back suddenly, as if he had been burned. His hands gripped the table.

"Five thousand, gold, in packets of one hundred—I think you'll find it all right, Fane. And here are the bank-notes—fifty thousand dollars, and all negotiable without the slightest trouble. You'll have to keep a close watch on that little case. If a thief got the lot, there's not one could be traced!"

Gough's finger-nails grated on the hard teak.

"Fifty-five thousand in all, Fane. I'm glad it's off my mind—hope you'll have no misadventures with it. The portmanteau is patent-locked, and here's the key." He looked at the clock. "Come on, Fane, we've got to rush a little to see you aboard that boat!"

Gough had time neither to think nor to maneuver. Surprise had driven his senses away.

"What am I—to do with it?" he blurted out.

The other clapped him on the shoulder.

"Brace up, Fane! The claret's gone to your head. Why, you're to take it to the bank in Hongkong—your bank, of course. Come on, now, and count the money!"

Fifty-five thousand dollars, and all negotiable! The man was practically giving it to him. To-morrow he might be in Hongkong, a week later in Australia—

Quite plainly, he did not know why, he saw the face of the girl at the consular office. Her clear eyes questioned him. They betokened a trust. She had seen the real man in the supplicant; she knew that he was what he was, in spite of his shabby clothes and his lack of money. To-day he might face her with no shame upon him; to-morrow—

His hands left the table; his cigarette dropped into his saucer with a sudden hiss. The other man jumped slightly. It seemed that the ticking of the clock was unnecessarily loud. Gough's fingers smoothed his hair and fumbled with his scarf; they went within his waistcoat pocket for a match, found it, and twisted it about until the smell of sulphur became evident.

Gough was standing very straight; his chest was thrown well forward, and his eyes looked squarely into those of his host.

"I've deceived you," he said. "I'm well aware that I've been dishonorable. The fact that I'm clean, warm, and fed is due to you. I've worn your clothes, slept in your bed, eaten your food, drunk your wine—and lied to you. You did these things for me out of the kindness of your heart, no doubt—but for another man. So, as I say, I've lied to you, deceived you, and taken things under false pretenses. Not nice for a man who once had some honor!" He paused and breathed heavily. The other man was silent, watching him. "I let you think I was Fane because I was hungry and cold. A liar, yes; but I'm not a damned thief!" He reached down and pushed the money across the table toward the other man. The gold clinked; the bundles of notes rolled erratically. "You'd

better keep that for Fane—whoever he is. My name's not Fane. It's Gough!"

He moved toward the door. His host's chin was sunk on his collar; his eyes were narrowed and fixed alertly upon Gough. The silence which had settled seemed interminable. The two men watched each other, both faces impassive. Gough had his hands in his coat pockets, the other had crossed his behind his back.

"Well?" said Gough.

The other nodded.

"Just a minute," he said.

He tinkled the silver bell on the table three times.

At the noise of the door opening, both men turned, and a girl in a hooded storm-cape entered, smiling brightly. Stray locks of hair blew into her eyes; there was the flush of a battle with the storm upon her face.

"Miss Kitty," said the host, "your intuition wins. Let me introduce you to our new cashier, Mr. Gough!" He turned to Gough again. "It was a trick—yes. I'm sorry now I didn't take her word. You see I had to test you." He advanced with his hand outstretched. "Mr. Gough, my name is Harkins, and I'm the bank-manager here. Miss Kitty asked for the cashier's place for you, and you have it. Will you shake hands?"

Gough's teeth bit into his lip. He forgot the girl. His brain was afire.

"Shake hands?" he grated. "Not by a long shot. Shake hands?" He laughed harshly. "So you had to send me through hell to try me, and for your petty cashier's place! Shake hands? No!"

He swung open the door. The next moment, the girl had crossed the room. Her hands rested, ever so gently, on Gough's shoulders.

"I trusted you," she almost wailed. "Oh, I know what you must feel; but I trusted you. Won't you believe me? Won't you stay?"

His eyes met hers. Slowly the fire within him died down. He forgot what had passed—forgot only that she was there, and that her hands rested on his shoulders.

"I'll do—whatever you say," he stammered.

STORIETTES

A Police-Court Portia

MRS. JAGGART and her husband breakfasted in their usual manner. With businesslike gravity he mechanically sipped his coffee and perused the morning paper, forcing an occasional reluctant reply to the steady stream of extracts his wife was issuing from the little pile of letters beside her plate.

"You didn't volunteer any information in regard to that communication on top," he said grimly as he turned to the editorial page of his newspaper. "It must be a bill!"

She raised her eyes serenely, and handed him the document.

"Yes, it's a bill. My hat. You had better bring me a check for the amount when you come home to-night."

He gazed at it fearfully.

"Is this the bargain you were telling me about?"

"Oh, no!" she replied with superior condescension. "That's another one. It's really wonderful how they can sell a pattern hat so cheap at this time of the year!" she explained, waxing enthusiastic over the subject. "The material——"

But her husband was returning to his paper with some ostentation, and she realized that his legal mind declined to follow so trivial a subject.

After he had left the house, Mrs. Jaggart received a morning visit from a gushing young woman who was at present going in extensively for literature and oratory.

"Oh, Mrs. Jaggart," she exclaimed effusively, "it must be ideal to spend your life with such a great-brained man as your husband is!"

"Well, I don't know!" replied Mrs. Jaggart doubtfully, recalling the millinery theme. "He is not always responsive."

"I suppose that is when he is absorbed in some great case and can't come down to ordinary things," suggested the caller.

"Of course you go frequently to listen to his wonderful arguments."

"No; I have never been in a courtroom," admitted Mrs. Jaggart. "Law subjects seem dreadfully tiresome to me. William says they do to him, too."

"What! You never heard one of his famous speeches!" exclaimed the amazed caller. "Why, the court-room is simply crowded when he makes an argument. Even the judge is fascinated, and he captivates a jury always. I heard a great judge say that usually an eloquent lawyer was good for nothing but his oratory, but that Mr. Jaggart was wonderful on cornering a witness on cross examination—that no one could elude him."

"I can!" ruminated the great man's spouse thoughtfully.

She found new food for reflection in her guest's dissertation. She was slightly ashamed of the fact that she had never heard one of her husband's clever arguments. She knew in a vague way that he was well informed and that he was successful; but was he so distinguished as her guest had said, and was she—his wife—alone ignorant of his true value?

Mrs. Jaggart ever acted on impulse, and her impulses always prompted direct action. When she had finished sizing up her husband's greatness from a distance and from other people's standpoints, she donned her wraps and went to the court-house.

She knew in a vague way that it was the time of year when cases were tried, and as her husband was prosecuting attorney, of course he would be in court. It chanced to be a day when the calendar was unimportant, and there were scarcely any spectators in the room.

Jaggart's expression of amazement when he saw his wife enter gave way to one of apprehension.

"Has the furnace fire gone out, the kitten had a fit, or the water pipe burst?" he wondered.

She said something to an attendant, who stood near the entrance, and he obsequiously led her up to the inner circle, reserved for brethren of the court and distinguished visitors.

"What is it, Georgie?" asked Jaggart anxiously, as he came up to her.

"I just wanted to visit court, and hear you try a case," she explained.

He looked visibly relieved; then amused.

"There's hardly any case on the calendar worth hearing," he remarked. "Let me see. Oh, yes, there is a poor devil up for petty larceny, a sort of tramp, who is accused of stealing from clothes-lines."

"Who's his lawyer?"

"He hasn't any. Probably some young, newly fledged graduate will volunteer for the sake of experience. Let me see——" His eye ran quickly over the room. "Yes, there's young Colby. He'll probably donate his services."

"Oh, Fred Colby!" she exclaimed, eager and interested. "He plays an elegant game of golf. I hope he'll win. You ought to let him—to encourage him and give him a start."

Jaggart laughed.

"It's a very clear case. I guess Colby won't expect to win, or hardly try, except to make an effort for form's sake."

"What a farce!" she exclaimed. "There isn't anything really legal about law!"

Again Jaggart laughed and walked away to repeat her protest to the judge, who grinned appreciatively.

The case was called: *The People vs. Tate*. The prisoner was brought in, and Mrs. Jaggart's interest and sympathy went out to him at once because in spite of his shabby, unkempt look there was a something—a sort of boyishness in his face that made her heart yearn to him. She felt sure she had seen him before somewhere, but her erring memory failed to locate when and where.

As Jaggart had predicted, Colby volunteered his services and performed his part perfunctorily. *The People* had a seemingly clear case; even if they had not, the judge, jury, Colby, and the prisoner knew that *The People* would win, because Jaggart had never lost a case.

When the prosecution had so tightly

coiled the incriminating evidence about the prisoner that extrication seemed impossible, the prisoner's counsel arose. He called his sole witness, a young, awkward country lad, who had come to town in search of work, and who had put up at the same cheap lodging house as had the prisoner. After a few questions, ostensibly to put him at ease, Colby won from him testimony that was decidedly favorable to the prisoner. The slow manner and the open, honest face of the youth made obviously a good impression upon the jury; but Colby, and, in fact, every one save the luckless witness, knew it would be mere horse-play to Jaggart to dispose of the testimony of this raw lad.

There was something in the relentless eye and manner of the prosecuting attorney as he rose and took his victim's measure that gave the youth a premonition of the dreadful something coming. He began to move uneasily, and fumbled nervously and unceasingly with his big, soft, shabby hat as he waited with a little anticipatory shiver of expectancy for the first question. It did not come in interrogative form, but as a thundering command.

"Put down that hat!"

The last spark of intelligence and reason was extinguished in the witness for the defense. He became incoherent and finally, unknown to himself, contradicted all his former statements.

The judge and the court habitués were used to this procedure of Jaggart's, but Colby had never heard the great lawyer handle a witness of this character before. His resentment at the treatment of the lad was entirely subservient to his admiration of the ease with which the wily lawyer accomplished his purpose, and he determined to profit in the future by this method of cross examination.

The prisoner looked contemptuously at his sole dependence for acquittal, but the witness was too miserable and confused to feel the scorn. A little red spot of indignation in each cheek manifested Mrs. Jaggart's feelings.

"How small, mean, and despicable in Will to treat like that a poor, ignorant, honest lad!" she thought. "And what business was it of his what the fellow did with his hat! I suppose that milliner's

bill of mine rankles yet, and makes the sight of every hat repugnant to him."

The prosecutor arose for his summing up. An argument scarcely seemed necessary, but his two new auditors, his wife and Colby, called for an exhibition, and he made out a merciless case against the prisoner. He ended tragically, dramatically, and overwhelmingly.

"Look!" he commanded in grand finale—"look at the shirt the man is now wearing!"

All eyes turned to the prisoner. As he was vestless, a wide expanse of shirt-front was displayed.

"Doesn't that fine linen, that hand-embroidered monogram, subtly impeach the thief and brand him as a robber of clothes-lines?"

Judge, jury, and advocates of the law all marveled at the keen observation which nothing, however trivial, escaped.

The prisoner stared at the fancy stitching. He had not before been aware of its significance. Mrs. Jaggart's memory gave a tiger-like spring, and she regarded the man with fresh interest. As his eyes came up from a contemplation of the monogram, they met hers and recognition followed.

There was nothing for Colby to say, but he arose to say it. Before he could speak, there was a quick rustle of skirts, and Mrs. Jaggart held the floor and the surprised attention of the court.

"That's just like you, William Jaggart! To twist things around to look as if they were really true. The man didn't steal that shirt. I gave it to him myself! He came to the kitchen door to ask for work. It is my brother's shirt—one that didn't fit—and I worked the monogram—J. L. F.—James Langley French. I must say I think you are in big business to try and fasten a theft on a poor man whom you know nothing against—just to gain your point, and I guess that poor boy over there had a right to do what he pleased with his own hat!"

Having delivered herself swiftly of this speech, Mrs. Jaggart swept from the court-room, and walked home, telling herself that, after all, she knew her husband better than other people did, and that he behaved in a court-room just as he did at home.

Colby broke the silence.

"Your Honor," he asked in a smothered tone, but with dancing eyes, "I ask that the prisoner be discharged."

The judge looked sympathetically at Jaggart, and hesitated.

"I second the motion," said the prosecuting attorney dryly.

The cost of his little dinner at the club that night far exceeded his wife's millinery bill.

Belle Maniates

Au Naturel

"It was good of you to arrange this charming little luncheon," said Miss Lorimer quietly. "When I wrote you that I had something to tell you, I hardly expected an invitation to Sherry's."

"You honor me by accepting it," I answered. The deference in my tone was not out of place with Juliet Lorimer. Her face—the kind that Raphael loved—the mystery of her smile, the pathetic sweetness of her low voice, united to make her a shrine by the common pathway, an object of tender reverence, if not adoration. Her very presence made a man realize what a coarse brute he was. She was that kind of girl.

We crossed the nearly empty dining-room to our table by the window, and I slipped off her sables, feeling all a servant's outward humbleness; yet I knew from the gentle graciousness of her manner that I was a fool for thinking so. After perusing the menu and wondering what angels eat in the middle of the day, I finally wrote down the most delicate and unsubstantial-sounding concoctions I could find.

"I hope I sha'n't shock you by the amount I eat," I apologized in advance, "but I'm very hungry. I thought I'd warn you!"

Her soft dark eyes grew larger and she smiled a little. "I suppose she's trying to imagine what 'hungry' means," I commented to myself. But she only said:

"No, I don't think you'll shock me. If you could have seen how much Sœur Agathe ate!"

"I'm willing to bet that Sœur Agathe's appetite was that of a canary-bird's compared to mine!" I gaily in-

interrupted, and then stopped suddenly as I saw her eyes. Why attempt facetiousness with a semi-réligieuse débutante. I almost laughed again at the thought.

"Please be serious," she asked gently. "I want to tell you something—to make you a confidant. You're the only one I want to know just now, because you're his friend and my father's and I think—I think you'll understand."

"You mean about Herbert?" I said quickly.

She silently nodded and then hesitated, as if she found it rather hard to speak. I waited eagerly. At last I was to hear something. Herbert Carr had suddenly gone back to Italy after two years of inspiration gained from Miss Lorimer's lovely face.

With her delicate and wonderful intuition, she had discovered genius where nearly every one else saw uninteresting eccentricity, and this she had cultivated until its flowers bade fair to delight the world. He had dedicated the "Songs of the Dawn" and "Larma" to her; and the sonnet-cycle that the critics held up with Rossetti and Mrs. Browning bore her name on the title-page, while her soul and her beauty filled the others. It had appeared simultaneously, here in New York and in London, just as Herbert sailed for Naples a month before. I was thinking of all this, and what a wonderful thing their relations must be, when she finally broke the pause.

"I wouldn't tell you this if you hadn't been his friend always," she began, "but I want somebody really to understand. Then I don't care what people say. I am engaged to be married."

"Of course I can't tell you how glad I am!" I said in a low voice. "I know how futile mere congratulations are in this case; but I think I realize something of how——"

"Wait a moment!" she interrupted; and then, looking me full in the eye, "You think I'm going to marry Mr. Carr. I'm not. It's Billy Colby."

Before I could recover, the waiter had brought the hors d'œuvres. Then I found difficulty in restraining myself until he had gone.

"Not Herbert?" I burst out. "Why, every one thought—but we took the whole thing for granted!—and Billy

Colby!—that big boy of a foot-ball player!—Oh, Miss Lorimer!" Amazement had bereft me of my manners.

She smiled gently and began toying with her caviar.

"That's why I wanted to see you—to explain. I want to make a—confession!"

"A confession?"

"Yes—it's this. Mr. Carr bores me to distraction!"

I could say nothing. She went on in the same limpid voice. "People are always saying that I made him write those marvelous things. I suppose I did—but I certainly never meant to. He was merely a rather odd acquaintance of mine, until I heard from every one how I had inspired him. Then, of course, I took more interest. It was quite entertaining for several months!"

"Entertaining!" I gasped.

"Yes, I mean until he began to make love to me. Then he tired me to death. He—he didn't know how at all!"

"Miss Lorimer!"

"It is queer, isn't it? The author of 'Larma,' and the sonnets, too. But he didn't! He sat on the other side of the room and his knees shook! And he said such—well, such—I really can't explain! Anyway, he bored me." Her eyes were faintly amused.

"But why didn't you tell him?" I objected.

"Because I felt—I had no right to. Can you understand that?"

"I think so," said I, after a little pause.

"I believed for so long that it was my duty to marry him. I really thought that, but I never seemed able to tell him. Then I sent him back to his beloved Italy to let me think it all out and decide alone."

"I suppose Billy Colby helped you," I observed. She laughed one of her low, rare laughs.

"He did—a little," she admitted, and then became softly serious again. "But I did most of it alone. You see I realized that if I married him, if I sacrificed myself on the altar of art, so to speak, he would inevitably find me out sooner or later, and so lose everything I had given him."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I see I've got to strip off the mask at last!—I don't think I could have gone through a whole lifetime hearing Richard Strauss and 'Tristan' when I was inwardly aching for Montgomery and Stone or Fritz Scheff. I think my endurance would have snapped at last and I'd have blurted out to him that I liked Gibson better than Whistler. Oh, if you knew the hours of torture I have suffered with him at Whistler exhibits, trying to be appreciative!"

Her eyes were smiling again. "And if he once found it out, I'm afraid—I'm afraid there wouldn't be any more poems. You see I am—everything!"

I leaned my elbows on the table after the consommé had been removed and looked at her long and curiously. My feeling of reverence had quite gone. I began liking her all over again in a new and attractive way.

"How you have taken us all in!" I remarked, still gazing at her. She blushed a little.

"It was really your fault," she murmured. "I never meant to. I wrote Mr. Carr last night, announcing my engagement."

"But won't that——"

"No," she said very quietly. "He will stay in the Italy he has always loved—Venice—Amalfi—Florence—how he worships them! I sometimes think his love for me is only a part of his love for them. He always called me 'Our Lady of the Lilies,' you know, and said I should be hanging on the walls of the Pitti with a halo around my head. I know he will never come back—he will dream his dreams and sing his songs—always to me—and I shall be very glad and proud——" Her voice was wonderfully tender.

"No doubt," I assented with some asperity, "you will go down to history as a second Laura. Certainly you have the easy end of the bargain; and the best of it is that people will never believe the facts of the case. They will scent some romantic renunciation—and adore you all the more! Aren't you the least little bit ashamed?"

"I can't help being I, can I?" answered Miss Lorimer. "Although, if it gives you any satisfaction, I will say that a retroussé nose and dimples would

have harmonized with my disposition." The corners of her exquisite mouth went up and she added: "Like Polly Sanger. But the odd part of it is that I've caught *her* more than once secretly buried in Maeterlinck!"

I made a discovery.

"You have a sense of humor!" I stated triumphantly.

"He hadn't!" she answered slowly.

"He wore tan shoes with his evening clothes—*once!*"

"You lucky, lucky girl!" I whispered; and then I sighed and then smiled.

"Now that I stand revealed before you," said Miss Lorimer after a pause, "would you tell me what you have ordered after this—this——"

"Saumon à l'Angélique," I answered. "I hope you like it."

"Delicious—but—may I ask what is to follow?"

"Certainly," I said wonderingly.

"Filet-de-bœuf au Paillard, French peas, reed-birds au something—I forget—with asparagus tips, and ices on spun sugar with——"

"May I make a request, since this luncheon is in my honor?" she asked gently.

"With pleasure—anything you wish."

"Then will you countermand all that and order a thick porterhouse—rather rare—with plenty of fried onions?"

"Onions?" And I glanced up involuntarily at her fragile, Madonna-like loveliness. She read my look, smiled her faint and enigmatic smile, then answered softly:

"That's just what I want!"

E. B. Sheldon

At the Foot of the Hill

GRANDFATHER HUXLEY was a relic in the family. He had been handed down for many years, from father to son, along with the brass andirons and the mahogany settle. Unfortunately, although the last two pieces of family property were more and more appreciated the older they grew, almost the reverse was true with the old man.

When his daughter had died, in late middle life, she willed the family homestead—and her father, who had built

it—to her son. The old man was seventy-five then, and his wife had been dead a dozen years. The grandson was kindly enough; to his mother's father he gave a comfortable room and a half contemptuous kindness which showed itself in a total disregard of the old man's politics and an evident idea that at threescore and fifteen one should lose all interest in this world and prepare for the next.

If Grandfather Huxley rebelled, he said nothing. He began to take the evening paper up-stairs after the family had finished with it, and to spend a great deal of time polishing the sword he had carried in the Mexican War.

Old people as a rule have few possessions. One by one they dispose of unnecessary things. The belle of fifty years ago, who took a dozen trunks and boxes with her to make a month's visit, at seventy-five generally has an old-fashioned bureau full of necessities, and, locked away in a little trunk, a handful of letters and sentimental trifles. And so with Grandfather Huxley: the possessions of a lifetime had dwindled to a huge upholstered chair, with which he defiantly refused to part, and his old sword.

The sword hung in its scabbard just across from the old man's bed, where, in the sleepless hours that come to age, he could lie and dream about it. From much tramping and dragging the scabbard was worn away at one corner; it was that corner which gave Grandfather Huxley his dreams of long-ago marches through cactus plains and desert, his nightmares of long-ago thirst and heat.

Below the sword was his wife's picture. There was another portrait of her in the room; a photograph, taken when her cheeks were furrowed and her thin, white hair parted and crimped; but oddly enough, he never looked at that one. He was very, very old, and he lived in his youth. Everything between was hazy and dim. The picture at which he looked was that of a girl, a little old water-color of a girl with thoughtful eyes and frivolous hair.

After his ninetieth birthday Grandfather Huxley became abnormally sensitive. Sometimes he could hear scraps of conversation about him.

"And how is the old man to-day? It's almost uncanny, isn't it?"

"Oh, he's always just the same. But in the nature of things he won't be with us very long."

One day some army officers dined at the house. Grandfather Huxley polished his sword until it glittered, and fixed his white neckcloth with trembling fingers. At the table the conversation turned to things military, and the old man, filled with fire, told of that wonderful campaign of '47. The officers listened respectfully—they were gallant fellows; but when Grandfather Huxley dropped back in his chair, he heard the apologetic voice of his great-granddaughter Ellen across the table.

"He's a dear old soul," she said, "but getting childish now; go on with what you were saying."

After dinner the old man went upstairs. He took the shining sword from his bed and fingered it lovingly.

"I guess you and I have lived past our time," he said huskily, and then he reached for his handkerchief and polished away carefully a spot of moisture that might have been a tear.

That night an idea seized him. He was of no use in the world; no one depended on him, no one needed him. He had lived twenty-three years past his allotted time; perhaps the good Lord had forgotten him. There could be no harm in taking a life that was nothing but a burden. And so, the next day, he began his pitifully few preparations. He sorted out his letters, and, finding none that he cared to have profaned by alien eyes, he burned them all. He went over his wardrobe, and decided that Mike, the gardener, should have his winter coat.

When it came to his most cherished possession—the sword—doubts assailed him; so few were worthy of the honor. Finally, however, he decided to give it to Ellen's husband. After all, they had been kind to him; it was not their fault that they lived in a future in which he could have no share, and that he lived in a past which they had never known. So he wrote a little card, "To my granddaughter Ellen's husband," and tied it to the scabbard.

His preparations were made now. The sleeping-mixture stood on his bed-

room table—an overdose; and when Ellen came back from the theater that night he would be asleep, as he should have been long ago.

He put on a clean neckerchief, and, sitting down in his big chair with the sword on his knees, listened for the slamming of the hall door below. The little wooden clock on the mantel, with the queer pink roses on the face, marked eight, five minutes past, ten minutes past; and still the family had not gone out. The old man sat and thought—thought of the day he was married; of long-ago Christmases and rows of little stockings; of children that had never lived to grow up; and then, with the sword before him, of Buena Vista and Monterey.

After a time, he began to feel hungry. He remembered that there had been cream cakes for dinner, and that he had refused them. They were very nice, those little cream cakes—but then, after all, what did it matter? If they would only go out——

Grandfather Huxley sat looking at the picture hanging under the unfaded spot on the wall-paper which marked the sword's resting-place. After a little, the picture faded and grew misty in outline. The old man's head dropped on his chest, and he was asleep. The fire burned to a dull red, bursting now and again into a smoking jet of flame, shining on the sword across the old man's knees, on the bottle beside the bed, and the narrow, dropping chin of the sleeper.

He wakened finally, with a start. The crust over the smoldering coals had fallen in, and the room was bright. From somewhere below was audible a faint, creaking cry, a wail that beat against the ear insistently, that paused for a second, to go on with fresh vigor.

Grandfather Huxley looked at the clock. It was ten thirty, so Ellen was not at home. He listened for Nora's step. Hearing no one, he got up heavily and went to the head of the stairs. The cries kept on, longer now, with fewer intervals for breath, and with an occasional hoarse note of infantile rage.

The old man lost his look of indecision; he turned back into the room, and fumbled for his slippers. Then,

with an agility that no one in the house suspected, he went down-stairs to the nursery.

The wicker structure of the baby's bed was vibrant with its occupant's rage. From among the dotted Swiss ruffings and blue ribbons Grandfather Huxley extracted his great-grandchild, and gathered him into his empty old arms. The baby quieted at once; his wrinkled face relaxed, and he settled comfortably, seeming to recognize the practised touch of hands that had handled, on occasion, three generations of babies.

It was an hour later when Ellen came home. She tiptoed up-stairs ahead of her husband; then she paused, and with her finger on her lips cautioned him to silence. The oldest and the youngest member of the family sat before the fire, in dreamy, open-eyed content. When she saw they were awake, Ellen went over, and, stooping down, kissed first the baby, then the old man.

"He wakened, and Nora must have been asleep," said Grandfather Huxley apologetically.

Ellen slipped her hand into his with a grateful little pressure.

"What should we do without you?" she said impulsively. "This family without you would be a ship without a keel, wouldn't it?"

Grandfather Huxley smiled, the first time for a week. Ellen got up and went toward the door.

"I'm going to bring you something to eat. You ate no dinner at all, and there are some of those little cream cakes left. Perhaps, if you eat something, you won't need the sleeping medicine."

Grandfather Huxley choked.

"I'm going to throw that stuff away, every drop of it," he said firmly.

Left alone, he gathered the youngster closer in his arms.

"So the old man's of some use after all," he mused. "A ship without a keel, eh?"

A little later, Ellen and her husband, in the butler's pantry below, stopped to listen. Grandfather Huxley was singing to the baby, and down the stairs came the stirring words of "The Sword of Bunker Hill," sung in a thin, tremulous old voice.

Mary Roberts Rinehart



BARTLETT CARTER'S AWAKENING

BY WILLIAM FORSTER BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK VERBECK

ARRAYED becomingly in her best black silk, Mrs. Hepsibah Harkness descended backward with

the celerity of much practise from the high seat of the newly varnished Concord. Securing the fat old farm horse to the hitching-post, she advanced along the graveled path toward Mrs. Bartlett Carter's back door.

"Thank goodness," she ejaculated, glancing over her shoulder at the morning sun, "I don't believe it's goin' to rain. I'm here good an' early; I do hope Linda's ready! I've been lookin' forward to this trip all summer," she continued, walking briskly past the glowing geranium beds, crossing the worn boards of the narrow piazza, and lifting the latch of the screen door. "An' I—mercy sakes, Belinda Carter, don't you know what time 'tis?"

Mrs. Harkness paused on the braided rug just inside the kitchen door; astonishment, wrath, and glowing apprehension fighting within her for coherent utterance.

Mrs. Carter, standing beside the kitchen-table, laid down her rolling-pin, pushed up a faded calico sleeve with three floury fingers, and turned a pair of swollen eyes toward the door.

"Good mornin', Hepsie," she said forlornly. "Ain't you dretful early? I s'pose you're struck all of a heap to see me in this rig, but"—with a sudden sniff—"I ain't goin' to the Food Fair."

"You ain't goin'?" echoed Mrs. Harkness helplessly. "You ain't sick, or you wouldn't be rollin' pie-crust. There ain't nothin' the matter with Bartlett, is there, Linda?"

"No," Mrs. Carter answered slowly. "He's down in the lower wood-lot with Jim Raymond, sawin' wood."

"I thought Jim was sawin' over to Berwick's place this week," commented Mrs. Harkness. "He told Nathan he didn't expect to get 'round here for a fortnight."

"He wasn't goin' to," agreed Mrs. Carter, "but yesterday afternoon Berwick's roan colt kicked the buggy he was hitched up in all to flinders, and Berwick got hurt pretty bad. You know, Hepsie, the old man's close as the bark of a tree; he wouldn't hear of Jim's sawin' another stick till he could be 'round an' see he wasn't bein' cheated. So Jim yoked up his oxen an' dragged the engine an' mill over here, 'bout ten o'clock last night—woke Bart an' me up, gee-hawin'."

"What's Jim Raymond an' his travelin' saw-mill got to do with your goin' to Boston?" demanded Mrs. Harkness sternly. "You ain't agoin' to help 'em saw, be you?"

"No, course not; but somebody's got to get the meals for all of 'em to-day, so Bart said I'd hev to stay to home."

Mrs. Harkness fairly snorted.

"Do you mean to tell me that jest 'cause Bart thought you orter cook them men a hot dinher you're goin' to give up the Food Fair, Belinda Carter?" she exclaimed indignantly. "Now, see here, I won't put up with no such foolishness, Bart or no Bart. Ain't there some cold vittles you can leave for 'em? You hurry an' change your dress an' I'll get out some pies an' things an' cover 'em over with the table-cloth."

"I jest wish I dared to!" gasped Belinda, fumbling at her apron-strings. "I declare I believe I will!" she went



"I AIN'T GOIN' TO THE FOOD FAIR"

on, flinging off the apron. "I jest about cried myself sick this mornin' 'cause I'd got to give it up."

"You won't hev to give it up," Mrs. Harkness assured her, bustling energetically about the table. "Leastways, you won't if you stir yourself."

Mrs. Carter disappeared into another room, and her sister continued her trips to the pantry.

"Bartlett Carter means well," she said to herself, "but he's gittin' to be mighty thoughtless an' domineerin'. Linda's beginnin' to look as dragged out as an old rag—an' she used to be the prettiest girl in Meadowfield. I guess I'd better go in an' hurry her up some. There! That dinner's good enough for a king."

Mrs. Carter sat on the edge of the bed, her face bowed in her hands, the tears flowing thick and fast from between her locked fingers. With a quick swoop Mrs. Harkness gathered the weeping figure into her arms.

"Don't cry, Linda," she said soothingly. "You ain't got more'n time to finish gittin' ready. Bart ain't a fool, an' mebbe your showing a will of your own'll do him a world of good. It's high time he learned there was somebody in the universe besides himself."

"I warn't cryin' 'bout Bart," Mrs. Carter sobbed, wiping her eyes. "It was—was—'cause I can't go, anyway, Hepsie; I ain't got any money."

"No money?" broke in Mrs. Hepsibah in amazed tones. "Why ain't you? You got four dollars for the rag carpet you sold, didn't you? An' saved nine dollars butter-money? What's become of it?"

"Bart took it. That is—I gave it to him," answered Mrs. Carter. "We warn't expectin' Jim so soon, you see, so there warn't no money in the house but my thirteen dollars. Bart reckoned Jim'd git through sawin' by supper-time, so he wanted my money to pay him with. He said as I warn't

goin' to the fair I wouldn't need it."

Twice Mrs. Hepsibah Harkness essayed speech, and failed.

"I'm goin' to speak my mind for once," she announced finally; "an' when I git through, if you don't put on your hat an' do as I tell you—thank the Lord you've got your dress changed—I'll wash my hands of you an' go to Boston alone. I don't b'lieve in interferin' between husband an' wife 'cept on uncommon occasions, but I allow this is one of 'em. You've been married goin' on five years, ain't you?"

Linda nodded.

"Well, what hev you got out of it? You've worked early an' late—like a slave—so Bart could put money in the bank. Mind you, I ain't sayin' but what that's a good thing—the money part—but 'tain't everything. You can't hev this, an' you can't hev that, 'cause Bart thinks he can't afford it. You're even scairt to give a loaf of cake or a pie to the Ladies' Aid Suppers, 'less you ask him first. Bart's a good man—I ain't runnin' him down a mite—but he's no different from other men; give 'em an inch of authority more'n rightly belongs to 'em, an' nine times out of ten they'll take an ell. I tell you, Linda Carter,

you're actin' like a fool givin' in to Bart the way you do, an' if you don't turn square round pretty soon an' stand up for your rights it'll be overlastin'ly too late!"

"I dunno but you're right, Hepsie," admitted Mrs. Carter reluctantly.

"Linda," resumed Mrs. Harkness impressively, "if I tell you something I ain't breathed before to a livin' soul, I hope you'll profit by it. When Nathan an' I was first married, I was jest about as proud of our big new barn an' all the stock we had as any girl ever was; 'specially of Nellie, the colt Uncle Amos give me for a weddin' present. I guess I used to go down to the barn 'bout forty times a day to look everything over—the pigs an' the mowin' machine, an' the tons an' tons of smelly hay piled 'way to the rafters—an' I allus wound up by gettin' Nellie out of her stall an' currycombin' an' brushin' till she'd shine like a silver dollar. Bimeby some busybodies seen me doin' it, an' said they thought I'd better stay in the house; that horse-cleanin' an' messin' round stock warn't a woman's business. One afternoon

Nathan come into the barn while I was fussin' over Nellie, an' said, with his face kinder drawn down:

"Hepsie, don't you think it would look better if you stayed in the house more, 'stid of comin' down here to the barn so much? It's makin' talk!"

"I guessed in a minute what had put him up to sayin' it, for he'd allus been as tickled to hev me 'round the barn as I'd been to be there. I knew if I didn't put my foot down right then, I'd hev to give in till kingdom come, so I sez, soft an' pleasant:

"Do you mean I'm lettin' my house-work go, or neglectin' anything I ought to do, Nathan?"

"No," he sez, hesitatin'. "I don't; but a woman's place is in the house."

"Mebbe you're right," sez I, an' I dropped the currycomb an' started for the house without another word—for an idea had popped into my head.

"We'd had a dretful backward spring that year, an' the weather was middlin' chilly for April. Soon's I got to the house I shook down the settin'-room fire so's it would go out; then I took Nathan's slippers an' put 'em in the closet. After a while I got supper, an' when Nathan had got through eatin'



"YOU BOYS WILL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH A COLD DINNER"

he went into the settin'-room to read a spell, same's he did every night—but in a minute he'd come out ag'in."

"How'd you come to let the fire go out, Hepsie?" he sez. "It's colder'n Greenland in there."

"I s'pose it is," I sez, as if it was the most natural thing in the world—but all the time my heart was beatin' faster an' faster. "I allowed I'd run over to Mis' Green's, an' as I warn't goin' into the settin'-room to-night I thought I might as well save the wood."

"Nathan looked at me as if he didn't hardly know what was comin' next.

"I can't find my slippers," he sez.

"I've put 'em away," sez I, screwin' up my courage an' lookin' him square in the eye. "A man's place is in the barn,

not hangin' 'round the settin'-room in easy-chairs an' slippers every night; it don't look jest right, an' folks might talk. I reckon they'd hev as good reason as they hev talkin' about my goin' to my own barn!

"He didn't say a word for as much as two minutes, an' the expression on his face made me feel mighty uncomfortable; but I was bound I wouldn't give in. All to once I seen a change come over Nathan's face, an' he laughed an' grabbed me into his arms.

"I reckon they would, little girl,' he sez, pattin' me on the back—I begun to cry then, like a good one—'though it never struck me that way till jest now; I guess we'll agree to let 'em. The currycomb's hangin' on the inside of the harness-room door, 'stid of layin' on the beam—an', Hepsie, do you s'pose while I'm buildin' the fire you could find my slippers?'

"That settled the 'wom-an's place' business in the Harkness family, for good an' all," concluded Mrs. Harkness, rising. "An' now, Linda, you write a note an' tell Bart that you're goin' to the fair—that you've borrowed the money of me; I can spare it jest as well as not. Pin the paper on the tablecloth in plain sight, an' for the land's sake, hurry! It'll be touch an' go if we git the train."

II

THE shining Concord was vanishing over a rise in the road across the valley from the lower wood-lot as Bartlett Carter, piling the last stick of a methodically packed cord of freshly sawn wood, caught the glint of whirling wheels.

"That must be Hepsie," he mused, shading his eyes. "She must have stopped at the house quite a spell. I reckon Linda's pretty well down in the mouth because she had to give up goin'. She ain't talked of nothin' else all summer; but she's just as well off. It don't hurt a woman to stay to home. Thirteen dollars is a good sight of mon-

ey to spend in one day for car-fare an' foolishness, leavin' nothin to show for it."

Bartlett began a new pile and dismissed the subject from his mind.

Twelve o'clock arrived, and the screech of the saw promptly ceased. Five, ten, fifteen minutes went by, and Bart heard no welcome toot from the direction of the house—and dinner.

"That's queer," he remarked, in a voice that betrayed increasing wonderment. "I never knew Linda to be behindhand before by as much as a minute. Guess we might as well go up to the house, Jim; 'tain't no use waitin' any longer."

A glance at the cloth-covered table, and a hasty perusal of the scrap of paper pinned conspicuously on the linen, revealed to the astonished Bartlett the

cause of the dinner horn's silence. For a second his domestic world tottered about his ears; but he came of a hard-headed race and was game to the core.

"You boys will have to put up with a cold dinner," he announced, as Jim Raymond and his helpers filed in from the back-room sink.

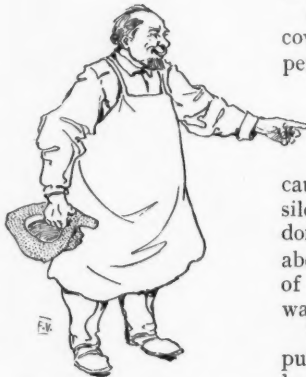
"Linda's gone to the Food Fair after all; I cal'late her sister must have overpersuaded her. Jest set right down, an' I'll make some coffee."

The meal was despatched in silence, the frown on Bartlett's face discouraging conversation.

"You can start right up without waitin' for me," he remarked, as the men headed for the door. "I'll clear up an' come along bimeby."

Left to himself, Bartlett, during trips to the sink, dish-laden, gave audible vent to the wrath that welled up in his affronted and bewildered soul.

"By Judas!" he muttered. "I wouldn't 'a' b'lieved Linda'd do such a thing; but I'll bet a dollar it was all Hepsie Harkness' doin'. She's too high an' mighty anyhow, an' Nathan lets her do jest as she's a mind to; but Linda'll find out that things ain't agoin' to be



"BE YOU A GOIN' CRAZY?"

run that way in my house. I ain't Nathan Harkness, an' I don't cal'late to be, nuther! When Linda gets back I'll——"

A loud "Hello!" ended Bart's soliloquy and brought him hurriedly to the piazza, to behold a white-topped meat-cart and the red face of Caleb Myrick, the Plainfield butcher, peering forth inquiringly from beneath the cover.

"Hello, Bart!" called Myrick, hitching forward on his seat. "Have you heard the news?"

"I ain't heard nothin'," admitted Bart, with interest. "Berwick ain't dead, is he?"

"Not as I know on," replied the butcher soberly. "It's worse'n that: the Meadowfield Center excursion train has gone through the bridge into Miller's River—eight cars an' the injine—pretty nigh everybody on it killed or drowned. I've jst come from the Center, an' they got word 'bout fifteen minutes 'fore I left. There's a wrecker comin' from Fitchburg with a car-load of doctors—it's something awful!"

The noonday sun went out in black eclipse over Bartlett Carter's head. He clutched unconsciously at the piazza rail. Myrick leaped from his seat and clattered swiftly up the path.

"What's the matter, Bart?" he queried anxiously. "Don't tell me any of your folks was on that train?"

"My wife and her sister!" Bart's dry lips writhed in an endeavor to frame the words. "They went to the Food Fair this mornin'." He groped uncertainly for the latch of the screen door. "I must hitch up an' go for Nathan," he muttered thickly. "He'll know what to do—I—can't—think straight!"

"You go right into the house and sit down," commanded Myrick, laying a hand on Carter's shoulder. "Mebbe they ain't hurt after all; 'tain't likely everybody's killed. I'm going by Nathan's place, and I'll tell him to come here right off—that'll save time, anyhow."

Caleb departed, and Bart—with a vague idea that he must change his working clothes before going to the Center—



"I DONE THE BEST I COULD WITH 'EM, BUT THEY DON'T LOOK RIGHT, SOMEHOW"

wandered into the bedroom. Through the open window a slender golden finger of sunshine touched Linda's worn calico dress, thrown carelessly over the back of the rocking-chair, and the sight of its familiar outlines went into his heart like the thrust of a knife.

"What shall I do?" Bart groaned. "I can't stand it—I can't!" His fingers closed convulsively over the limp sleeve. "Life ain't worth nothin' to me without Linda. I ain't been as good a husband to her as I might hev—but I've meant to—God knows I hev!"

The recollection of his scarcely cold anger at his wife rose up and smote him accusingly. A hundred poignant memories of her housewifely virtues, of her patience, of her unwavering love and trust, thronged in on his brain; and he saw in damning contrast his own selfish, unworthy soul.

"It's a judgment on me," he cried bitterly. "I ain't done right. I never realized how good she was an' how precious—the best wife a man ever had! I've been rough an' overbearin' an' mean—an' now she's taken away from me. Oh, God!" he prayed in sudden fierce entreaty. "If you'll only give me back my wife, safe and sound, I'll do anythin'—I'll be different—I'll promise——"

The door slammed violently, and Bart-

lett, with a choke, turned and looked into the eager face of the butcher, standing on the bedroom threshold.

"Look here, Bart Carter," Myrick cried excitedly. "It struck me all to once, as I was goin' along, that jest now you said somethin' or other about the Food Show. Ain't that in Boston?"

Bart nodded dismally.

"Then, by the great horn spoon," yelled the butcher, "you ain't got nothin' to worry about after all! 'Tain't the Boston excursion that's wrecked; it's the Hoosac one. If it hadn't giv' me such a jolt seeing you keel over on the railin', I'd hev remembered there was two excursions to-day: one to Boston an' t'other through the tunnel.

Bartlett Carter, with an inarticulate cry of relief and thanksgiving, snatched up his wife's dress and buried his quivering face in its faded folds.

III

HOURS afterward, when Belinda Carter—flushed, tired, but holding tight the memory of a deliriously exciting day as a talisman to cling to when the waves of the coming domestic upheaval should close over her head—pulled open the screen door and stepped on the braided rug, she halted in sheer amazement at the picture that confronted her apprehensive eyes.

The oblong openings of the range draft were glaring cheerfully, and from under the spider's tin cover arose a fragrant hissing. The supper-table—laid for two—stood forth spotless and complete, even to a tall vase of ruddy nasturtiums. To crown the wonder, Bart—the defied and outraged husband, whose bitter and not unmerited censure Linda, during the long ride home, had been steeling herself to endure patiently—was withdrawing a pan of biscuits from the oven, whistling softly to himself.

"That you, Linda?" he called eagerly. "I reckoned it was about time for you, so I took out the biscuits. I done

the best I could with 'em, but they don't look right, somehow; mebbe I forgot somethin' or other. They're good an' hot, anyhow, an' p'raps you can eat 'em. Had a good time? I've been off on a little trip of my own this afternoon; been to Plainfield to get some money to pay back Hepsie—I don't believe in owin', not even to relations—an' I brought back somethin' for you."

Bartlett fumbled in the breast pocket of his coat, and extended a small, flat book with drab covers.

"Why, Bart," exclaimed Linda wonderingly, turning the book over in her hand, "ain't you made a mistake? This is your bank-book you've giv' me."

"No, 'taint; you jest open it an' see," said Bart exultantly.

Mrs. Carter complied.

On the first page, in the crabbed handwriting of Jason Stubbs, cashier of the Plainfield Savings Bank, was chronicled the astonishing fact that Mrs. Belinda Carter had, deposited to her credit in that institution, the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars.

"Oh, Bart!" faltered the dumfounded Linda. "You don't mean this for me, do you? Why, it's half of all the money you've got in the bank, an'—"

"Don't care if 'tis," broke in Bart, coming nearer. "It's yours, Linda. You can spend it jest as you're a mind to; I don't cal'late for you to hev to borrow no more money."

Mrs. Carter dropped the book, and threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"Bart," she sobbed, "you're the best husband that ever lived, and I don't deserve it, nuther! I've been a wicked an' ungrateful wife, but I'll never do anything again you don't want me to."

"I reckon you won't hev no call to," replied Bartlett, a curious little catch in his voice. His clasping arms tightened, and he pressed his lips to his wife's brown hair.

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So strange the spell Love weaves o'er mortal heart,
In her dim palaces of smiles and tears,
That what of fleeting moments seem a part
Are not of moments, but of dreams and years.

Andrew Shaughnessey